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THE MUHLENBERG

SEPTEMBER, 1901.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XIX. ALLENTOWN, PA., SEPTEMBER, 1901. No. 1.

A Wonderful Debate.

ARTHUR L. SMITH, '03.

NOTE.—The writer of the following tale would like to warn his possible readers that he has not made affidavit as to its truth before a notary public or other authorized magistrate. He simply gives it upon the authority of a certain country school-teacher who has a somewhat vivid imagination and is subject to hallucinations and dreams. With this explanation the story is related in the words of the teacher aforesaid.

In the schoolroom where I teach there is a large Rochester lamp hanging in the center of the room, while on the side wall, opposite the lamp, there is a circular clock manufactured by an enterprising tobacco firm as an advertisement for their goods. This clock I had arranged in such a way that it rang an electric bell at certain intervals. On the platform extending across the front of the room there was an organ which was used not only by the school but by a literary society which met in the schoolhouse every Friday evening.

One evening there had been a very lively debate which had prolonged the meeting to a late hour. As janitor, I blew out the light after all the members had left, and was alone in total darkness, groping my way toward the door when I heard a strange voice. Startled as I was, I yet thought somebody had been left behind, and I halted a moment to listen. The strange voice, deep and sonorous, came apparently from the teacher's desk:

"The subject for this evening is, 'Resolved, that the lamp is of more benefit to the society than the clock.' I hereby appoint the organ as judge. The speaker on the affirmative side is the Hon. Rochester Lamp."

I could scarcely believe myself to be awake as I immediately heard a high-pitched voice proceeding from the center of the room. My alarm gave place to interest, and I quietly listened to this most wonderful of all debates.

"Mr. President," said the lamp, "I have *reflected* on this question the whole evening, but since I have been *put out* by the teacher I am not prepared to throw much *light* on the subject at present. I may make it *clear* to you, however,

that I am of more benefit than the clock. What would the literary society do if it were not for my *burning* desire to aid it by giving light? There is not a person on the face of the *globe* who can say I am afraid when placed on a well-*matched* debate, either. I simply *blaze* away, but don't *flare up* like some do when the president *turns me down.* In summer time I roast all flies, mosquitoes, and millers that come near me. I make it *warm* for them all. There isn't a *brighter* member of the society to be found. As for the clock, I cannot see of what use it is at all. It does all its business *on tick*, and in debates has been *wound up* many times. When counting ballots, it is as *slow as time*, and the electric bell in its profound ignorance of parliamentary law doesn't know any better than to interrupt the speaker at any moment, and is often *out of order.* It has been *cut out* by some of the homeliest persons around." Then, addressing the organ, the lamp concluded with these words:

"I would like you to *note* these points, Honorable Judge, in particular."

Again the deep voice sounded from the desk. "The negative speaker is the Hon. Finzer Clock."

A quiet voice very deliberately then addressed the chair.

"Although my *time* is limited, and in spite of the fact that I have been busy every *minute* of the day, I will try to speak a few *seconds*, and hope my friend the electric bell will not *chime* in until I am through. It will then, I am certain, give you a *ringing* argument in my favor, and may make some *shocking* statements concerning the lamp which I myself have not the *face* to do. If it were not for me the society would not know when to begin or when to close. I do my business *on tick*, it is true, but I don't *get hot* and *explode* with anger. I have never been *put out* since I've been a member of the society. It was only the other day I saw the Hon. Rochester Lamp drop four large drops of oil down the back of the school-teacher's neck as he stood under it. Is that being of benefit to the society, Honorable Judge? It proves that the lamp is very *wicked*, indeed. In addition to this it *smokes*, *gets full*, and *stays up late* nights. I think these arguments are sufficient to convince all that I am of the most benefit, for no one has ever suffered at my *hands.*"

The electric bell, unable to contain itself longer, then sputtered out:

"I think the lamp has *gassed* away enough, and it is also time for the clock to *stop* and give me a chance. Everybody knows the clock is of the most benefit although it is sometimes too *fast.*" Here the bell became so excited that I could no longer understand its utterances. After it had finished, the organ, as judge, gave a decision in favor of the negative with the following remarks:

"I have listened very attentively to the remarks on both sides. I did not always like their *tone*, especially the *sharp* criticisms. The arguments of the affirmative were crushed *flat*, and I *swell* with pride to *note* that the negative struck the proper *chord.* The clock spoke *solo* that although I tried to catch the sound of its voice, it was very hard to *duet.* The *melodious* voice of the bell was easily heard."

This closed the debate, but as I left the room I heard the lamp complaining that the organ was prejudiced because it was a crank on the question of *time.*

The Second Bach Festival at Bethlehem, Pa., May 23, 24, and 25, 1901.

CLINTON ZERWECK, '02.

"I am weary of words that weave their lying spell
Thro' subtle reason's channels all apart.
Oh, give me music! It alone can quell
Life's anguish, for it steals into the heart."

A master of men! Who will gainsay the distinction? The time is not far distant when Bach shall be called thus, and this without any presumption on the part of his disciples.

The world refuses to see its shining lights while there is time to do them personal homage—nay, they must wait for a future generation to accord them their rightful honors.

Few musician have been neglected to the same extent as was Bach, and few men's works have been misconstrued and misinterpreted as this man's.

We see the error. Regrets there are that the error has not been redeemed generations ago, but they avail us nothing.

For more than a hundred years the wonderful masterpieces of this composer were neglected, save by a few

enthusiasts, until resurrected by a new genius, Mendelssohn, who was a Christianized Jew. He was assisted in his work by a comedian. Incongruous as it may seem to us, and it did to them, theirs was a labor of love unsurpassable in intensity.

Händel, Mozart, and Beethoven have had their revivals, each with a clientele decidedly partisan, but their disciples must sooner or later yield the palm to the superior Bach.

It is scarcely necessary to recount the musical history of Bethlehem. Ever since the first settlement, the music-loving Germans have fostered all things musical, both religious and secular, so that this festival was by no means an abnormal outburst of enthusiasm, but a natural sequence of their labors.

The works selected for the second festival were the Christmas Oratorio, St. Matthew Passion, and B Minor Mass. Both the Oratorio and the Mass were performed for the first time in this country without abridgment. The scope of this task will be fully appreciated upon consideration of the Passion and Mass. Nothing has ever been written to compare with either, and the only work approaching either of the two is Beethoven's Mass in D, and this has never been given entirely in America.

The order followed in presentation was a portrayal in natural sequence of the Saviour's birth, life, and suffering, culminating in the Mass, the sacrificial portion of our Lutheran service.

The chorus was supported by a boys' choir, orchestra, organ, and piano. Each day's program was divided into two sessions, afternoon and evening. Each session was preceded by an opening chorale played by the trombone choir. These instruments were situated in the belfry, and their tone, by reason of their height, was exceedingly effective.

This noble old German mode of proclamation was exceedingly strange and novel to the strangers, most of whom had never even heard of a choir of trombones, and who averred that cornets were the main instruments. To most people a soprano trombone is an unheard-of instrument. The solemn tones lent a dignity to the occasion, ridding it of any feeling trivial or unbecoming to place or subject.

The only available place for the festival was the Moravian Church, a fine specimen of pure colonial architecture.

A feature was successfully tried here that has always

failed elsewhere, namely, the participation of the audience in the plain chorales. In Boston and Brooklyn, especially, was the spontaneous union of chorus and audience lacking in the Passion. In order to make the affair local as nearly as possible, the greater part of the orchestra was made up of musicians from the Lehigh Valley, only the wind instruments coming from New York and Philadelphia.

The Christmas Oratorio, the first work, is divided into six parts, one for each day of the festival of Christmas. In Northern Germany, Christmas was extended over a longer period than that with which we are acquainted; hence this division. Each part is complete in itself, yet its first and final keys are the same in each part, denoting a continuity. The first chorus of the Oratorio is a jubilant outburst of joy and sets the character for the first part.

All the solos and duets are orchestrated, and many of the recitatives. In those recitatives which have no orchestration, the accompaniment is furnished on the piano.

This Oratorio contains one of the finest pastoral symphonies ever written. It is in a style vastly different from that in Händel's "Messiah." Although the orchestration is somewhat similar, Händel failed to extract the same effective work from his flutes and oboes as did Bach.

The choruses in this work, while not exceedingly short, do not compare in length with those in the Mass. They are mainly fugal in character, thus seemingly magnifying the actual forces at hand.

In the Oratorio, as well as in the Passion, Bach employed the famous chorale "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden" very frequently. In one part it may express deep pain, and as we are acquainted with it more in the nature of a passion chorale, we are surprised to find its emotional qualities expressing reverence or joy. The most brilliant treatment of it is found in the closing number of the Oratorio, where it is employed as a chorus with full orchestral accompaniment, led by exceedingly bold treatment of trumpets, horns, and drums. The effect produced is unexpectedly surprising when we consider its ordinary application.

In many respects the Passion music was the most difficult, on account of the interweaving of solo voice or instrument with full chorus, and the unexpected interposition of

chorus. The very nature of the text calls for quick action in charge. The first chorus of the work was a triple one. First and second choir alternated in question and reply, and a boys' choir carried out, in addition, an independent chorale. The arrangement of the choirs and orchestra facilitated the called-for effect. The choirs were placed one on each side of the gallery, boy choir in the rear, and orchestra, organ, and piano in the center, thus making the tones of each blend with instruments.

Bass soloists sang the parts of Christ and priests, and tenor took the evangelistic parts. The solo work for the tenor was exceedingly difficult and the parts numerous.

The choruses in this work are never very long, but oftener mere ejaculations and short arguments. This is well illustrated in that part in which Pilate asks the mob to choose between Christ and Barabbas. The answer is summed up in a single word chorus, an extremely discordant "Barabbas." These legitimate discords form many of the choruses representing the anger of the Jews. An extremely realistic tone picture is found in the tenor's recital of the scene on Calvary as Christ died. The heavy runs of the bass instruments, combined with the low tones of violins and flutes, simulate very effectively the thunder and earthquake incident to the scene.

In no parts are pain and suffering so truly represented as in the matchless chorales. They seem to sum up all the feeling betrayed in the other parts into final expressions of despair and entreaty.

The final chorus of this work, a double one, seems to convey a twofold impression,—one of great pain on account of the Saviour's death, and another of recognition and acceptance of the sacrifice made by the Saviour. Indeed, these works will generally impress each person slightly different, each according to his temperament and interpretation. They bear a continual analysis and will always yield something new or unlooked for, some new beauty that has escaped our notice at first glance. In this manner has Bach hidden his deep emotion for his disciples. This man has earned the reputation of being a writer of difficult technical works only. Many declare that passion and sentiment are wanting in his works, but only thus confess their ignorance of his compositions.

The climax of the festival was found in the great Mass.

From the first cry of supplication in the Kyrie to the last prayer for peace in the Dona Nobis, there issues forth an intense religious feeling. The man must have been a sincere Christian to write anything like it. There is no theatrical devise or unfair manner of juggling with music for effect to be found in it. No one can take part in its performance, either vocal or instrumental, without becoming subject to the religious fervor displayed in its every page.

Contrary to general custom, Bach began the Mass without any orchestral prelude. The chorus takes the initiative, then followed by an orchestral fugue later taken up by all the voices. All the choruses in the work are fugal and the solos and duets are, in conjunction with accompaniment, of the same fugal nature.

This is probably the cause of the misinterpretation of the solos by their singers. They fail to take into account the unity of the part, and the unusual dependence of the voice upon the instrument to bring about this unity. The vocal part taken separately is unintelligible, but the two parts make the perfect whole.

A description, or attempt at such, of the Mass is useless, as it defies the power of words.

It is safe to say that no work of music can express as much suffering and sorrow as the Crucifixus; as great joy as the Gloria or Et Resurrexit; as firm belief as the entire Credo. The whole must be heard to be appreciated, and not only a part.

The festival was brought to a close by a salute of flowers to the leader, Mr. Wolle. To him belongs the honor of conceiving the task, and of leading the work from beginning through long months of hardest labors to a most successful close.

The greatest critics in this country pronounced the undertaking next to impossible, but they were agreeably surprised to find it otherwise. The attendance from the musical centers of this country was very large. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Paul, Washington, and Baltimore were represented. The small town with its hotels was filled with musicians from all parts of the Eastern States. The critics, many unwillingly, declared the festival to be the greatest of its kind in the musical history of America.

An Ode on Life.

SAMUEL E. MOYER, '02.

The path of life is richly strewn
  With golden opportunities;
And he who doth his way attune,
  May hope for life's immunities.

Who plods along, oft turning back,
  And harbors disappointment's spell,
Will fall a wreck upon the track:
  His name dies with the church-bell's knell.

The drolling one, in merry jest,
  His mirthful road he lightly runs;
But he who would appear at best,
  The weak ephem'ral wisely shuns.

Ah! life is noble! life is grand!
  Let not your body drag it down;
Behold the wrecks that clothe the strand;
  Look, linger, learn, and on them frown.

Then go thou forth, resolved to win
  The laurel crown, the victor's fame;
With watchful eyes do thou begin
  To build a never-dying name.

Learn how to take the shapeless mass,
  And give to it some form and grace;
Thy predecessor's work surpass,
  And all the world will give thee place.

So live that when thy bones do rest
  'Neath some green mound on yonder hill,
Your soul may join the noble blessed;
  Your life live on, though thou art still.

His Last Vacation.

A. W. ROHRIG, '03.

John Ferguson, lost in sad reflection, was sitting alone in the reading-room of the library building on Commencement Day, when a gentle knock at the door aroused him. He tried to hide his annoyance and to receive the unlooked-for caller with his accustomed cheery greeting. Try, however, as he would, the attempt was not quite successful. After the usual exchange of empty phrases, the newcomer, George Stewart, remarked, "John, what's wrong? Out with it!" But John

was not so easily to be induced to burden a friend's mind with what he considered his own trouble, therefore to be borne by himself. He was far too generous to annoy another.

It was only after considerable urging that George ascertained the cause of John's glum spirits. John had received a letter from home that morning stating that the merchant, for whom he had worked the previous summer, and with whom he could have found a situation again during the present vacation, had died very suddenly, thus upsetting all John's fond plans and cherished hopes. John knew that it would seriously inconvenience his parents if he failed to earn something towards his college expenses. Yet, from present indications, it looked very much as if he was likely to go without employment this time. After George had listened attentively to the recital of John's difficulties, he made known his plans to him. "You know," he said, "that I have managed pretty well heretofore, John, and I believe that I can do so this year. One must, however, go where the people are going. Many have made their plans to spend a part, at least, of their vacation at the Pan-American Exposition. It will be quite impossible to endeavor to interest them in anything else. Suppose you come along with me and we'll try to procure employment there."

"But, George," objected John, "I haven't the necessary cash with which to defray the expenses of such an undertaking."

However, it was finally determined that John make the trip on foot from his home in Thurly to Ithaca, taking his course along the railroad and stopping for the night at any convenient station along the route. It would be an easy matter to stay at a small station for a night's shelter, since John had been a telegrapher and would, consequently, be befriended by any of his profession. Aside, too, from its cheapness, there was a spirit of novelty and adventure about this plan which caused it to find favor in his eyes. At Ithaca he expected to meet George, whence they would proceed by rail to Buffalo. John had about 350 miles to cover. As he counted on averaging thirty miles per day, he hoped to reach Ithaca within twelve days.

A day or two after Commencement, having first informed his parents of his plans, John began his journey. He wore a

light summer suit and had slung over his shoulder a small bundle containing a water-proof, change of raiment, and a few necessary trifles. The first three days his journey passed off pleasantly and uneventfully. On the fourth day, however, it rained steadily. Nevertheless, he moved pluckily onward, protected as he was by his waterproof. He expected to reach the little station of W—— by evening, intending to put in there for the night. Owing, however, to the severity of the storm, he was hindered very much in his progress. In addition to this, darkness set in much more rapidly than on the previous days. Thus he found himself almost enshrouded in complete darkness before he fully realized it. Being still quite a distance from his destination, he groped his way forward as best he could along a strange and to him entirely unfamiliar part of the road. As the darkness grew more dense with every passing second, the dangers began to increase, while the constant rain and the rushing waters of a neighboring river drowned all noise of approaching trains. Sturdy and brave though he was, John fully realized and understood the great danger that hovered near. But a far greater danger than that of the passing trains threatened him from an unexpected quarter. While thus advancing slowly and cautiously a dull, rumbling noise filled the air above him, heard even amid the loud rushing of the swollen river and the incessant pattering of the rain. Though but faint at first, the din quickly grew louder and louder, and before he was able to understand fully what it all meant, he was almost buried under a landslide, which had come down the mountain-side just above him and now blockaded the single track which wound its way around the abrupt bend. He beheld large boulders and trees piled up on high, hiding all traces of the winding track ahead. Dazed though he was, his faculties gradually resumed their accustomed duties, and he felt that he had escaped instant death in a miraculous manner. Might he not have been buried completely beneath that immense mass? With a shudder he turned away, and these gloomy reflections gave place to plans how he might best get himself out of his present difficult straits. He found that he was considerably bruised and, it seemed to him, sore "all over." But most of all he deplored the fact that his lower limbs seemed to have been "pinned down" by some heavy object. Try

as he would, his straining energies were entirely insufficient to accomplish his release. One of his limbs, too, must be injured, for a shooting, piercing pain obliged him to desist from his attempts at freedom. "Well, 'I'm in for it,' as the boys would say," he remarked with a partly-suppressed groan. With this sentence, addressed to himself to buoy his failing spirits, he lapsed again into silence. It was damp and chilly, and, as he lay thus helpless, in his utter loneliness he wondered why this misfortune had befallen him. All his hopes were dashed to pieces. A chill, that was in perfect harmony with the chilly atmosphere about him, crept over his soul. Darkness did not now alone reign without and about him, but it seemed to have found a resting-place within. That he would be rescued he felt assured, provided no further slides occurred. He tried not to think of the latter possibility. Yet again and again would this unnerving thought repeat itself, until it seemed to make his hair stand on end. At this point he was aroused from his meditations by the whistle of a distant engine. All his sleeping faculties were now thoroughly aroused. He had expected to be found by some track-walker. It had never occurred to him, in his dazed condition, that possibly, before this slide was discovered, a train would come along to be hurled off the track into the cruel river below. He fumbled through his pockets, brought forth a time-table and a match-box, then, hurriedly striking a match, glanced along the little sheet that was to give him the much-desired information. It was the so-called Buffalo Express. A cry of bitter anguish broke from his lips. The horrible disaster which his imagination called up must be averted somehow. He must free himself, to give warning to those poor beings which were being hurried to an untimely death! What? Not be permitted even the lifting of a finger to warn those wretched beings and to prevent the horrible catastrophe which seemed imminent? He could not have been placed there merely to see this train with its precious burden of human freight carried to destruction! He struggled and wriggled, notwithstanding the excruciating pain which almost made him faint. At last he was free. Oh, happy thought! He felt like shouting for joy, in the face of his bruised and battered condition. He dragged himself painfully back over the track along which he had so recently come. And as he moved slowly along, he hoped that he might be in time to signal the fast-approaching train. His progress was very slow. To him, impatient as he was, the moments seemed to flit on wings. Could he reach a point sufficiently distant to

warn the engineer in time? He must! Cold perspiration stood out on his forehead and rolled slowly down his face. Moving laboriously on hands and feet he pressed forward. In his endeavor to suppress the outbursts of pain from the self-imposed torture, he bit his lips until the blood trickled down his chin. As a mother's soul cries out in grief and agony when her little one is torn from her warm, loving embrace, so cried his spirit in its heart-rending anguish. "Let me not be too late, my God," was the prayer of his brave heart. And that phrase, "too late," kept ringing on and on in his ears, and gave him strength to press forward when it seemed that he must roll insensible to the track. Would the agony never cease? Yes, it must be decided now! There was a sudden flash of light as the ponderous locomotive bore into sight. It was almost upon him. The supreme moment had come. It was "now or never!" Rising as best he could, he steadied himself on his uninjured limb, lifted his arm on high and, with as true an aim as that of David when he felled Goliath, sent a stone crashing into the cab of the engine. There was a clatter of broken glass, a sharp, imperative shriek from the whistle, a loud grating noise of the huge wheels as the brake was applied, and the mighty machine rushed past a dark, huddled-up human figure which lay lifeless alongside the track. The train was brought to a stop, and a terrible loss of life was prevented. Had the train struck those rocks and trees, it would probably have disappeared in the madly-whirling torrent below, and a hundred human beings would have found death in its murky, hideous waters. Slowly the train moved back to where its saviour lay, and tender hands gently picked up the hero's body. He had died with a smile on his lips. Truly, if it is permitted the dying to see into the great Beyond, we believe the sight that greeted his eyes coaxed that happy smile to the stiffening lips. Not an eye in all that number but longed to look longer on that lovely face, to fix it indelibly on the memory. And as eye after eye tore itself from that vision, it paid its tribute in hot tears to the heroic spirit that had taken its flight from this sorrow-laden earth to meet its God in the realms of bliss. In the hearts of gay, thoughtless women and cold, indifferent men the bonds of icy selfishness were broken forever, and, as they gazed on the lifeless body lying at their feet, their eyes were directed to the cross on Golgotha and fastened on Him who set us the greatest example of self-sacrificing and undying love. In the little cemetery at Thurly we see a grave above which a beautiful white marble shaft rears itself aloft. Skilfully carved on this shaft we behold an engine with its coaches and a boy, one arm on high, boldly facing the approaching train. Below this we find his name and age with the self-explanatory inscription: "He died for us."

THE MUHLENBERG.

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ALLEN R APPEL, '02.

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QUINCY A. KUEHNER, '02.

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Editorials.

With this issue of THE MUHLENBERG the present staff makes its initial bow to its patrons and friends. We, who have succeeded to the management of our college journal, fully realize the exacting duties of our several positions.

We regret that at times there are those students who are disposed to view the first efforts of a succeeding staff with a harshly critical gaze, and betray undue readiness of disapproval should these same efforts fall short of their self-conceived criterion of literary excellence. We therefore ask for forbearance on the part of our students.

Since its incorporation, THE MUHLENBERG has, we believe, reflected in large measure the literary possibilities of the students of Muhlenberg College. If this is too comprehensive a statement, the fact remains, nevertheless, that to the outside world the literary output of any college, through its journal, serves as an index of the literary capabilities of her students.

We would therefore emphasize the importance of each student's taking a personal interest in his college journal, to the end that it may more and more approach its highest plane of usefulness.

Consistent with the custom of THE MUHLENBERG, it was our intention to publish the address of the Rev. Dr. Schantz, delivered at the opening of college, but owing to the fact that he used no manuscript it was not convenient for us to do so. Those who failed to hear the address missed a rear treat. Dr. Schantz, in the beginning of his address, laughingly disclaimed all intentions of delivering a sermon, or set speech, following with the remark that to him the occasion seemed a peculiarly fitting time to dwell reminiscently upon the history and achievements of our Lutheran Church during the last fifty years. For over an hour Dr. Schantz held the closest attention of his audience, as he recounted the progress of the Church in all phases of its varied activities, interspersing his remarks with delightful flashes of wit and wisdom in his own inimitable fashion.

Dr. Schantz is eminently qualified not only to speak upon the history of the Church, but especially upon one of its institutions, Muhlenberg College, being one of its earliest trustees, and having taken a life-long interest in the institution. In the Rev. Dr. Schantz, Muhlenberg College has a warm friend and a true champion.

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Last year's experiment of offering a cash prize for the best poem handed in to THE MUHLENBERG for publication having proved successful beyond expectations, and believing it advisable to extend the system, THE MUHLENBERG offers the following prizes this year:

For the best poem, not exceeding 60 lines, $5.

For the best story, not exceeding 2500 words, $10.

All poems and stories must be submitted not later than November 27, 1901. As heretofore, every contestant for these prizes must be a student of Muhlenberg College, and the right is reserved to publish any or all articles, which provisions, however, will not in any way disqualify any material from competition for the prizes offered.

A committee chosen by the staff of THE MUHLENBERG shall decide the winners of the contest, and all awards will be made during Commencement Week.

Personal.

Just arrived—the Freshmen, twenty-seven strong.

Our latest arrival—Bittner's "barba labri superioris." "You see, I must make up here for what I am losing on top," explains Mr. B.

The Athletic Association, at its recent meeting, elected the following officers: President, Prof. H. E. Shimer; Vice-President, Walborn, '03; Secretary, Zerweck, '02; Treasurer, Haines, '04; Monitor, Youse, '03.

Gloomy Freshman: "Say, fellows, I felt homesick yesterday."

Junior (absent-mindedly): "Why didn't you go to the doctor?"

Beck, '02, received first honorable mention at the oratorical contest held at Harrisburg during the P. O. S. of A. convention.

Glase, '02, says he worked like a "trooper" during vacation.

The *Ciarla* staff has entered upon its duties.

Mr. Rohrig has transferred his commission as agent of the Columbia Steam Laundry to O. S. Yerger, '03.

We are glad to see that Brunner, '02, who was obliged to leave school last spring on account of sickness, has resumed his studies.

The Franklin Association elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Freed, '02; Vice-President, Leefeldt, '03; Secretary, Dr. Ettinger; Treasurer, Dr. Bauman; Curators, Beck, '02, and Ink, '02.

Dr. D. (in Geology class): "Mr. Glase, give me some of the forms of the triclinic system?"

Glase, '02: "The oblique square."

Once again has our dear old staircase borne the strain of contending heroes. Will they have a stairs in the new buildings?

Bartholomew, '02, and Beck, '02, spent their vacation in Allentown in the employ of the Troy Steam Laundry.

The Sophomores already may be seen wending their way over mountain and hill, through valley and plain, in search of leaves for their fall herbariums. We wish them success.

Dr. E.: "Mr. Kistler, would it be proper to say, 'the appearance of their bodies *are*'?"

Kistler: "No, sir; 'the appearance of their bodies *were*.'"

A number of students attended the Bethlehem Fair on Wednesday, September 10.

Heckenberger, '02, and Weisley, '02, spent several days at the Pan-American Exposition before returning to college. Weisley seems to remember nothing but the "midway."

During the opening days of college the demand for books was so great that H. Ritter installed Schell, '05, as his assistant book agent.

Rupp, '02, received first honorable mention at the intercollegiate oratorical contest held at Mt. Gretna Chautauqua.

Winfield P. DeLong, '05, and Frank Gable, '04, have become members of the Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity, and Kleckner, '04, and Shankweiler, '05, of the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity.

W. H. Gable, '02, is kept busy, at present, delivering his celebrated suitholders ordered during summer vacation.

Keboch, '04, "blayed in the pand" during vacation. Will some generous person kindly donate a metronome to save the gentleman's *soul?* The student-body requests Mr. K. to procure some "recent" music.

No longer shall we hear Telford's roariferous laughter, no longer shall we hear his sweet, angelic strains of "Lamb, Lamb, Lamb," but forever shall '03 mourn the loss of one of its most sturdy sons.

Our Alumni.

'73.—June 16 the congregation of St. John's Lutheran Church, Rochester, N. Y., celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination of its pastor, Rev. John Nicum, D.D. A neatly-printed pamphlet, containing an account of the celebration, a biographical sketch of Dr. Nicum, and con-

gratulatory letters from eminent Lutherans, has been published by the authorities of the congregation. We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a copy.

'75.—The many friends in this city of Rev. William A. Passavant will be grieved to learn of his death, which occurred suddenly yesterday at Jumonville, near Uniontown, Fayette County, Pa. Death resulted from apoplexy. He with his brother, D. L. Passavant, went there on Saturday to spend a few days at the Passavant home on the crest of Laurel Mountains.

Mr. Passavant was a son of the late Rev. Dr. William A. and Eliza Passavant, of Pittsburg, and was born in that city January 23, 1857. He received his preparatory training at home under private instructions. Later he attended Thiel Hall, Philipsburg, Pa., and the Western University, Pittsburg. He entered Muhlenberg College in the fall of 1871 and graduated in 1875, with second honor. As a student he was known for his close application, and he won the Junior oration prize. Among his fellow-students he was justly popular, and he won the high regard of the faculty. After graduation he spent one year at home, following a special course in the study of history. In 1879 he graduated from the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Philadelphia, and in June of that year was ordained into the Lutheran ministry by the Pittsburg Synod of the General Council. He was for six years pastor of the Baden (Pa.) Church, and Christ Church, Pittsburg, for over a year. With his father he established *The Workman*, a biweekly paper, in 1881, of which he was manager and associate editor for six years, and later owner and editor. He disposed of the paper to accept the superintendency of English Home Missions. On July 1, 1889, he entered upon the duties of that position, in the discharge of which he traveled extensively throughout the Western and Northwestern parts of the country. In this line of work he was highly successful and did much to upbuild the Lutheran Church, giving new life where interest had flagged and starting missions in new fields. In 1885-86 he traveled extensively in Europe for recreation and study. Mr. Passavant ever retained a lively interest in Muhlenberg College, and the Eliza botanical prize to the member of the Sophomore Class for the best essay and illustrated herbarium was his gift given in memory of his mother.

Among the institutions he established were the Passavant Hospital, in Pittsburg; Passavant Memorial Hospital, in Jacksonville, Ill; Milwaukee Hospital, Milwaukee, Wis.; Passavant Hospital, Chicago; Passavant Home for Epileptics, Rochester, Pa., and an orphans' home at Zelienope, in all of which he was a director.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'77.—Rev. William J. Miller has resigned his charge in Rochester, N. Y., and has removed to Leechburg, Pa. His pastorate in Rochester was exceedingly successful, and this change was made solely, we understand, on account of Mrs. Miller's health.

'79.—The many friends in this city of Geo. B. Schock, of Lebanon, were shocked to-day when they learned of his death, which occurred on Wednesday morning after an illness of short duration. The immediate cause of death was dropsical affection and jaundice, and a complication of ills, which had been bearing down on him for some months, culminating in an acute sickness which developed Sunday, since when he was confined to bed. He was conscious to within a few minutes of his death and conversed intelligently with his family.

Mr. Schock had been failing in health for some time, but a strong will enabled him to bear up. He was seldom heard to complain, although it was noticed that he was suffering more than he admitted for some weeks past, going to his office only at intervals during the day for a short stay.

George Benjamin Schock was born at Hamburg, Berks County, on February 12, 1857. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Moses S. Schock, who survive him and who have for many years been residents of Bernville, Berks County.

He received his preparatory training in the public schools of his native place and in the Academic Department of Muhlenberg College. He entered the college in the fall of 1875 and graduated from that institution four years later, in 1879. While at college he was a member of the Sophronian Literary Society and the Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity. While at college Mr. Schock was a classmate of George D. Krause and Dr. John K. Reinoehl, also of Lebanon.

After his graduation he located at Lebanon and entered the law offices of Cyrus C. Miller, one of the then most prominent lawyers of Lebanon, and read law. He had already

spent some time in the office of Lawyer Jacobs at Reading. Mr. Schock's tutor died about the time that the pupil was admitted to the Lebanon bar, which was on November 13, 1882, leaving a large clientage and legal business to which the young attorney then directed his attention, managing the interests of his predecessor and soon acquiring a large clientage of his own. In 1883 he formed a partnership with Thomas H. Capp, which continued until 1899.

Mr. Schock was a Republican in politics and an ardent supporter of the principles of his party. He was solicitor of the borough of Lebanon in 1886–87, and of the city of Lebanon from the time of its incorporation as a city in 1887 to 1890. He was chairman of the Republican City Committee in 1888–90 and had been a county chairman. He was for a number of years a member of Select Council and its president. As the head of the Select branch of Councils he was recognized as a discreet official, an able parliamentarian, and his rulings were always well-considered and impartial.

As an attorney he was successful, having had many court victories. One of his latest successes was achieved only a few weeks ago, when, as auditor in the large assigned Coleman estate, his report was sustained by the Supreme Court at Philadelphia. Mr. Schock was also regarded as a good business man, of sound judgment and not lacking in enterprise.

In 1883 Mr. Schock married Miss Emma Unger, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Amos H. Unger, of Allentown, now of Lebanon. His wife and the following children survive: Elizabeth, George, Richard, Thomas, Edward, and Emma. Had he lived until Saturday, the eighteenth anniversary of his wedding would have been celebrated. Mr. Schock's parents, one brother, and three sisters survive. He was a cousin of Emerson F. Schock, of this city.

In closing a sketch of Mr. Schock the Lebanon *News* pays him this tribute: "Mr. Schock was of a broad and liberal disposition, of legal acumen in which he had no superior in Central Pennsylvania, and was the peer of any in familiarity of literature covering all the classics.

"No better tribute can be paid to the deceased than that he was honest in all the walks of his life, and in his legal associations with the members of the bar and the court. His word was as good as his bond. He was frank, fearless in

doing what he considered was, not only his duty to his clients, but as an attorney and officer of the court, both of which he guarded with supreme carefulness and forethought.

"The deceased was of a generous nature. No one asked of him a favor which he did grant if within his power. Many will miss him, and although his generous disposition may never be known, yet it was manifest, and the hand that gave with such a generosity is still in death.

"He will be mourned by the members of the bar, who constantly sought his counsel; by the court which held him in high esteem for his intellectual ability, and by the people who appreciated his services. The verdict has been rendered of a good and faithful servant, and may he rest in peace.

"The garlands of victory enshroud his death, the drapery of his shroud encircles his lifeless form, but the good deeds he has done will endure forever in the minds of those who loved him for his many manly qualities. This journey of life has ended, but peacefully he sleeps the best days of his manhood away in the valley of death, until the resurrection morn calls forth the dead, in which he will appear as a shining example of all that was honorable, honest, and generous to a fault in manhood, as a citizen, as an attorney, as an officer of the court, and as a kind, true, and loving husband and father."—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'80.—Prof. G. T. Ettinger will now have a successor to his degree of Ph.D. At present the boy, who made his appearance on Friday, has had conferred upon him, by his proud daddy, the particularly hard-earned degree L.L. These letters do not stand for Laws and Literature, but for Lusty Lungs.—*Allentown Chronicle*, May 27.

When Dr. G. T. Ettinger, of Muhlenberg College, faced the Junior Class in Latin on Tuesday last, he noticed on calling the roll, that several members of the class were absent. Various excuses were made for them by the other members of the class and the recitation proceeded. While the doctor was in the midst of dissecting a particularly angular and convoluted Latin sentence, several Juniors stalked in carrying between them a beautiful white box. Interest in Latin ceased right away, and then Mr. J. Ralph Freed, in a neat, eloquent, and well-chosen speech, presented to Dr. Ettinger

a beautiful silver loving cup, around whose rim is engraved the following: "To the new Junior, from the Class of '02."

Dr. Ettinger, after he had recovered from his surprise, cordially thanked the class for this evidence of their good will towards him and his youthful son and heir, and expressed the hope that when the latter grew to man's estate he would show as high an appreciation of the gift as his father had done before him.—*Chronicle and News*, June 5.

'82.—Aaron B. Hassler, whose appointment by Governor Stone as the first Controller of Lancaster County, a position paying $4000 a year, was made on Wednesday, received his commission yesterday.

The new Controller is a son of Rev. J. W. Hassler, a Lutheran clergyman of Lancaster. He was born in 1860, and was admitted to the bar in 1885. He was in turn Solicitor for the Prison Inspectors and County Solicitor. In the latter office he has saved many thousands of dollars to the county by cutting down the padded bills of magistrates and constables, and is known as a reformer. He was nominated by the Republicans for Controller, and will be elected this fall, his present appointment being for the interim.

Mr. Hassler is a graduate of Muhlenberg College, class of 1882. Among his classmates were D. R. Horne, Esq., Prof. Samuel C. Schmucker, Rev. Thomas M. Yundt, Austin A. Glick, and Oscar J. Stine, Esqs., of Catasauqua; Rev. Robert D. Roeder, of Norristown, and Rev. Jacob W. Lazarus, of Stone Church.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'82.—Beginning with the October number of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Dr. S. C. Schmucker will contribute a monthly article on nature-study, entitled "Seeing Things Outdoors." These articles will be illustrated with drawings and photographs made especially for them by Mrs. Schmucker.

'83.—The people of South Bethlehem and the members of his congregation and hosts of friends, both in the Bethlehems and in this city, and the community in general, were startled, shocked, and sorrow stricken this morning when they learned that Rev. W. F. Schoener, one of the most prominent members of the Lutheran Ministerium and for the past sixteen years pastor of St. Peter's Lutheran Church, South Bethlehem, had died. His death was due to pneumonia and heat pros-

tration, and his illness was as brief as its result was unexpected. Rev. Schoener complained on Sunday of not feeling well, but preached on Sunday evening. Yesterday afternoon he took to bed. Last evening a physician was called in and he discovered symptoms of pneumonia. At 10 o'clock another examination was made and it was found that his lungs were solidifying and his temperature had risen to 102. Two physicians were with him continually, but so rapid was the progress of his disease that at 5 o'clock his temperature had risen to 107½ degrees and he became unconscious and died at 6.30 o'clock this morning.

William Francis Schoener was a son of John Andrew and Mary Elizabeth (Balliet) Schoener. He was born at Lewistown, Schuylkill County, October 18, 1859. He received his preparatory training in the public schools of Allentown, graduating from the High School on May 15, 1879. He entered Muhlenberg College in the fall of the same year and graduated in 1883. He studied theology in the Mt. Airy Seminary and graduated June 15, 1886. On June 22, that year, he was ordained to the office of ministry by the Ministerium of Pennsylvania. On July 4, 1886, he became pastor of St. Peter's Evangelical Lutheran Church, South Bethlehem.

His work as pastor was crowned with great success. During his pastorate he doubled the membership of his church; a handsome parsonage was erected, and an annex to the church was built at a cost of between $7000 and $8000. In addition to all this, three years ago a $3000 pipe organ was erected and the Sunday-school refurnished.

During the past year he, in company with several members of the church, collected $2000, which was paid on the church debt. He was greatly beloved by his congregation and his loss to the church is well-nigh irreparable. The deceased was married to Miss Alice Laros, of Griesemersville, on June 9, 1887, who, with one daughter, survives. His mother, Mrs. Daniel Weber, of No. 138 North Eleventh street, and one brother, Oliver Schoener, of this city, also survives.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'84.—The pulpit of Frieden's Lutheran Church, at Bernville, Berks County, was occupied on Sunday morning and evening by the Rev. George M. Scheidy, of East Allentown.

The theme of the evening's discourse was, "He Descended Into Hell," based upon 1 Peter 3:19. A beautiful feature of the evening's service was the wedding of Rev. Mr. Scheidy and Miss Anna C. Brown. After the closing hymn was sung, and while Miss Mary M. Miller, organist of the church, was rendering the wedding march from Lohengrin, the bridal couple, unattended, advanced down the center aisle of the church toward the chancel, where the Rev. D. D. Trexler was waiting to perform the marriage ceremony, after which, to the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, the couple passed out of the church into the chapel, where they received the congratulations and well wishes of numerous friends.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'85.—Rev. Frank F. Fry, pastor of Grace Lutheran Church, Bethlehem, on Friday evening tendered to the Church Council his resignation as pastor, to take effect October 6, to accept a call to the pastorate of the Church of the Reformation, Rochester, N. Y.

This action was taken after mature deliberation and discussion with the members of the Council. His resignation was accepted and a committee appointed to draft resolutions testifying to his valued services in Grace congregation and regrets at his departure.

The Church of the Reformation is the leading English Lutheran Church of Rochester, N. Y., with a membership of over 700. The edifice is a handsome stone structure, recently erected, and it is said is second to none in architectural beauty in Rochester. Besides a salary of $2000 a year a handsome parsonage is provided for the pastor.

'85.—Wilson K. Mohr, Esq., the well-known lawyer, Grand Master of the Odd Fellows of Pennsylvania, and ex-secretary of the Lehigh County Agricultural Society, was married last night at eight o'clock to Miss Gertrude Aspell, daughter of Joseph and the late Gertrude Aspell, of Macungie. The ceremony took place at the parsonage of Rev. T. J. Hacker. The couple were unattended. For the present Mrs. Mohr will continue to reside with her grandmother, Mrs. Leah M. Schmoyer, in Macungie, with whom she has lived ever since her mother's death. We extend our heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Mohr, and wish them a happy and prosperous future.

'86.—The famous class of '86, Muhlenberg College, which has written its history in the archives of the institution in many and diverse ways and has left its imprint on the sands of time and the ceiling of Dr. Seip's classroom; which has among its ranks ministers, doctors, lawyers, yea, even poets and orators, who have achieved abundant success in the professions which they adorn so honorobly and so worthily, held a reunion and banquet last night at the Hotel Allen. It is the only class which numbers two trustees of the college among its members, Samuel N. Potteiger, of Reading, and Rev. John H. Waidelich, of Sellersville, and many of its members are destined to even greater honors. It was the first class to graduate under the administration of Rev. Dr. Seip as president, as it was the first class to graduate which came under the respective tutelage of Herr Prof. Wackernagel and Rev. Dr. J. A. Bauman. The president and these two distinguished members of the faculty were among the guests, and their presence brought a lot of sins of omission and commission to the surface, and several souls were put at ease through the relieving process of confession, and for which they were cheerfully forgiven by the professors. The other guests were T. J. Koch, of Koch Bros.; O. S. Henninger, of the *Chronicle;* George R. Roth, of the *Leader;* and D. A. Miller, of the *Morning Call.*

It was a rare feast of reason, wit, and humor, highly enjoyed by every one present, and the menu served was delightful. That prince of toastmasters, Rev. J. Frederick Nicholas, of Bethayres, presided.

Those who responded to toasts were as follows: "The Past; An Experience," Rev. H. W. Warmkessel; "Theology," Rev. Nelson F. Schmidt; "The Present; A Reality," Samuel N. Potteiger; "The Law," George A. Prediger; "The Ladies," A. Grant Loder, M. D.; "Our Trustees," Rev. John H. Waidelich; "The Future; A Dream," J. Jeremiah Snyder; "The New Century," Elmer P. Kohler.

Revs. Dr. Seip, Bauman, and Wackernagel, as well as the newspaper men present, also made speeches. During the evening the Muhlenberg College Glee Club treated the class with several excellent songs.

The class decided to banquet five years hence at the Hotel Allen.

It was at a late hour when the toastmaster declared the banquet at an end, and even then many only adjourned to the office of the hotel to fight the old battles of school days over again. It was a rare evening and one of the most pleasant features of the Commencement Week.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'86.—J. J. Snyder, Esq., the eloquent young orator of this city, yesterday for the fourth time delivered the Memorial Day oration for Hector Tyndale Post, No. 160, G. A. R., of Philadelphia, on Mount Peace Cemetery, and, of course, made a favorable impression.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'87.—Dr. Raymond E. Butz is establishing a very successful medical practice in York, Pa.

'87.—We understand that Dr. George A. Miller, of the Mathematical Department of Cornell University, has been called to the Leland Stanford University, California.

'91.—Rev. M. J. Bieber was one of the preachers at the Carmel Grove camp-meeting and Chautauqua Assembly, near Hooper, N. Y.

'91.—We regret to learn that Joseph P. Shimer, Allentown, is very sick.

'92.—We clip the following from the *Allentown Chronicle and News:* Rev. E. H. Trafford, of Kimberton, Chester County, pastor of the Lutheran Church near there, is a genius in his way, and he is not only an able preacher and a faithful and popular pastor, but like his Divine Master, he is a mechanic as well. He is a graduate of Muhlenberg College of the class of 1892. Before Mr. Trafford entered upon his studies for the ministry he learned or partly learned cabinet-making in the little Lebanon County town where he was born and reared. He learned to make most any piece of work, from a coffin to a sideboard, and even before he entered upon his trade he was handy with edged tools, and his Lebanon County home contains many articles of his handicraft before he thought of becoming a minister of the Gospel. The study of Latin and Greek, of theology and exegesis, and of apologetics and hermeneutics, did not rob his hand of its cunning, and he was just as handy with saw, chisel, and jackplane after he was ordained as he was when a journeyman in the little shop of the Lebanon County cabinet maker.

Some months ago Mr. Trafford saw the necessity of a new pulpit and altar for his church, and while officiating at one of the large city churches he saw models that he would like to have purchased. But to buy the pulpit and altar like those he saw would have required several hundred dollars, and neither he nor the congregation had the necessary funds, so he said to himself, "I will go to work and make a pulpit and altar," and he did. It took months of hard, patient, painstaking work, but he possessed the skill, and in due time they were completed and installed in the church, to the wonder and admiration of all who saw them. The articles of sacred furniture made by Mr. Trafford are superior in workmanship and finish to those after which he patterned, and no Lutheran church in the country can claim a handsomer pulpit and altar than the Pikeland Church. The workmanship is exquisite, and if the congregation had bought them they would have cost several hundred dollars.

'96.—Marcus S. Hottenstine, one of the best-known of the younger members of the Lehigh County bar, was married last evening at 6 o'clock to Miss Nina B. Ruhe, daughter of Mrs. Eliza A. and the late Charles H. Ruhe, at the bride's residence, No. 25 South Eighth street, in the presence of only the immediate families of the contracting parties. The parlor where the ceremony took place was handsomely decorated with daisies and ferns. There were no attendants. Rev. Dr. S. G. Wagner was the officiating clergyman. The bride was dressed in white Paris muslin, valenciennes lace, and she carried a bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. Prof. D. E. Miles presided at the piano and played as a processional the Bridal Chorus from Lohengrin and as a recessional Mendelssohn's Wedding March. During the course of the evening he further entertained those present with selections on the piano.

The bride is a graduate of the Allentown College for Women, class of '96. She has always been prominent in society circles, and possesses all those characteristic traits and accomplishments which will cause her to adorn a home and prove a worthy helpmate. To the chorus of congratulations and wishes for a happy future the *Chronicle and News* heartily joins.

Mr. Hottenstine has acquired fame for his scholarship. He achieved first honors as a member of the graduating class of 1892, Allentown High School, and was also first honor man of the class of '96, Muhlenberg College, and was one of the honor men of the class of '99 in the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'96.—O. R. B. Leidy, Allentown, Pa., is the Republican candidate for District Attorney of Lehigh County. His opponent on the Democratic ticket is Edwin J. Lichtenwalner, of the class of '79; so, whoever wins, the next District Attorney of Lehigh County will be a Muhlenberg man.

'97.—Rev. William K. Fisher, of Jonestown, Pa., was recently married to Miss Pfannkuch, of Lebanon, Pa.

'97.—Rev. Henry K. Lantz is pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Frankfort, Indiana.

'97.—On account of his health, Rev. G. B. Matthews has returned from the mission field in India.

'97.—The wedding of Rev. Archibald C. Schenk, pastor of Topton Lutheran charge, formerly of South Bethlehem, and Miss Hattie Olivia Ritter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Ritter, of South Seventh street, Allentown, will take place in the Linden Street Methodist Episcopal Church on the evening of Monday, June 10. Rev. W. F. Schoener, of St. Peter's Lutheran Church, Rev. Schenk's former pastor, and Rev. R. D. Naylor, pastor of the Linden Street Methodist Episcopal Church, will perform the ceremony. The groom-to-be is the son of Mrs. Linda Schenk, the milliner, of South Bethlehem, and graduated from the Central High School in 1892, from Muhlenberg College in 1897, and from the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, in 1900. He is at present the pastor of the Lutheran congregations at Topton, Rockland, and Fleetwood.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'98.—Rev. Levi F. Gruber has been elected to a professorship in Wagner College, Rochester, N. Y., of which Rev. John Nicum, D.D., '73, is the President.

'98.—Marvin L. Kleppinger has accepted a position with the Prince Metallic Paint Co., with an office in the Commonwealth Building, Allentown, Pa.

'98.—Rev. William E. Steckel, who was graduated May 8 from Princeton (N. J.) Theological Seminary, has accepted a call to the Presbyterian Church at Milroy, Mifflin County, in the western part of the State. He will assume charge June 15. Rev. Steckel is a native of this city and was graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1898. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Steckel, of No. 108 North Ninth street. His parents will move to Milroy with him and will occupy the parsonage. Mr. Steckel, Sr., is one of the best-known residents of Allentown, and is a salesman in W. R. Lawfer & Co.'s store, having formerly been in the mercantile business. He moved to Allentown from Northampton County thirty-six years ago and lived here ever since. In all this time Mr. Steckel was an active member of the Presbyterian Church. For a long time he was a trustee and president of the board, and for thirty-one years he was treasurer of the Sunday-school and a teacher therein.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'98.—At 10 o'clock yesterday morning, Rev. John K. Sullenberger, of Leinbach's, Berks County, and Miss Hattie S. Frederick, of South Allentown, were united in marriage by Rev. H. E. Semmel, at his residence, No. 27 North Jefferson street. The bride is the only daughter and child of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson C. Frederick, of South Allentown. She was a faithful member of Grace Lutheran congregation, taking an active part both in Sunday-school and congregational work, and Grace Church is very sorry to lose her. The groom graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1898, and from the Mt. Airy Seminary last spring. He has received and accepted a call from the Quakake charge, Schuylkill County, consisting of three congregations, where they purpose to move shortly. Their many friends wish them much success and happiness in their new field of labor.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'98.—Rev. F. K. Bernd, who filled the chair of Latin and Greek at the Kutztown Normal School for many years, will retire from that position to devote all his time to his ministerial duties. Rev. George Smith Kressley, of Maxatawny, has been elected as his successor and will occupy the chair at the opening of the next school year. Rev. Prof. Kressley is well known as a man possessed of a bright mind and studious habits. He is a graduate of Muhlenberg College and Mt. Airy

Theological Seminary, and was last week ordained to the ministry by the Lutheran Ministerium in Allentown. He is now and was for several years a junior professor in the Normal faculty, and is popular with the students and the people in general.

'99.—F. N. D. Buchman, of No. 117 North Eleventh street, a student at the Mt. Airy Seminary, on Sunday preached his first sermon in Camden, N. J.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'99.—George J. Case, of Hokendauqua, Pa., is doing good work for the Prudential Insurance Co.

'99.—Harry R. McCullough has been elected to a teacher's position in the public schools of Allentown, Pa.

'99.—R. Keelor Hartzell, a student in the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, took a special course in the Harvard Medical School this summer and passed a successful examination.

'00.—A. J. Flexer, a graduate of Muhlenberg, class of 1900, and during the past year a student in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, yesterday addressed the meeting for men in the Y. M. C. A. Hall. Edward Burnell, the popular boy chorister of the Episcopal Church, sang several selections very beautifully.—*Allentown Morning Call.*

'00.—Robert R. Fritsch has been elected to a good position in the Allentown High School.

'01.—James M. Fetherolf has been appointed Student in Forestry by the United States Government.

'01.—Daniel W. Hamm is now a teacher in the public schools of Allentown.

'01.—Ralph E. Kline is studying music with Prof. C. A. Marks, of Allentown.

'01.—Howard E. Shimer succeeds C. J. Everett as tutor in the Academic Department. Mr. Everett has taken charge of a private academy at Cresswell, South Carolina.

Athletics.

Muhlenberg's second year in athletics promises to be good. Among the new men there is enough material to make a first-class team. We are still in our infancy in sport, and so much the more is it our duty to put heart and soul into it, so that in time not far distant we may be on an equal basis with other colleges on the gridiron.

Captain Geiger is making every effort to have a good team. Candidates for the team are responding to his call every evening on the campus. They are the following: Miller, Shalter, Trexler, Gable, Raub, Walborn, DeLong, Specht, Shimer, Zerweck, Moyer, and Beck.

We urge the whole student-body to give all aid in their power. One must not necessarily be a sprinter, a heavy-weight, or a slugger to promote sports at a college. What Muhlenberg needs mostly is good financial backing. Let all the students become members of our Athletic Association.

The following is the foot-ball schedule to date:

September 28, Ursinus at Collegeville, Pa.
October 5, Lebanon Valley at Annville, Pa.
October 12, Rutgers at New Brunswick, N. J.
October 26, Perkiomen Seminary at Allentown.

Manager Beck is negotiating for dates with Susquehanna University, Moravian College, and the Reading Y. M. C. A. team.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, H. E. Shimer, '01; Vice-President, Walborn, '03; Secretary, Zerweck, '02; Treasurer, Haines, '04; Monitor, Youse, '03.

Exchanges.

The month of June usually marks the close of the college year. Crowded into that month are its greatest events, and toward it all eyes are turned. In looking over the college magazines for June we find in nearly all of them a large amount of space devoted to a record of commencements, con-

tests, receptions, and events of like nature which are principally of interest to the several college communities in which they take place. Yet we find a comparison of the various programs interesting, and a careful perusal of the essays and orations printed cannot fail to be of benefit to every student.

The Midland comes to us in special souvenir form. We entirely agree with the spirit of the article entitled, "The College Man in Business." A short story, "Paderewski the Second," is bright and interesting. The articles, "Some Midland Birds" and "The Study of Botany," with marginal illustrations, are excellent. The plates add greatly to the interest of the articles to which they are attached and to the general effect of the publication.

The Western University Courant contains two stories. "Such is Woman," while lengthy, is interesting. The necessity of introducing so large a number of slang expressions is questioned. The picture presented in the "Old, Old Story" is a type of many seashore parties and makes us acquainted with their usual ending. The introduction contains a number of unusual words. As others of their kind fail to appear throughout the story, to be consistent the writer should have omitted them altogether.

The Mount Holyoke for June is a strong publication, rendered so by an excellent article on Thomas Carlyle; an exceptionally good story entitled, "A Question of Destiny," and by other shorter prose sketches and snatches of poetry.

The *Dickinson Literary Monthly* deserves mention for excellence.

We notice that where the name of our college occurs in our exchanges, it is often misspelled. The mistake is a natural one and occurs in the last syllable of the word. Although this may seem to be a trivial matter, yet, as we should strive after exactness in all things, the error should be corrected.

The night-breeze drifts with a bird-note by,—
A sob low-stilled to a silver sky,
A whisper soft as a baby's sigh,
A sound like a raindrop splashed in two,—
Oh, breeze, oh, bird,—was it only you?—*Ex.*

Book Review.

FOMA GORDYEEFF. By Maxim Gorky. Translated from the Russian by Isabel Florence Hapgood. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

From Russia comes a voice that has made itself heard in the literary circles of the world. Although far inferior to Tolstoi and exhibiting nothing of Turgeneff's art, Maxim Gorky has nevertheless displayed sufficient evidence of genius in his recent production, "Foma Gordyeeff," to win from the cold-hearted critics a favorable smile and an assurance of future success.

Maxim Gorky, whose real name is Elexei Maximovitch Pyeshkoff, is about thirty-three years of age, and is the son of a shopkeeper. His earlier years were spent tramping about Russia, working at various trades and dabbling in booklore.

This restless life, while preventing him from acquiring the usual education a writer of his age is expected to have, on the other hand has brought him into actual contact with scenes and people which most authors portray at second hand, and has compelled him to do some serious thinking, such as few men do at any age. In short, Gorky is a self-educated man with an unusually capacious brain. His thoughts are not threadbare and trivial. They are weighty, deep, and strongly original.

His first literary efforts were set forth in short tales and poems. Receiving great encouragement from the native critics, he determined to launch out into the deep with "Foma Gordyeeff," and thus far has met with success.

The hero, "Foma Gordyeeff," is the son of a Russian merchant who was self made. Receiving no mental nourishment from his stern and busy father, Foma was brought up by his old aunt, who filled his youthful ears with fairy tales and wild stories from imagination. Under such guidance he formed a very glorious idea of the world and life in general. But when he left his home for school and took a voyage down the Volga, bitter indeed was his disappointment at finding life what it really is.

So keenly does he feel the disillusion that he spends the rest of his years in a vain attempt to turn the course of life into another channel, but cannot tell just what that channel is. In his various wanderings he gets into many difficulties,

often the result of good intentions misunderstood. At times he falls into dissipation and leads a reckless life. He regards all his fellow merchants as rascals and rages against them and their methods. Finally poor, misunderstood Foma is placed in an insane asylum, from which he emerges three years later a broken-down man, jeered at as a fanatic by the people on the streets. And this is the pathetic end of Foma.

Linboff is the only female character in the book who can be described in polite terms. She and Foma can never agree. They argue and quarrel but cannot understand each other. Ezhoff, an ambitious student, fails in his attempt to enlighten Foma in his search for something to fill the world with a better mode of living. But this Ezhoff and Linboff are the only two characters who share Foma's discontent. They, too, rage against what is, but are unable also to say what should take its place. There are several other minor characters that give spice to the story.

Gorky has here collected in his book materials of a true tragedy that occurs every day in real life. The main deficiency in the work is that he cannot control the elements he has assembled. The book is no work of art; it is simply a beginning of what promises to be a better end. And as such it is worthy of notice. Russia is now becoming a mighty power in the world, and is it amiss to assume that she will find Maxim Gorky one of her brightest lights in the future?

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Vol. XIX

No. 2.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XIX. ALLENTOWN, PA., OCTOBER, 1901. No. 2.

A Chapter of Coincidences.

ARTHUR L. SMITH, '03.

The conversation in the village store at Stonehurst, Pa., was not interrupted in the least by the entrance of a stranger on the particular evening this story begins. He was a middle-aged gentleman, full-bearded, wearing a long, black coat which gave him a decidedly professional appearance. No one took especial notice of him as he quietly leaned with his back against the counter, with his eyes fixed upon the floor. Clouds of tobacco smoke were almost suffocating in their density and they partly concealed him.

"Yes, I was speakin' with Hank this morning," continued a strident-voiced old farmer.

"Hank who?" inquired a listener.

"Why, Hank Stall as lives down this side of the schoolhouse. You know his brother Bill left home thirty years ago last Monday a week. Well, Hank had just been to the First National yesterday, and he told me that the interest on Bill's money now summed up to nine hundred dollars. Just think of it! And that fool Hank won't use a cent of it till he hears whether Bill's dead or not."

"Well, you know Bill might come back at any time and claim it," answered another lounger.

"What's the difference? He don't deserve more'n his father left him. Couldn't Hank give him the principal and tell him to be thankful he got any?"

"Yes, that's so," replied the other. "Say, Andy, give me a pound of fine cut while you're at it and then I'll get home. We'd better all get home and let Andy shut up."

Much to the clerk's relief, the group of idlers acted on this excellent suggestion, and the store was closed for the evening. The conversation, though emphasized with many strong expletives, was soon forgotten by all except the silent stranger apparently so inattentive.

On the next day he might have been seen approaching a

prosperous-looking building near a large, square schoolhouse about one mile out of Stonehurst. He knocked respectfully at the front door. Mr. Henry Stall had just finished his noonday meal when he heard the rapping and hastened to answer it.

With apologies for his intrusion, the stranger inquired if he might get dinner there, saying he was on his way to Greensburg afoot. He had missed the stage in the morning. Mr. Stall was a hospitable man and quickly made him welcome at their table. No clue to his occupation escaped during the discussion of various topics which ensued. He might be a lawyer, a preacher, or a doctor. Finally, when Mr. Stall's curiosity, fully as great as his patient wife's, had almost reached the bursting point, the stranger pushed back his chair from the table and said:

"Mr. Stall, if you are not unwilling, I would like to tell you a part of your future. You may doubt that I can do this, but I can convince you if you let me try. I have made palmistry a life-long study. It is a great science in spite of charlatans and imposters who bring it into disrepute. Will you let me examine your hand and prove its trustworthiness?"

Now, Mr. Stall was greatly surprised to find his learned guest a fortune-teller. He had heard of gypsies, clairvoyants, and other investigators of the occult sciences, but he had always persuaded himself that he believed in nothing of the kind. Nevertheless, there was a grain of superstition in his nature, and his honest mind could not conceive of this man's willfully practicing deceit. He was rather curious also to know what might be said concerning his future. For reply he held out his hand.

"Ah, yes," said the stranger, "it is just as I have observed. An honest, hard-working man, hospitable and kind. Your line of life is very long, Mr. Stall, and indicates that you will live to the age of eighty-seven. Slight sicknesses were experienced during your early life. You were married at about the age of twenty-four. There was one child—" he said hesitatingly, glancing at Mr. Stall's handsome daughter.

"Two," interrupted Mr. Stall, "one died in infancy."

"Yes, I was about to say that there was one child which died in infancy, as indicated by this little spot to the left of the life-line. Ah! what do I see here? A parting! It must

have been a very dear relative, perhaps even a brother, and seems to have occurred at least thirty years ago. Mr. Stall, I perceive that you have known trouble, for there are indications of a death in your father's family shortly following. Do you see this little line so faint as to almost escape detection? That tells me it was your father himself. Am I right, Mr. Stall?"

Mr. Stall was filled with amazement. How could this stranger tell so much of his past by looking at his hand?

"It's all true," he said, "every word of it."

"You inherited money," continued the palmist, "but I perceive that much of it is simply in your keeping. In regard to the future, I see it written here plainly that within this present year, perhaps in this very month, you will receive a letter from a far distant relative, and in less than six months after, you will see him face to face. If you answer his letter promptly you will ward off from him a great evil."

"It is wonderful, indeed," exclaimed Mr. Stall.

"It is not a whit more wonderful than reading an open book. Every line in your hand has a meaning for those who can discern it. I would like to tell you much more, but I see it is time for me to be going," observed the stranger, rising. "I wish to catch the 3.30 train at Greensburg, and I believe I have yet three miles to walk. What are your charges for dinner?"

"Oh, nothing, certainly," replied Mr. Stall, with regret at the stranger's lack of time. "I am sorry you must go so soon. Well, if ever you come this way again, stop in. You may be sure of a welcome."

"Thank you," said the stranger. Then bidding them all good-bye, he was soon on his way to Greenburg.

It was three weeks after this event that Mr. Stall received a letter with the postmark of Carlin, Oregon. His doubts as to the reliability of palmistry fled almost instantly. Could this be a letter from his long-lost brother for whom he had so faithfully guarded an inheritance? What a remarkable coincidence that it had been foretold! His brother had deserted them all in the wild and roving spirit of his youth. What did it matter? If this letter contained news that William was yet alive and well, joy would fill his heart. His

wife and daughter drew near as with trembling fingers he tore it open.

CARLIN, OREGON, August 27, 1900.

MY OWN DEAR BROTHER HENRY: If this letter should ever reach you, kindly help me, your unfortunate brother William, now penniless and starving. Forgive me, Henry, for my long absence and silence. Oh, how I long to see you and father! I fear I can never again see the old homestead nor the scenes of my boyhood. My troubles will soon be over, but I pray for a word from you before I go. Write quickly before it is too late.

Your brother in distress,

WILLIAM STALL.

Poor Henry was almost overcome with grief. His brother was starving away out in the West, while he had hundreds of dollars in keeping for him. Should he go out to see him? Yes; but he must get things arranged at home before he could start. A letter would reach him first. The palmist, now that he recalled it, had said if he answered promptly it would avert a great evil. With a sudden determination he filled out a check for five hundred dollars, payable to the order of William Stall, and wrote a long, affectionate letter asking him to come home, if possible, and receive the rest of his inheritance. This done, he enclosed also a ten-dollar note, thinking his brother might have need for ready money before his check could be cashed. The fastest horse in the stable carried Henry direct to Greensburg, where the letter was borne away by the next mail.

* * *

The postmaster at Carlin, Oregon, was puzzled. He stroked his beard reflectively and tried to think what was best to do. Before him lay an unopened letter for William Stall, and it bore the address of his own post office. Should he open it? Several days ago there had come a letter for the "Postmaster," and on opening it he had found within another letter stamped and directed to Henry Stall, Stonehurst, Pa. A note requested him to mail this and forward all future letters that arrived for William Stall to Box 1168, Philadelphia, Pa. His eyes beholding these names had dilated with wonder, and with great difficulty he had controlled a spirit of more than curiosity. He was an honest man and did not believe in meddling with other people's affairs, but he had

declared to himself emphatically that if any letters arrived for William Stall he would see what they contained before sending them to box 1168. And who had a better right? For the worthy postmaster of Carlin, Oregon, was none other than William Stall himself, and now a letter had arrived. If there was another William Stall, yes, fifty or more, would he not have the right still to open it? With these reflections, notwithstanding a somewhat guilty feeling, he inserted the point of his pencil in the corner of the envelope and pryed it open. He found enclosed a ten-dollar note, a check payable to himself signed by Henry Stall, and a long letter which he eagerly began to read.

Can anyone accuse William Stall of weakness because tears rolled down his cheeks as he read of his father's death so long ago and thought of his brother's love? Before his mental vision there arose a large square schoolhouse, his old homestead beside it, and the familiar scenes of his childhood and youth. He remembered the stone engraved with his mother's name, and he could now picture his father's grave beside it. Thirty years! How time had flown. But he would go back again—he surely would—as soon as he could get his affairs in shape. The inheritance? Bah! He wouldn't take a cent, for it rightfully belonged to Henry. What did his brother mean by writing of him as a pauper? This was a matter that would bear investigation. He was not a pauper. Indeed, he was one of the aristocrats of the village in spite of his humble occupation. Home! He must see Henry and all the kind friends whom he had well-nigh forgotten. He would answer this letter in person.

Before two weeks had gone by, William Stall was a through passenger on the great Northern Pacific Railway, speeding eastward with all the velocity and tireless energy of the mighty steam horse.

* * *

At the Philadelphia post office a full bearded professional-looking gentleman called for the contents of box 1168. Deep disappointment overshadowed his face when there was handed to him simply a local paper published at Greensburg, Pa. His eyes sought the headlines and rested upon the following:

A HAPPY REUNION.

WILLIAM STALL, OF CARLIN, OREGON, RETURNS AFTER AN ABSENCE OF THIRTY YEARS.

Mr. Henry Stall, of Stonehurst, Pa., has just experienced the most joyful surprise of his life. His brother William, whom he has long mourned as dead, returned most unexpectedly this last week, excellent in health and in prosperous circumstances. He refused to receive the inheritance which his brother has kept intact for him these many years. The police have been notified to look for an old gentleman who attempted to swindle Mr. Stall out of a part —— ——

We regret that the old gentleman in question read no more, but folded up his paper and left hurriedly. His features betrayed the greatest astonishment. "It is a most remarkable coincidence, indeed," he muttered. "Who would have thought that the fellow lived at the very place I selected at random from the postal guide?"

The "professor" found it convenient to remove from Philadelphia soon after, and is supposed at present to be plying his trade in New York. There is no likelihood that he will ever again foretell the future so accurately as he did for honest Henry Stall.

The Martyr's Crown.

ORLANDO S. YERGER, '03.

Well-nigh every epoch in profane and sacred history embalms the memory of men who lived and died for principle. All times have witnessed lives consecrated to the promulgation of precious but unaccepted truths and finally offered up on truth's altar. Every century has worthy representatives in the hall of martyrs.

A martyr is a sacrifice to truth. The martyr resigns his earthly existence, but the truth for which he was the victim is destined to shine in ages yet unborn. "The eternal years of God are hers." He may receive but a slight recompense from his ungrateful generation, but posterity and eternity will crown his immortal brow with a garland redolent with an unceasing fragrance. He will unflinchingly endure the buffets and jeers of the rabble and will greet death with composure and joy. He will go to sleep with the consolation of beholding a clearer sky in the morning.

One may win the martyr's crown by espousing a noble cause and by willingly placing himself into the grasp of death in defense of the same. Past time has marshaled a splendid array of martyrs who secured the rewards of martyrdom in this manner. Many of the forefathers bled on the field of battle until liberty was realized and free institutions were soundly established. Many of our forefathers were eager to die that the Republic might live and the free institutions under its protection might flourish permanently.

Gustavus Adolpus and his Swedish warriors cheerfully died in conflict to liberate Protestantism and to secure liberty of faith and conscience for their descendants.

Some have received this badge of royalty in a very different way. These did not die in the attempt to overcome destructive and implacable foes of their noble aspirations. But while closely applying themselves to earnest inquiry and demonstration of the truth, suddenly they exposed themselves to death unforeseen.

Sir Francis Bacon is an excellent example of this class of martyrs. Though he was great as a lawyer, statesman, and author, we should admire him mostly as the promoter of true philosophy. Disappointed and dishonored in public life, he retired to the study and investigation of the secrets of nature. While out riding in a snowstorm, experimenting with a fowl stuffed with snow, he became chilled, succumbed to fever and died. He went to his eternal reward with the consciousness of having fulfilled his mission. "I have held up a light in the obscurity of philosophy," he says, "which will be seen centuries after I am dead. It will be seen amid the erecting of temples, tombs, palaces, theatres, bridges: the foundation of colleges and lectures for learning and education of youth."

Pliny the elder serves as another striking example. He devoted his life to the study of nature. He acquired fame in the department of natural history and produced an immense book as a living testimony of the nature and extent of his research. His natural history even has been called "The Roman Encyclopedia." He died a martyr to science. When Vesuvius became uneasy and began to roll, the investigating spirit of Pliny could no longer be restrained. He anchored his ship in the bay and scaled the mountain's side to make observations for science. But the old giant was not jesting

this time and shook himself well, which proved disastrous to all in close proximity. The loyal disciple of science, overcome by fumes and vapor, was suffocated.

Many others of those transferred to eternity, not yet included, stand in glory wearing the martyr's crown. These enjoy this privilege not because they were deemed worthy to die as heroes in fierce conflict for the defense of their cause, neither because they were lured to death while in search of truth. But they enjoy it because they were condemned by foolish man as too bright lights for his safe continuance in the pleasing darkness of ignorance and sin; and because they were counted too good by the compassionate God to suffer the unrelenting taunts and darts of ungrateful and unmerciful humanity—men who were hurried away to death by their fellow-men because they took pleasure in expounding and teaching the truth. They died not because their Master did not appreciate their worth as necessary factors among the living, and not because He was unable to sustain His faithful servants, but they died that they might receive their reward and that the truth, seasoned by their blood, might be prepared for a future and more glorious revelation.

History records many that were deemed worthy thus to suffer martyrdom. Only a few will be cited for illustration.

Profane history has no nobler representative than Seneca, the Roman philosopher and moralist. Seneca, as a true philosopher, strove to discover the truth and to interpret nature. He, indeed, searched so diligently and earnestly that, without possessing the revelation of the Bible, he acquired the conception of the one and only God in direct opposition to the religion of the Romans. He was inspired with the spirit of truth and therefore was inflexible in his teachings. But the polytheistic Romans could not bear the penetrating rays of such a bright light. The low state of morals would not tolerate the teachings of so great a moralist.

Seneca won the martyr's crown. Tyrant Nero's rage craved the blood of his venerable preceptor. It could no longer be satiated by the death of pious Christians, but the blood of the last great pagan moralist was demanded. Falsely accused of being connected with a conspiracy against the government, and being charged with favoring the new doctrine of the Christians, he was forced to terminate his useful career

by meeting death at his own hands. On the summons of the centurion he cut his veins and bled copiously for the atonement of the Romans. Thus this great teacher, called by God to bridge the chasm which separated the last stage of pagan philosophy and real Christianity, was spared the horrible death of the Christian martyr. Seneca calmly yielded to the cruel demand of Nero, but his teachings finally triumphed when the glorious light of truth dawned upon Roman civilization.

One of the most worthy of the Christian martyrs was Ignatius, the bishop of Antioch. When the Roman emperor besought him to make sacrifices to the gods, he boldly testified before him, "that the gods of the Romans were nothing and there was but one God who created heaven and earth, and only one Saviour, the only begotten Son of God." The "ten leopards" (soldiers) immediately conducted him to Rome and he was made a prey for the lions. "Christ's grain of wheat had first to be crushed by the teeth of wild beasts before it could become pure bread." Ignatius died for the truth of his confessions, but the seed scattered by him and his co-workers yielded fruit abundantly.

The martyr is twice crowned. Though he may be dishonored, despised, and rejected by his contemporaries, posterity will honor, reverence, and esteem his memory. Thus he will receive a crown of honor. The message that he proclaimed and the truth that he revealed will live to the end of time in the hearts and minds of men. The principles that he established will remain unaltered and unshaken until the sounding of the trumpet.

Socrates, condemned to quaff the fatal hemlock on the false charge of corrupting the youth and blaspheming the gods, is wearing a crown placed upon his brow by an enlightened generation. Father Time has proved his teachings to be edifying instead of demoralizing. He has boldly defended virtue and morality when the low state of society was threatening to undermine them. Honor is now given to Socrates, to whom all honor is due.

St. Paul, the Apostle, carried the light to the Gentiles and suffered martyrdom at their hands. But light came out of darkness and regenerate peoples have bestowed upon him the merited crown of honor.

Savanarola, the mediæval forerunner of the Reformation, awakened by his fervid eloquence the conscience of the Florentines from its lethargy. He earnestly exhorted them to repentance and strove to secure a thorough reform of morals and politics. He even at that remote time entertained the idea of civil liberty. The united and crushing opposition of monks and nobles shattered his hopes and himself was delivered up to die. His body was consigned to the funeral pyre, but his influence was not extinguished by the flames. The reformation of the church was finally accomplished, and in the fullness of time free government was founded. Savanarola lives in the regenerate church and in the free state. He deservedly wears a crown.

Lincoln and Garfield sank before the assassin's bullet, but the republican form of government preserved and protected by them continues to exist. They were counted worthy to be martyrs to liberty, but "God reigns and the government at Washington still lives." "A government of the people, by the people, and for the people cannot and shall not disappear from the face of the earth." "Heaven has willed that the United States shall live. The nations of the earth cannot spare her." Monuments erected to commemorate their services will crumble and decay, but they wear the imperishable martyr's crown. Generation after generation will extol them to the skies until time shall be no more.

All martyrs are crowned a second time. If faithful unto death, the Master will give them the crown of life. They will be crowned kings in glory. They not only continue to exist in the memory of men and in the truth revealed and established by them, but will shine with brilliancy through all eternity.

William McKinley was the last weary mortal ushered into the hall of martyrs. The demon of crime has smitten the nation's servant. A life sincerely consecrated to the welfare and glory of the state, has been transferred from the busy world into eternal bliss and happiness. Tears have flowed until fountains are running dry. A free and united people prostrated themselves with contrite hearts before the great White Throne to petition the all-powerful Ruler to alleviate the sufferer and to restore him to health and usefulness. But God thought it best to remove him from his

people and to bestow upon him the martyr's crown. "It is God's way. His will be done." William McKinley will live in an expanded, reunited, and invincible democracy. William McKinley will live in glory, an eternal, redeemed, and happy soul.

Let all reverence be given to the memory of the martyrs, and let us with grateful hearts bestow upon them the well-deserved crown.

The Stranger and His Story.

SAMUEL E. MOYER, '02.

The day's work was ended, and around the outside of the village store could be seen the sturdy tillers of the soil seated indifferently upon the empty boxes which lay scattered about promiscuously. The burden of their conversation seemed to be centered upon the deadly work of the myriads of marauding caterpillars that were daily robbing the trees of their beautiful green foliage. But suddenly the ardor of their conversation languished, and all their eyes seemed bent on some one approaching at some distance down the road. Not without reason, either, did they rivet their gaze upon him as he neared the little company and entered the storeroom; for in him they beheld one, who, ever since his first appearance amidst their little rustic circle, had been the object of wonder and conjecture.

He was in command of a fine physique, tall and erect. His age must have passed the forties, for the tints of time were just beginning to leave a trace of their crafty practice upon his crisp, black hair. Upon his forehead several distinct wrinkles had firmly set themselves. His demeanor and dress bespoke for him a youthful period spent among people possessed of no small degree of culture and refinement. But with all his manly attributes, he had apparently not gained the confidence and esteem of the populace.

He had strolled into the place when the air, laden with the sweet perfume of the apple blossoms, seemed to lure him on, and found employment at a tannery in the capacity of an engineer.

His duties were light, and often through the sunny after-

noons he could be seen quietly seated just outside his small engine-house with his gaze firmly fixed on the open skies.

It seemed as though the vast canopy of the heavens afforded for him a large canvas on which he painted the scenes and pictures of his past experiences. Betimes his face would bear the impress of a sweet smile, and his lips moved as though his low, inaudible mutterings were heard and answered by the inanimate creations of his fanciful imagination. Again he would suddenly rise, and, as though the picture was too much for him to bear, he would resume his work and settle into his usual glum and despondent cast. Despondent, did I say? Yes, despondency, that feeling in man that draws his countenance into an uninviting, unhopeful and dejected appearance had taken hold of him, and this, in connection with his naturally reserved and conservative manner, had alienated him from the plain, frank, and good-natured inhabitants of the village. Consequently it was of no small account to the wondering crowd when he, after making several slight purchases, was seen to leave the store-room and seat himself on some vacant box-seat on the border of their little assembly, as though he were willing and ready to join in and help to weave the web of conversation.

Several wistful glances were directed toward him, but his conservative nature seemed to gain the ascendency, and he was compelled to sit there and create his companions in the open space that stretched out before him.

Truly, his refined tastes and his inherited acumen would warrant his despising the illiteracy and asperity of his fellow villagers, but his quiet career was not one instigated by the haughty and insolent hand of pride. Moreover, his taciturn inclination had in no way indicated that rascality was his object in view. What, then, could be his reason for such conduct? That was the question, that the mystery which every villager was eager to solve.

The merry group talked on, and at times the laughter reached such a degree that the busy housewife, standing under her open doorway, craned her neck to catch a glimpse of the source of all their mirth and merry-making. But our friend, the "stranger," sat all the while unmoved by the seemingly rich vein of humor that had so easily stirred them.

Just across the open fields, on a slight eminence, lay the

little village plot, the resting-place of their departed ones. The little mounds, with their small white slabs and head-stones, dotted the green velvety carpet of grass that covered the slope. The stately pines and cedars were sheltering the graves of those who in their prime had participated in planting them. In a remote corner, where side by side rested the remains of a loving husband and a faithful wife, the ivy and the woodbine had almost entwined the mossy marbles that recorded their epitaphs. The subject of this writing had at different times visited the cemetery, and these vine-clad tombstones had always appealed to him very strongly. And now as he sat before the store, within (and yet more accurately speaking, without) the boisterous circle, his gaze and attention fixed themselves upon that pair of lonely graves. There he sat with a vacant stare, musing away the time.

The dusky twilight began to enshroud the hamlet, but the little group continued in their jollity quite unconscious of the growing darkness. All went on as usual until they espied one of their cronies staggering down the road in a beastly state of intoxication. As he approached, they made him the target of their sneers and ridicule. An occasional impediment, purposely placed, would make him tumble over himself and seemingly afford great pleasure to those looking on. And then his senseless and immodest babbling created an endless strain of laughter.

Thus far the "stranger" had held his seat and beheld their action without a sign of concern. But how could he bear it any longer? A strange feeling crept over him. He, too, had been a slave to drink, and now must he see this poor, unfortunate victim abused and ridiculed? Ah, no! It seemed so real, so much like his own sad past experience that each jeer of the crowd, each burst of laughter, was a cruel sting and an open indignity heaped upon him. Arousing all the vigor and courage within himself he arose, and, walking boldly over to where the helpless drunkard supported himself by holding on to a slender tree, he linked his arm within that of the unfortunate and guided him safely to his home. After seeing that he was properly cared for, he hastened to his boarding-place and retired.

The company of men which had but lately teemed with

joviality were awe-stricken, and gazed with open mouths and perplexed eyes at the couple as they vanished in the darkness. What could have prompted this quiet, harmless-looking stranger to act as he had done? All this only aided in increasing his mysterious nature.

Half vexed, half ashamed, the villagers returned to their homes, and soon the little village was fast asleep. The bonds of sleep, however, could not long hold our "stranger." The unfair advantage taken of the inebriated man aroused his anger, and well it was that none of the idle laughers were near him while this feeling prevailed. How would the suspicious and inquisitive members of that group interpret his action? This he was unable to answer. But little cared he, for he felt confident that he had only acted the part of a true gentleman in the interest of his fellow-man, and surely this would afford them no rightful reason to think any the less of him.

The following day the people talked, and the man busied at his engine thought and reflected. The day wore on, and the setting sun saw the same crowd gathered to solve the mysterious turn that affairs had taken during the preceding night. Some suggested that he be driven from the town, but his employer valued his services too highly to permit any such action. Others expressed a desire of bringing him before their august body and demanding an explanation. This they decided to do; so three of their stalwarts were delegated to bring him to their court of inquiry.

Half willing, half reluctant he accompanied the three, and in his mind there was a continuous struggle as to whether he should reveal the real motive that prompted his decided action. Upon hearing the stern command to give his reason so that all might judge him rightly, he finally agreed to tell it all. Yes, he would give it all; for some poor weaklings, vacillating between total abstinence and inebriety might hear his tale and profit by his experience.

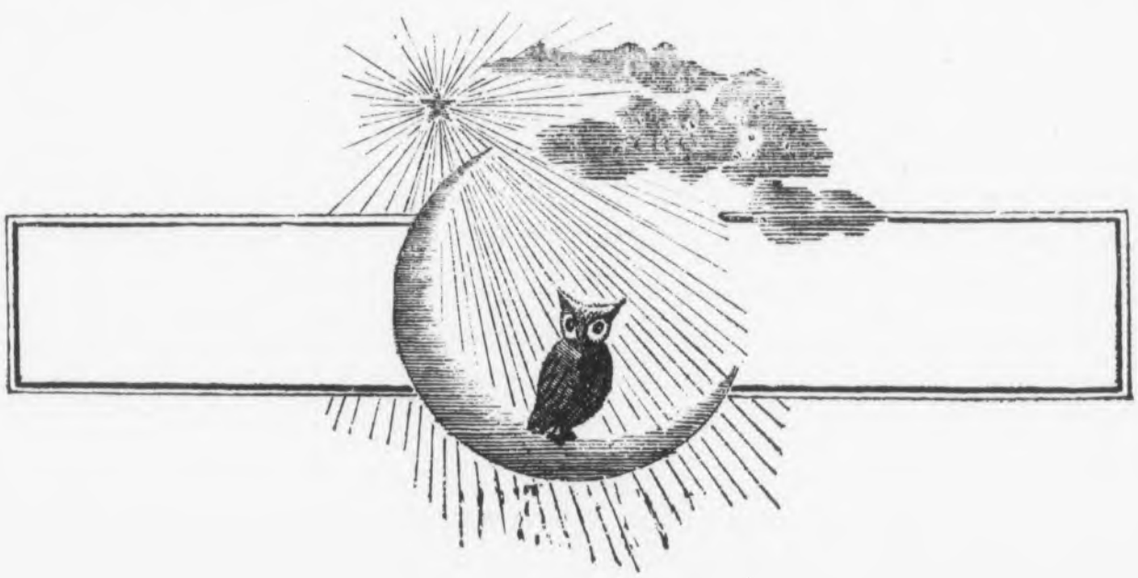
A solemn silence reigned supreme. All eyes and ears were bent on him as he began.

"I was not always thus, nor do I wish to remain so. There was a time when I was a bright and promising young man, full of life and vigor, with lofty ideals and a smiling future before me. I was the only child of fond and devoted parents,

and I loved them dearly. But evil companions lured me into intemperate habits, and soon I became a drunken scoundrel, unworthy the name I bear. The report of my misbehavior reached the ears of my parents and I shrank from them in shame. I traveled about from place to place, homeless and friendless, and soon after I learned that I had sent my dear old father to an untimely grave. Several months later my mother followed him, and an old playmate of mine received the home that might have been mine. As I sat on that box last evening, and gazed upon those two lonely graves at the rear of your cemetery, there seemed to rise from the dead the voice of my parents, calling, 'Where are you, my son, and what are you doing for yourself?' And then when I was compelled to watch you abuse one who deserved nothing but your pity, how could I stand by idly and remain silent? Truly, I may seem queer to you, but such is the penalty I must pay. For nine long years I have wandered about, changing my abode in hopes of forgetting my miserable condition, but with no avail. I came here to learn how to smile and enjoy life once more but my every hope is vain."

It was enough. They were moved to tears as they heard him make his humble confession. They had assembled to chastise him, but now they felt far from doing any such thing. They had learned to pity rather than to scorn, to protect rather than to abuse, to uplift rather than to debase a poor, miserable, friendless, homeless wayfarer.

The meeting ended, they went to their respective homes with the "stranger's" story ringing in their ears. They had received a just rebuke. Yea, they felt the truth of his words, and they recognized more fully their duty to men of his station.



THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

Through a misunderstanding it was incorrectly stated in our last issue that Mr. Lawrence H. Rupp, the winner of the oratorical contest last June, received first honorable mention at the Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest held at Mt. Gretna, Pa., last summer, and that Mr. Walter C. Beck received first honorable mention at a recent oratorical contest held at Harrisburg, Pa. We take pleasure in correcting the statements made, and especially so, in view of the fact that the honors received by both of these young men are such as to reflect great credit upon themselves and upon their *Alma Mater.*

Mr. Rupp, whose ability as an orator was fully demonstrated in our contest, we are glad to say, received second prize in the contest at Mt. Gretna, and we are told by some of those whose good pleasure it was to be present on that occasion, and who heard Mr. Rupp's effort, that he acquitted himself with distinction.

Instead of receiving first honorable mention at Harrisburg, Mr. Beck received second prize for his excellent oration, "The Veiled Monument," which won for him second honorable mention in June.

We seize this opportunity to congratulate both of these

fellow-students upon the success which they have severally achieved in oratory, and trust that their example will prove an inspiration to other students, and their success an encouragement for themselves to continue the good work.

Through these columns we called attention last year to the importance of each student's taking a personal interest in oratory, believing that the ability to speak in public will prove of benefit, not only to professional men, but to those who engage in other vocations as well.

* * *

Unfortunately, through a perversity of judgment, we believe, the modern college seems to be best known and receives most notoriety through its athletic relations with other colleges regardless of any other recommendation. This state of affairs explains the fact that smaller colleges are sometimes regarded as inferior institutions simply because those colleges are not in a position to make or sustain pretensions along this line. It is refreshing, therefore, at times, to realize that when intellectuality is pitted against intellectuality, the smaller college gets an opportunity to assert itself. And so we find that when we trace the career of an orator, a statesman, or a professional man back to the sources of their success, we sometimes learn that these self-same men attribute much of their success to *alma maters* which do not happen to be the largest and best-known institutions in the land.

* * *

We would again call attention to the prizes offered by THE MUHLENBERG in our last issue, and advise all those who may find it convenient to compete for them not to delay the matter too long. The contest is open to all of our students. All poems and stories must be submitted not later than November 27, 1901. The prizes are: First, a prize of $5 for the best poem not exceeding sixty lines. Second, a prize of $10 for the best story not exceeding 2500 words.

* * *

Since none of the September exchanges reached THE MUHLENBERG before going into print, it became necessary for us to eliminate this department from the October issue. We hope that by next time we will be in receipt of the usual number of college monthlies.

Personal.

The weather—pretty fair.

Warmer—the radiator, sometimes.

Mr. B.: "I recited better than Mr. S."
Dr. W.: "Compare yourself to the first in your class, alphabetically."

Neff, '03, recently visited Kauffman, '03, at the latter's home.

Brunner, '02, spent a few days in Reading.

Mr. Trexler (reciting?): "Doctor, Mr. Barndt is a blockhead."
Dr. W.: "Always speak the truth, but don't say it always."

Heckenberger, Ink, Gable, Zerweck, '02, and Geisinger, '03, attended the Luther League Convention held at Easton, October 2.

Irving Bacheller's latest novel, "Dry and I," may be seen at Room 23, College.

Mr. Charles Smith, '03, is at home for the present, suffering from an affliction of the eyes. He may resume his studies in a few weeks.

The Class of 1905 elected the following officers: President, DeLong; Vice-President, Smith; Secretary, Sanford; Treasurer, Weibel; Historian, Shankweiler; Monitor, Kidd.

The German societies have been organized and are progressing rapidly.

A number of students saw Mr. Paul Neff's second appearance in "A Parson's Mustache."

Mr. B. (translating "dare"): "And they dare to——."
Dr. E.: "Don't you dare to be too literal."

Schell, '05, tried to secure a position on the Glee Club as "barren-toe" singer. He will be considered for the vacancy.

The students appreciated the courtesy of the Faculty in granting a longer recess during fair week.

First Student (just awakening from Sunday nap): "What was that noise?"

Second Student: "Possibly you heard Keboch's lady friends laugh."

On Tuesday morning, October 2, when the Freshmen had already retired and the cocks began to crow, the Sophs were busy putting up "rules" for the special benefit of their friends, the enemy. We hope they will be obeyed.

Gable, '04, seems to be a very proficient "rope-puller."

Wanted—a guardian for our "Little Boy" Halter.

Our local society leader has entered upon his duties again. He has added a new pair of russets to his "evening dress," and is seriously considering the kind of tie best adapted to a white vest. Will some kind person please ease the gentleman's doubt? We commend his delicate taste.

Dennis, '04, attended the Nazareth Fair recently.

Prof. S. E. Ochsenford, D.D., Rev. Prof. S. A. Repass, D.D., and Dr. C. J. Cooper are delegates from the Ministerium of Pennsylvania to the General Council to be held at Lima, Ohio, October 10.

Time, 11.50 A. M. (Dr. W., to Glace, who is becoming restless and uneasy): "Mr. Glase, it is not quite feeding time yet."

Dr. Dowell, Bachman, '02, Lynn, '02, and Neff, '03, recently made a botanical expedition to Hower's Woods, Northampton.

The first regular monthly meeting of the Missionary Society was held on the evening of Sept. 17, with a large number of our students present. After the usual exercises, the following papers were read: "The Growth of the Kingdom," by A. W. Rohrig; "David Livingstone," by Walter C. Beck; "A Summary of the Work in the Different Mission Fields," by Walter Huntsinger. Many of the new students were enrolled as members of the society.

Jaxheimer, '03, is establishing a record for recognizing Allentown girls by their accent. Be sure she doesn't hail from Bethlehem, next time.

The Glee Club has been reorganized and the following officers have been elected for the ensuing year: President, Lawrence H. Rupp; Director, Ralph Kline; Leader, Matthias R. Heilig; Pianist, Warren Acker; Business Manager, Winfield DeLong.

The following new members have been added to the Glee Club: First tenor, Reinert, '05; second tenors, Dorney, '05, Raub, '05; first bass, Gable, '04; second bass, DeLong, '05.

Dr. B. (explaining an obscure point to the class in meteorology, and having been interrupted by Mr. Beck): "Now, Mr. Beck, your question."

Beck: "Pardon me, Doctor, the rarity of the air has clarified the mystery."

When the Seniors "are up in the air"—in meteorology.

Our Alumni.

'70.—Rev. William K. Frick, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is the English Secretary of the General Council of the Lutheran Church of North America.

'71.—On the program of the Convocation of Church Musicians, to be held in Buffalo, October 8 and 9, we find the names of Rev. J. F. Ohl, Mus. D., who will read a paper on "The Deterioration of Choir Music," and of Rev. R. Morris Smith, '83, who will have an address on "Church Music as a Part of our Educational System."

'77.—The Rev. W. J. Miller, recently of Rochester, N. Y., has taken hold of the work of Zion's congregation, Greensburg, Pa., with his usual energy, and good results are fast multiplying.

'77.—*The Lutheran*, of September 26, contains a very interesting biographical sketch of Rev. Knute von Scheele, Ph.D., D.D., the Lutheran Bishop of Sweden, now visiting the United States, from the pen of Rev. John Sander, Professor in Gustavus Adolphus College, St. Peter, Minn.

'78.—In *The Lutheran*, of September 26, Rev. Charles L. Fry, of Philadelphia, writes of "The Symmetry of McKinley's Character."

'78.—Rev. M. L. Zweizig, who has been pastor of the First Church, Leechburg, Pa., since February, was formally installed on Sunday, 21st inst., by the Rev. W. J. Miller, of Greensburg.

'80.—Within a month St. John's Church, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., has been called together in a social way twice. The one was to bid farewell to Rev. W. L. Hunton, Ph.D., upon his departure for his new parish of the Holy Trinity in Chicago; the other occurred on September 11, when she tendered a cordial welcome to her new pastor, Rev. James F. Beates. The latter affair was held in the Sunday-school room and was largely attended, being under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society. The brethren, H. F. J. Seneker and L. Lindenstruth, with their wives, were present. Mr. H. L. Hungerford delivered the address of welcome in behalf of the church council and the congregation with its various societies, and introduced the speakers. Rev. Seneker extended the greetings of St. John's eldest daughter, Christ Church, and Rev. Lindenstruth did the same for St. Paul's, the mother of Wilkes-Barre Lutheranism. Pastor Beates responded briefly but cordially to these expressions of confidence and good will, after which the members were presented to him individually. —*The Lutheran.*

'83.—The address of Rev. Prof. William A. Sadtler, Ph.D., Professor in the Theological Seminary of the Synod of Iowa, now is Third and Cardiff streets, Dubuque, Iowa.

'84.—Rev. Oscar E. Pflueger, Elizabethville, Pa., President of the Danville Conference of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, succeeds Dr. S. E. Ochsenford as a member of the Board of Trustees of the college.

'85.—At the annual meeting of the Lehigh County Directors' Association, to be held in the Court House, Allentown, Pa., in connection with the Teachers' Institute, Francis G. Lewis, Esq., member of the Allentown Board of Control of the Public Schools, will discuss the question of the application of the Compulsory Attendance Law.

'85.—On Thursday, August 29, Christ's Evangelical Lutheran congregation of Lower Tinicum, Bucks county, Pa., Rev. R. B. Lynch, pastor, held an all-day harvest home ser-

vice. At the morning service Rev. C. J. Hirzel, of Philadelphia, preached the harvest sermon, based on Prov. 3 : 9, 10. At the afternoon service Rev. G. C. Eisenhardt, superintendent of our Orphans' Home at Germantown, Pa., spoke on the work and needs of that institution. Revs. D. H. Reiter, of Richland Center, and Warren Nickel, of Applebachsville, Pa., were also present and assisted in the services.—*The Lutheran.*

'85.—On August 25 the Rev. William Weicksel was installed as pastor of Cogan Station, Pa., by Rev. F. A. Weicksel, Secretary of the Danville Conference. The charge to the pastor and congregation was delivered by the Rev. L. M. C. Weicksel, of Renovo, Pa. The congregation have received their new paster with marked love and kindness, and the prospects are bright and encouraging. They have resolved to build a new house of worship, and have already procured a neat sum of money to begin with.

'85.—On September 22 Trinity Lutheran congregation of Bangor, Pa., celebrated the sixth anniversary of the pastor, Rev. E. A. Yehl, and the liquidation of the church debt. Dr. G. F. Spieker, of the Seminary at Mt. Airy, preached both morning and evening.

'86.—J. Jeremiah Snyder, Esq., Allentown, Pa., has been invited by the managers of the Republican party to stump Pennsylvania in the coming campaign.

'86.—At the eleventh semi-annual convention of the English Conference of the Ministerium of New York, recently held in Christ Lutheran Church, Brooklyn, Rev. Edwin F. Keever, of Boston, made an address on "Can the Parishioner Aid His Pastor?" and Rev. Charles W. Jefferies, spoke on "Why a Congregation Ought to Belong to a Synod." At the missionary meeting Rev. Keever also spoke on "Home Missions."

'87.—At the annual picnic of the James Coleman Memorial Chapel, Brickerville, Pa., in the beautiful grove which belongs to the church, Rev. John W. Richards made an address. The church stands near the site of the old Elizabeth furnace, where Baron Stiegel cast the cannon for the Revolutionary army, and the Hessian prisoners dug the race to furnish the motive power.

'88.—The consecration of a tower and a church bell of the New Jerusalem or Dunkel's Church, near Virginsville, Pa., took place on Sunday, September 1, 1901. The history of this congregation dates back to 1744, when the first building was erected. The second building was erected in 1790 and again remodeled in 1824. The present edifice was erected in 1859. In 1894, in connection with the celebration of the 150th anniversary, the interior of the building was handsomely frescoed and a large painting of "The Resurrection" placed on the wall behind the pulpit. Recently a spacious high tower of the Norman style of architecture was erected at the main entrance to the church and a bell of over two thousand pounds weight placed in the tower. These improvements were solemnly consecrated to the service of the Triune God on September 1 by the two pastors, Rev. O. S. Scheirer, the Lutheran pastor, and Rev. J. S. Bartholomew, the Reformed pastor. Three services were conducted on that day. The addresses in the forenoon and afternoon were delivered by Rev. Prof. G. F. Spieker, D.D., of the Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, and Rev. H. A. I. Bauner, of Cressman, Pa. At the afternoon service addresses were delivered by the following neighboring pastors: Rev. D. D. Trexler, Bernville; Rev. J. J. Cressman, Kutztown; Rev. H. C. Klein, Hamburg; Rev. C. W. Gerhart, Hamburg. At the evening service the sermons were delivered by the Rev. Dr. H. T. Spangler, of Collegeville, and the Rev. Dr. A. L. Ramer, of Scranton. The last-named clergyman was received as a member of this congregation by the rite of confirmation twenty years ago. The newJerusalem congregation, pastors and people, have reasons to rejoice over the splendid church edifice in which it is their privilege to worship Almighty God.—*The Lutheran.*

'89.—Sunday, September 15, the first church services in the new town of South Sharon, Pa., were held by Rev. Frank C. Oberly, of Greenville, Pa.

'89.—Rev. Preston A. Laury, of Perkasie, Pa., continues his interesting "Missionary Notes" in *The Lutheran.*

'91.—We are glad to be able to report that Mr. Joseph P. Shimer, Allentown, Pa., has recovered from the sickness reported in our last number.

'92.—The address of Rev. Frederick Doerr is 917 Tatnall street, Wilmington, Del.

'92.—The Scranton-Wilkes-Barre Lutheran Pastoral Association met in the parsonage of Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, Scranton, Pa., Rev. C. G. Spieker, pastor, Monday, September 9. The Gospel for the fifteenth Sunday after Trinity was read in Greek. Rev. L. Lindenstruth read an able paper on "The History of Theocracy." The next meeting will be held October 7, in Noxen, the guests of Rev. J. I. Miller, D.D.

'92.—Exercises commemorative of the tenth anniversary were held on Sunday, August 8, in St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Scranton, Pa. Rev. Edwin Lunn Miller, of Williamsport, the founder of the church, preached an appropriate sermon in the morning based on Num. 22:22, dwelling chiefly upon the history of the Church. In the afternoon a Sunday-school service was held at which brief addresses were made by Revs. Dr. Miller, Chas. G. Spieker, and Dr. A. L. Ramer, the pastor. At the vesper service, conducted by Dr. Miller, Dr. Ramer preached the sermon from the text, Eph. 4: 13-16. On Monday evening another service was held, the speakers being Revs. L. Lindenstruth, W. L. C. Lauer, C. G. Spieker, and F. Ehinger. A very pleasant reunion of the members of the congregation was held in the basement of the church after the close of the evening service.

'93.—Kittanning Central League met in St. John's Church, Freeport, Pa., Rev. W. O. Laub, pastor, September 10-11. After the routine business Miss Pearl King read a paper on "Latent Powers of the Church," which was discussed. A large audience greeted the three speakers for the evening. Rev. H. K. Shanor spoke on the "Past," Rev. Dr. McDaniel on the "Present," and Rev. E. O. Graham on the "Future" of the League work. One of the speakers showed League work to be to first know what church work is and then wait for the opportunity, and then perform.—*The Lutheran.*

'95.—Rev. Elmer E. Snyder has removed from North Water Gap to 425 Ferry street, Easton, Pa.

'96.—On Sunday evening, September 8, the Sunday-school of St. Paul's mission on Cotton street, Reading, celebrated its sixth anniversary. There were recitations by a

number of scholars, and singing by the school, with short addresses by the pastor, Rev. M. H. Stettler and Rev. J. W. Early, one of those present at the first meeting six years ago. The statistics, as read, show a favorable growth. At the first meeting there were less than a dozen scholars present; now the school numbers considerably over two hundred, with an average attendance of about 180. The school is assisting in raising funds for the erection of a church on the lot secured on Sixteenth and Perkiomen avenue.

'97.—Rev. Gomer B. Matthews, lately returned from the India field, supplied the pulpit of Holy Trinity Church, Lancaster, Pa., during the absence of the pastor on his summer vacation.

'98.—Rev. William S. Heist, a recent graduate of the Mt. Airy Seminary, will supply the charge of Rev. B. F. Hankey, Scottdale, Westmoreland county, for the month beginning September 22, and ending October 20, while the latter is in Philadelphia in the interest of the Porto Rican mission field.

'98.—The address of Rev. W. A. Bilheimer is Leechburg, Pa.

'98.—Rev. Bernard Repass has accepted a call to the Emlenton parish, comprising congregations at Emlenton and St. Petersburg and the mission at Parker City, Pa.

'98.—Zion's Church, Weatherly, Pa., Rev. E. J. Keuling, pastor, celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary by having special services for four days, appropriate for the event. The celebration began Sunday morning, September 22, with a sermon by the pastor and in the evening Rev. D. G. Gerberich, of Shoemakersville, preached the anniversary sermon.

'98.—Rev. John K. Sullenberger's address now is Quakake, Pa.

'98.—A new mission in West Philadelphia has again sprung into existence. It is the Church of the Holy Comforter. Rev. Dr. Schaeffer preached the first sermon on September 22, at 5536 Market street. The first beginning was made eight weeks ago. It is in temporary charge of Rev. H. F. Hale.

'01.—William P. Fetherolf now is principal of the Public Schools of Coopersburg, Pa.

Athletics.

Muhlenberg's athletics for the year 1901–02 have begun! Although for several weeks past efforts have been put forth to secure winning teams in all departments of athletic activity, and some might place the beginning of athletics on the date when a call for candidates was first issued, nevertheless, October 5, 1901, the date upon which the first game was played, will always mark in our record this season's beginning.

Those who have been laboring for a good foot-ball team have been confronted with many difficulties, by no means the least of which is the rule requiring each participant in foot-ball to have a written permit from his parents or guardian. Several of the best athletes are debarred by this rule. And yet, despite this and other difficulties, by reason of the earnest efforts of Captain Specht, ex-Captain Geiger, and others, a good team is being developed.

The several line-ups against the scrub, while assisting to remedy several defects in the 'Varsity, were not sufficient to eliminate all, and the team learned lessons in their first contest with Lebanon Valley College on October 5, which will be of excellent service in future games.

LEBANON VALLEY VS. MUHLENBERG.

Rendered confident by last year's rather easy victory and by a knowledge of the fact that this was our first game for the season, Lebanon Valley expected to run up a large score. Captain Gray won the toss for Lebanon and Captain Specht kicked off for Muhlenberg to Lebanon Valley's ten-yard line. The ball was run back ten yards. Lebanon Valley made slow gains and lost the ball on a fumble, Beck falling on it. Muhlenberg, after slight gains, was held for downs. Lebanon Valley then slowly advanced, until after thirteen minutes of play, Colling was pushed over the line for Lebanon Valley's first touchdown. There was doubt as to whether the ball had been over the line, and Muhlenberg protested, but the claim was not allowed. Specht kicked off for Muhlenberg, and after considerable advance by their opponents, held them for downs on their thirty-five-yard line. The signal was given, and on the first play Geiger broke through left tackle, shook off several men, bowled over Albright who was waiting down

the field, and touched the ball down squarely between Lebanon Valley's goal-posts. Specht kicked an easy goal. Only a few minutes of play remained, and the half ended. Muhlenberg, 6; Lebanon Valley, 5.

The second half opened with Muhlenberg playing the same men. Lebanon Valley made a change at left tackle. Gray kicked off for Lebanon Valley. Geiger received the ball on the fifteen-yard line and ran ten yards. Being unable to gain the required distance, Geiger punted twenty-five yards into Lebanon Valley's territory. From this point, although by reason of the stubborn resistance of Muhlenberg's line, four downs were required in each instance to gain the required five yards, Lebanon Valley by heavy line plunges carried the ball over Muhlenberg's goal. Barnhardt made the touchdown. Gray added the extra point. Score, Lebanon Valley, 11; Muhlenberg, 6.

Geiger kicked off to Lebanon Valley's five-yard line. By resorting to a double pass, the ball was run back twenty yards. After several short gains, Gray tried a quarterback kick. It proved a failure. Specht received the ball and fumbled. Quick as a flash Beck was upon it. An attempted quarterback trick by Muhlenberg resulted in a fumble, but Geiger, recovering the ball, skirted Lebanon Valley's left end for twenty-seven yards, being thrown by Albright on Lebanon Valley's four-yard line. After one failure to gain, F. Gable, on a guard's-back play, carried the ball over the line, but, losing the ball, Albright fell on it. Lebanon Valley claimed a touchback. Referee Freed, having blown his whistle as soon as the ball crossed the line, declared it a touchdown for Muhlenberg. After considerable delay, during which Lebanon Valley took the time limit, Specht kicked the goal. Score, Muhlenberg, 12; Lebanon Valley, 11.

Gray kicked off poorly, and it was Muhlenberg's ball on her own thirty-five-yard line. An intended tackle play resulted in a fumble. Albright emerged from the pile with the ball, and with a clear field scored a touchdown for Lebanon Valley. Gray failed at goal. Score, Lebanon Valley, 16; Muhlenberg, 12.

Geiger kicked off. The ball was returned fifteen yards. After changing hands several times it was Lebanon Valley's ball on Muhlenberg's thirty-yard line. About forty seconds of

play remained. The unexpected happened, for, behind excellent interference, Hendricks ran the remaining distance and fell across the line at the extreme corner. He kicked out, and the kick was heeled. From that point Hendricks kicked an easy goal. Score, Lebanon Valley, 22; Muhlenberg, 12.

Geiger kicked off, but before another play could be executed, time for the half was called.

The line-up was as follows:

LEBANON VALLEY.	POSITION.	MUHLENBERG.
Roudabush	left end	Shimer.
Barnhardt	left tackle	Kleckner.
Lehn	left guard	Gable, W.
Miller	center	Trexler.
Snyder	right guard	Gable, F.
Smeltzer	right tackle	Walborn.
Kreider	right end	Beck.
Gray (captain)	quarterback	Shalter.
Hendricks	left halfback	Geiger.
Albright	right halfback	Kistler.
Colling	fullback	(captain) Specht.

Touchdowns, Geiger, F. Gable, Colling, Barnhardt, Albright, Hendricks. Goals from touchdowns, Specht 2, Gray 1, Hendricks 1, Time of halves, twenty minutes each. Umpire, Mr. Fisher, Lebanon Valley. Referee, J. R. Freed, Muhlenberg. Linesman, H. W. Shimer. Timekeeper, C. F. Zerweck.

BASKET-BALL.

Although foot-ball occupies a great amount of attention at present, the basket-ball schedule is being filled, so that the latter sport may be taken up as soon as the foot-ball season is finished.

Manager Freed has engaged the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, and games will be played there every Saturday evening after the season opens.

The basket-ball material at college is excellent. When a call for candidates is issued it is desired that a large number report. Last year's record shows what we can do in this department of athletics, and the prospects for a winning team are better now than last year.

Captain Kriebel and Dorney, a promising man, are playing for the recently organized Allentown team. Geiger, last year's guard, will be a candidate for his old position. The contests for the other guard and for center promise to be spirited.

To Our Alumni.

To promote athletics at Muhlenberg under existing conditions is an exceedingly difficult problem. Not only is the present student-body, in its efforts to establish athletics, seriously hampered by the usual annoyances incident to the beginning of any project, but it is inconvenienced by the lack of finances to carry on the work successfully.

Under these circumstances it was decided, at a recent meeting of the Athletic Association, to institute an appeal to the Alumni of our college, many of whom, we are confident, felt the need of this form of college activity in their day, and who may possibly be in a position and find it agreeable to extend their material aid by subscriptions now.

We hereby ask our Alumni to give the matter their consideration, and we trust they will do their best to bridge us over the crucial era of athletics at Muhlenberg by timely subscriptions.

All subscriptions sent to Prof. Howard E. Shimer, President of the Athletic Association, will be gratefully acknowledged.

The Phi Gamma Deltas.

The first event of the usual series of social features which evidence the fraternal spirit at Muhlenberg College during each collegiate year, was a dance given by Epsilon Deuteron Chapter of the Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity, in Lehigh Valley Hall, on the evening of September 24, at 9 o'clock.

The committee under whose supervision the dance was held, consisted of the following: Reuben J. Butz, Esq., Mr. John F. Saeger, Mr. William Hausman, Jr., Mr. A. A. Kunkle, and Mr. Lee M. Erdman.

The hall was tastefully decorated with the purple of the fraternity, while the ever-present fraternity cushion added a pleasing effect.

The members and their friends were delightfully entertained by an efficient orchestra, which discoursed sweet strains throughout the evening. The fraternity waltz and two-step were among the numbers on the program.

All present partook of refreshments provided by the committee which left nothing undone to make the occasion one long to be remembered.

Book Review.

"D'RI AND I." By Irving Bacheller. Published by Lothrop Publishing Co.

But a comparatively short time has elapsed since that delightful novel, "Eben Holden," took the lovers of modern fiction by storm and won for its author an exalted position among the literary celebrities of America. The signal success of the book, coupled with the favorable comment of the best critics of the day, has induced Mr. Bacheller to present to the public his more recent production, "D'ri and I," which is in every respect a fit successor to "Eben Holden." To those who are acquainted with Mr. Bacheller's style this new work needs no recommendation.

The story is historical and the plot is laid in the region south of the St. Lawrence river, between Ontario and Champlain. In the pioneer days of America this particular district was the refuge of a number of fine French families, who located here to escape the "Reign of Terror" which was then raging in France. During the second war with the British these French colonists took a very active part in the daring scenes of frontier life. To quote the author: "Those days the North country was a theatre of interest and renown. Its play was a tragedy; its setting the ancient wilderness; its people of all conditions, from king to farm hand. Chateau and cabin, trail and forest road, soldier and civilian, lake and river, now moonlit, now sunlit, now under ice and white with snow, were of the shifting scenes of that play."

To quote further: "A good part of the author's life has been spent among the children of those old raiders—Yankee and Canadian—of the north and south shores of the big river. Many a tale of the camp and night ride he has heard in the firelight of a winter's evening; long familiar to him are the ruins of a rustic life more splendid in its day than any north of Virginia. So his color is not all of books, but of inheritance and of memory as well."

The tale, written as an autobiography, is a charming account of the adventures of two hardy Yankee frontiersmen, Ramon Bell and Darius, or "D'ri," Olin. These inseparable companions have many thrilling escapades with the British. Wounded often, imprisoned twice, under storm and fire

together, they finally live to enjoy that liberty and independence for which they fought so indefatigably. Bell's affairs de amour with two very lovable French beauties, the Misses De Lambert, are woven into the record of war and bloodshed like a thread of silver through a cloth of red. D'ri's quaint and humorous wisdom, although rough and uncouth according to his environments, reminds one somewhat of dear old "Eben Holden."

The account of Commodore Perry's victory over the British fleet on Lake Erie and of the treatment of American prisoners by the English are the main historical features of the book, although it abounds with minor events relative to the times.

Mr. Bacheller's style is the essence of frankness and simplicity. That he is a thorough student of human nature is evinced by the fact that he has portrayed so realistically and with apparent ease a strange and difficult class of characters not met with in any other books. The chief charm of his style, however, is the coy yet guileless and simple-hearted manner in which he treats the old, old story of love and courtship. There is never any doubt as to the purity of his character. The book is clear and clean throughout. The plot is strong and well under the author's control. To all readers of THE MUHLENBERG who are admirers of modern fiction we heartily recommend this tale of the North, "D'ri and I."

Among the many recent publications on the market, "Lives of the Hunted," by Earnest Seton-Thompson, the champion of the wild animal kingdom, is attracting much attention. It is merely a collection of short stories, some of which have already appeared in various periodicals and magazines. The illustrations, both marginal and full page, are better and more numerous than in any of his previous works.

Mr. Seton-Thompson's long familiarity with the haunts and habits of wild animals renders him fully competent to produce the delightful biographies for which he is reputed. He delves into a new field of literary development and displays to his readers treasures which have never before been brought to the surface so forcibly. The steadily increasing demand for his former works, "Wild Animals I Have Known," etc., clearly shows the popular appreciation of his efforts and is, without doubt, an indication of success to his later product. The book will adorn any library, and is interesting to both old and young.

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Vol. XIX

No. 3.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XIX. ALLENTOWN, PA., NOVEMBER, 1901. No. 3.

Louise.

M. H.

Louise was, beyond a doubt, the most sensible girl I ever knew.

Many times I have thanked my stars that our lives were so intimately associated in those sunny days of romance, when ambition ran wild and hopes kept pace.

It is seldom in these days that one may discover among feminine kind a creature whose sympathies and common sense qualify her to appreciate rightly the variable sentiments of youth. Girls are, as a rule, either selfish or proud. Their so-called whims are but the ebullitions of these conditions, veiled beneath the cloak of social form and etiquette.

But Louise was different. I have often wondered how she so happily escaped the vanities of her sex.

Formerly, whenever I heard anyone scoff at the idea of a platonic friendship, I at once lost a measure of respect for his intelligence Even yet I am inclined to think such a relation possible. But when I was twenty I thought I had a strong proof of its reality in my relations to Louise. Truly, it is a pleasure to recall those days. Oh, that a man might longer retain the spirit of youth!

Louise had a certain frankness which in my boyhood had attracted my notice. She evinced a full possession of this quality one day in the July of '88 when I asked her to accompany me on an all-day carriage drive up the Delaware Valley.

"Is it a business trip?" she asked.

I admitted it was; that I wanted company of some sort; that my grandmother had died some years ago or I would have taken her.

"Well, you weren't very interesting the last business trip I took with you. You did nothing but add and count bills and fling invectives at patrons, and—well, it bored me."

She acquiesced however, and we started next morning at eight. I had appointed seven-thirty as the hour, and was

surprised to find Louise so prompt. She was usually an hour late. The day was ideal. "Dick," my Hambletonian pony, was in "apple-pie order," as the hostler expressed it, and we were soon leaving a cloud of dust behind us. In a short time we had left our native village behind the hills and were taking our ease with hats removed and our feet perched upon the dashboard. Louise could always be unconventional without the slightest approach to impropriety.

We did not talk of art, music, and literature—we discussed our moonlight trip to "Clay Bank," and, in general, limited the topics of conversation to objects brought to our attention along the highway. There was one subject upon which Louise and I invariably became very animated, or at least earnest and emphatic, and that was higher education for women. I was accustomed to disapprove of its methods and criticise its results. She upheld it in every relation, and always ended the argument by asking whether it was making her unwomanly and unfitting her for her mission in life.

I had once affirmed that women were tempted, by a false notion of their wisdom, to investigate creeds—to seek entrance into the arcana of higher science and ethics, and by so doing they weakened their faith, changed their natures, and unbalanced their minds. She straightway enumerated a dozen or more female doctors of law, philosophy, divinity, and science, and I had to be silent to save her feelings. Once I had told her that I would lose respect for her if she tried to be a "somebody" in the world. "Leave that to men," I urged. "Are you such a slave to fashion that because it seems popular for women in this generation to disdain the old-fashioned virtues of home life, and crave the empty applause of the motley crowd, you will divest your nature, too, of those God-sent gifts of modesty, gentleness, and womanly sympathy? There is no holier ambition than to be a good wife. A woman who airs her excellencies abroad is a cad, and vastly removed from what she ought to be,—the crown and glory of the home.

"Where can the virtue of woman exert a greater force—where can her character win higher glory than in her own household and especially in the awakening hearts of her children? In your so-called learned women, all the perfume of a womanly soul has—."

I stopped; she was leaving the room with her head in the air.

Well, I concluded to give the subject a wide berth on this ride. The cool morning zephyrs fanned our faces, and our eyes enjoyed for the hundredth time the unmatched scenery of the Delaware Valley, whose beauty was augmented on this day by an exceptionally clear atmosphere.

I saw Louise was enjoying it. There was laughter in her eyes and color in her cheeks. Her æsthetic taste had always been an object of my admiration. I did not feel like interrupting the poetical trend of her thoughts, though I wanted to suggest that we open a box of candy.

"Jack," she said suddenly, "how much did you pay for those stockings? They are hideous!"

What a poetic sentiment!

"None of your affair, my dear Louise. Have a candy?"

Whereupon she bit carelessly into a supposed chocolate cream and spilled the contained wine upon her necktie. I laughed and expressed the hope that it was spoiled as I had never liked the tie. She said it wasn't harmed in the least, and that she didn't care whether I liked it or not. However, I never saw her wear it again. It strikes me I concluded the next day that those stockings of mine were worn-out.

Louise had a happy way of relating personal experiences; and she was in the midst of a quaint description of how she had pushed her father into a raspberry bush during a fit of anger in her girlhood days, and the embarrassing result, when we pulled up before Carle's River Side Hotel. What memories that name recalls! No one who visits this place ever forgets it. What with a superb view, the quiet, pellucid Delaware at your feet, the sportiest fishing and finest kind of swimming, this place is truly a garden spot. Add to these ideal environs German hospitality, a faultless cuisine, and a well-stocked bar, and you may appreciate why we lingered until nearly supper time.

After collecting some bills, I said to Louise: "Shall we go home by the way we came? We will arrive at about half-past eight and can go to 'Kaiser's' for a crab supper. Or shall we go over 'Masiers Knob' by Van Auken's, where you can have a chat with Muriel Van Auken? Chances are that if we get there before six we will be invited to supper. It is

moonlight to-night, so it doesn't matter how late we get home."

"Oh, is it moonlight? That's so. Then let's go over the Knob."

It proved most fortunate that she decided upon that route.

The ride was beautiful. The river from the Knob looked a ribbon of silver at the foot of the intensely blue mountains. I remember, however, that I looked more at Louise than at the landscape—I had seen it so often, you know.

Then, how it happened I do not know, but suddenly we were head over heels in the forbidden subject.

"Muriel should never have given up college," she was saying after I had made some characteristic, rude remark. "Her mind will be one succession of longings for better things and better knowledge until it results in melancholia. I know her disposition."

"How romantic!" I sighed. "Whereas," I continued, "had she completed her course as you intend, she would never again thirst for better knowledge."

"Oh, nonsense! You,—I,—don't be silly."

"Muriel is a great help to her mother."

"I know it. Sadly enough her mother must have her help now. Mrs. Van Auken is a good woman, a simply ideal woman."

"Ah! Where did she graduate?"

"I never said, Jack, that an ideal woman must be a college woman."

"I have heard you say that a college woman was *the* ideal woman, but let it pass. It is no more inconsistent than the majority of your remarks on the subject."

"I should think your pride if not your modesty would prevent your being so unjust."

"Forgive me, Louise. It seems—Dick! What's wrong? go on."

The horse had stopped abruptly. Suddenly around a bend in the road the fleeing figure of a girl appeared coming faster than I had ever seen a girl run. Upon seeing us she screamed. The cause of her flight soon came into view. A large, shaggy shepherd dog with blood-shot eyes and foaming mouth was at her heels, snarling and sneezing.

"It's Muriel," cried Louise. "Their dog is mad, O Jack!"

Coward that I was, I hesitated, and then a new feature presented itself. Dick, with animal instinct, appreciated his danger and was backing and prancing at the imminent danger of upsetting us. Watching my chance I jumped to the horse's head. Seizing both reins near the bit, I leaned to grasp a large stone, but Dick's head went in the air and took me off my feet. Again I bent, again was lifted out of reach. At this juncture, Muriel, exhausted and terrified, placed me between herself and the dog. For some reason my wits wouldn't work. To loosen my grip on the horse was to insure a run-away, that I knew, for Dick was extremely frightened and was becoming well-nigh unmanageable—and yet, that dog was only twenty feet away! I had about resolved to resort to foot-ball tactics as soon as the canine came within reach, when the horse made a sudden plunge and wheeled to the left. My wrist sustained a cruel twist, and losing my hold I was hurled forward into the very jaws of the dog. I stumbled and literally dived at the brute. Hoping against hope, I made a desperate clutch for his throat. Then fortune favored me. I fell short but my right hand went clashing into his open mouth, and instantly I clutched his tongue. Either a mad dog has twice the ordinary energy or I have always underestimated dogs' strength. How that animal fought to escape! In attempting to close his jaws he lacerated his tongue frightfully. In his fury he rolled me into the gutter. I struck my head savagely against a boulder, and the next instant ran a twig in my eye. The former dazed me and the pain from the latter nearly made me faint. My endurance was about exhausted when I saw Louise bending over us. I saw her strike—and the dog ended his struggles. Making a desperate effort to retain my senses I struggled to my feet.

"Well done, girl. Where's the horse?" I muttered. I looked with my one eye and saw him turned around in the fence corner, but comparatively quiet, with Muriel at his head. I could never understand how she had gained control of him when I fell, or how she backed him into that corner during his fright.

I was a sorry sight! The girls were all sympathy, and after giving the dog a more reliable passport to another world we came very shortly to Muriel's home. I was soon straightened out and refreshed. Between fits of crying and laughing,

Muriel tried to thank us; and Mrs. Van Auken made us stay to one of the finest suppers I ever ate—which, she said, Muriel had prepared just before going to the well from which the dog had chased her.

And how they did talk and ask questions!

"It is hard you must part with such a good shepherd dog," I observed as we were saying adieu.

"Yer right," returned Uncle Hiram, expectorating emphatically. "Bet, 'twixt 'em two, we'd ruther hev Muriel, I guess."

We rode some time in silence. Louise was soothing my wrist. Somehow or other I was glad it was sprained. The night was warm and the moon, newly risen, shed a strange, uncertain, owl-light about us.

"Louise, how did you hit that dog?"

"With a sharp stone, between the ears, a little to the left of the thick center of his frontal bone, where the—the parietal bone joins the—joins the temporal," she answered modestly.

"Hum. It's a lucky thing for me that *you are* a college girl, isn't it?"

She was silent.

"But," I went on, "I was thinking what a fine supper that was!"

"Oh, yes, the way to a man's heart—"

"'Forbear to proceed; 'tis a maxim tremendous but trite'; but know this, my dear Louise, you are in a fair way to subject my heart by other and easier means."

For once in her life I saw her embarrassed. However, she gave me no encouragement and I am still a bachelor. She knew I was but jesting, for, was not ours a platonic friendship?

A Plea for Friendships.

LAWRENCE H. RUPP, '02.

"Green be the turf above thee
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise!"

Ah! the man who inspired Fitz-Greene Halleck to write those lines must have been a good man. These lines, to me,

form the noblest and sweetest epitaph ever written. Drake must indeed have been a happy man knowing that he had such a friend.

And now this thought comes to us: Are we paying enough attention to the formation of our various friendships? While we go through college with unlimited opportunities for making friends, do we realize the importance of friendship as an element in the formation of our characters? Our friendships for one another, as students, are indeed indicative of personal characteristics of mind and temper. The purpose and aim of a college course is not only to store the mind of a student with the treasures of text-book and collateral knowledge, but to give his character stability and tone by the daily intercourse and contact with his fellow-students.

And yet it sometimes seems as if too little attention were paid to the formation of college friendships. There are some among us whom the chrysalis of reserve has completely shut off from the benefits and blessings to be derived from the communion with true and loyal friends. To these we may say that a man without friends holds but a little place in the world.

There are still others whom ambition, petty jealousies and envy have warped to such an extent that they are incapable of either giving or receiving the kindness and constancy of a friend.

However, what do all our earthly ambitions amount to, after all? Is it worth your while to shut your heart entirely against the yearnings and promptings of your better nature, for the fellowship of friends in order to penetrate the wisdom of past ages, or to become famous or to acquire riches? Has the philosopher in his study, the hero on the pinnacle of fame, or the millionaire in his palace, no regrets for the past? Does not the thought of friends forgotten, betrayed, or trodden in the dust, mar the pleasure of consummated ambition?

The evanescent glory of the skies is telling us a new story daily. As the clouds in the sky pass from our sight and are lost in the distance, so are the lives of men passing before our eyes in endless procession to remind us of the vanity of all earthly ambition.

In the springtime of youth, hopes of greatness and honor,

visions of wealth and power, often flit through our heated brains. We follow our earthly ambitions as we would chase a beautiful butterfly fluttering its dainty wings in tremulous delight in the life a bountiful Maker has bestowed upon it. After many weary trials we may finally succeed in catching it, but when we have it in our grasp, with a timid fluttering of its wings it is dead. The kaleidoscopic color of its wings may still remain, but the essential element of its beauty, life, is gone forever. And thus our ambitions, so bright and beautiful in the distance, often dwindle into insignificance when we have attained them. When in the eyes of our fellow beings we should be happy in the knowledge of completed effort, we often vainly regret the absence of the sympathy and fellowship of true friends. Fame and fortune may forsake you, but a true friend never. The honest handclasp of a friend will comfort you in many a sorrow and will repay you for many a sacrifice.

A man with many friends must be a happy man; he must be a good man. Let your first prayer be, not to become rich, not to become famous, not to become a sage or philosopher, but to become a good man, and your reward will be proportionate in the number of friends you will have.

"Commune with nature and with nature's God." This is the first step towards goodness. When the birds are singing in the oratorio of the forest, and all nature teems with beauty, surely it must be folly to stifle our hearts against the better longings and aspirations of our moral nature towards the goodness embodied in all His works.

Seek to fill your heart with love for your fellow-man. Seek to penetrate into the mysteries of his character and you will often find an ocean of love where at first you expected to find a desert. The sun of "God's love, unchanging, pure, and true," will light up the deepest chambers of the soul and drive away all the mists of doubt and infidelity that may lurk there. And when the end of life may come, let us hope that it may be said of us, as it was said of the gentle Drake:

> "None knew thee but to love thee,
> Nor named thee but to praise."

If this is said of us, no matter what a few superficial observers may think, we may rest assured that we have not lived in vain.

Nature Through Water.

GEORGE S. FEGELY, '02.

"For they remember yet the tales we told them
Around the hearth of fairies, long ago,
When they loved still in infancy to behold them
Quick dancing earthward in the feathery snow.

But now the young and fresh imagination
Finds traces of their presence everywhere,
And peoples with a new and bright creation
The clear blue chambers of the sunny air."

Science, and all that pertains to it, is frequently, through faulty conception, regarded as all that is dry and uninteresting and wearisome; in fact, as a mere collection of systematized facts for no other than the professional scientist. To fully appreciate traveling in a foreign country a knowledge of its language is necessary, and in some cases almost indispensable. Likewise, to fully appreciate science, it behooves us to learn its language; not a series of difficult terms, for of these the best books possess the least. If we but open our eyes and ears, as popular parlance expresses it, we will readily rid ourselves of this delusive idea. Then will we realize that science is all that is beautiful, replete with poetry and teeming with imagination. This assertion may appear too comprehensive, nevertheless its truth can be demonstrated. The pictures are beautiful; the poetry is real; the fairies are as true as nature herself, and not the—

"Fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side
Or fountain some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course."

Unless we see and hear and appreciate these, then indeed are we like Peter Bell, of whom William Wordsworth wrote:

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more,"

but if we *do* see and hear and appreciate them, then most assuredly will we find—

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything,"

and—

"When along the brook we wander,
Or beside the fountain ponder,
Straight our thoughts take wing and mount
Up to God, the purest Fount."

If anywhere, even the less observing can see them where most of all they can be seen, in water. Little does the fish know that the drop of water which becomes a part of his tissue will afterwards become human tissue, and eventually a factor in the society of the world. Little does the quarry slave, whose labors are confined to the bowels of the harmless earth, realize that the very rocks, which are dug out by him, hold in their firm embrace water which the mineralogist's matrass will liberate, and thus change its conditions and environments—conditions and environments which for centuries upon centuries have remained unchanged. Yet these are but indices of the numerous, varied, and marvelous transmutations of this remarkable liquid.

They tell us that three-fourths of the surface of Mother Earth holds the remaining one-fourth in its watery embrace. What a grand thought for mortals to cherish! Apropos of this is the sentiment of the Minnesingers, of which we hazard a translation:

Be thou certain, thou art mine,
Even now as I am thine.
Locked thou art
In my heart:
Lost indeed now is the key,
Therein thou must always be.

Glorious Phoebus, passing through pollutions unpolluted, in noble eminence enthroned, beholds this watery expanse. A scholar, wise, fair-spoken, and persuasive, he wins the water by his irresistible persuasion. Unseen, unheard the vapors rise, until having gathered them closely they obscure his rays, and yet reflect new glories. He delivers their mission to them, then requests his subordinate, Auster, laden also with vapor, to lead them earthward on their philanthropic tour, and presently—

"The hooded clouds like friars
Tell their beads in drops of rain."

Thus it is when peace reigns in the skies. When disturbance reigns among the elements, the scene is wholly changed. It is then the combat thickens; black clouds draw down the laboring skies. Jupiter, contending with the fret-

ful elements, bids the winds grow high; impending tempests charge the skies; the lowering clouds scowl over the darkened landscape, until—

"From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage,
Till, in the furious elemental war
Dissolved, the whole precipitated mass
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pour."

But when nature shines out anew from the storm, the direct rays of the sun illuminate the falling rain. Then do we see—

"The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray,"

and—

"After the storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches."

In his great wisdom Phoebus will not always despatch his vapors as rain, but he has a host of architects in the ethereal realms, who now serve him. Pause but a moment. Think of the marvelous architectural skill displayed in the atmosphere during the formation and descent of snow. Reflect only for an instant and realize how imperfect are human minds and hands when compared with Phoebean architects. Singular beauty and symmetry characterizes these star-shaped crystals formed from aqueous vapor. People refer to anything perfectly immaculate and say it is "white as snow." Why is snow white? Because formed by natural architects, it is finer and more transparent than the fine linen in which Pharaoh arrayed Joseph; the crystals are transparent; the whiteness of the mass is caused by the fineness of the parts which scatter the light when taken in the aggregate. Having completed their delicate labor these architects send it forth, and if the skies are calm,—

"Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent and soft and slow
Descends the snow."

Should disturbance again reign among the elements, the scene will be changed, and—

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end."

The thorn hidden by the snow assumes a swan-like form. Parian wreaths invite the eye on every side. All nature is invested in a robe of dazzling, purest white, as it were, wearing a crown of victory.

Nature does not act blindly. Every occurrence is preceded by other occurrences which are its causes, and succeeded by others which are its effects. Her work is systematically divided. They tell us that she returns one-third of the rain, sends one-third to the ocean, and lets the remainder sink into the earth to minister to her wants, The first third then yields again to the irresistible persuasion of Phoebus and repeats its former journey through the atmosphere. But how different is the journey of that which wends its way towards the sea!

"A silver brook comes stealing
From the shadow of the trees,
Where slender herbs of the forest stoop
Before the entering breeze."

Silently it trickles along until it meets another, and, rolling together down the mountain side, they tumble over a rock and spread into a dancing, singing, glistening pool. The new brook hears the breezes whispering of lakes embosomed among wooded hills; of deep, blue rivers flowing through meadow lands; of the vast ocean. Another joins it and still another, and finally forming a river the vast volume of water flows oceanward. Should "unbroken floods and solid torrents pour," it tumbles over the rock and—

"Hastens along, conflicting and strong,
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,"

forming one mighty stream, and thus—

"We see the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun;
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep."

Do these streams merely flow through the country, all to no purpose? No! Theirs is a work which they alone can perform. They cut out ravines, gorges, and cañons. First a

silent force, though inconspicuous yet effective, the rain, as it were, sandpapers the face of nature. Then comes the stream, a sculptor with graving tools—sand, gravel, and pebbles—and sweeps across the country, and as it completes its work it buries itself and its tools in the bosom of the deep.

Most wonderful is the work performed by the water which labors in the hidden recesses of Mother Earth, and part of which reappears on the surface. When it falls from the clouds it may be caught by a rock and held as a prisoner. Yet it will not always be thus, bound like Prometheus in adamantine fetters upon the rock of adversity, but having enlisted the services of the Frost King, it will break its rocky prison, hurling its walls over some precipice to be dashed into pieces in the valley below. Other waters sink deep into the earth and explore her very recesses, deeper than man can fathom. Guided by her systematic paths they accomplish their work, and while some are led to join the waters of the "deep and dark blue ocean," others reappear on the surface and a limpid stream flows forth. Still other waters, by reason of their coming in contact with heat-producing agencies, become very hot, and the water is ejected into the air with violence, forming a fountain of dazzling splendor, followed by a roaring escape of steam. The earth seems to tremble under the descending deluge. A thousand hissing sounds are heard in the air. Rainbows encircle the summits with a halo of glory. Sights probably the grandest and most majestic in the world are here displayed.

Truly beautiful is the scene when—

"The falling dews with spangles deck the glade,
And the low sun has lengthened every shade."

Meek-eyed Morn, mother of dews, rising from her couch of ease, scales the heaven and beholds dewdrops, innumerable as the stars of night, which the sun impearls on every leaf and flower, and—

"Upon the valley's lap
The dewy morning throws
A thousand pearly drops
To wake a single rose."

How changed is the scene when the Frost King comes, the wheels of whose chariot strew the plain with death! Beneath his tread the grass grows crisp. The dewdrops shrink into white and dry globules. Nature does not realize that

this rude and Gothic sprite has committed irreparable wrongs. She believes that the sleeping flowers will wake before the gentle powers of Phoebus, and in all sincerity and faith offers this prayer:

"Sweet Phosphor bring the day
Whose conquering ray
May chase this frost;
Sweet Phosphor bring the day.

"Sweet Phosphor bring the day;
Light will repay
The wrongs of night;
Sweet Phosphor bring the day."

But this same king, in fall, webs the streams with silver wire and in the depths of winter with a crystal floor. Stop, skater! Look closely at the floor over which you glide on your bright and trusty steel. You will see flowers as wonderful as those of snow, beautiful six-rayed stars.

These are but a few of the almost innumerable possibilities in water which manifest themselves to the eye of the observant individual. But why learn all about this? Is it nothing to fill our minds with beautiful pictures? Is it nothing to see and to hear poetry that is real? Is it nothing to possess a truly developed, active imagination? When restlessness and love of excitement pervade so many lives, is it nothing to be taken out of ourselves and made to look at the wonders of nature? Do you never feel tired and want to creep away from your companions because they are happy and you are not? Then is the time to read about and observe these things. No one is so independent as he who can find interest in these things. Watch the water in the tranquil stream or in the restless ocean. Reflect that it is guided by invisible forces. No one who loves nature and studies it can ever feel alone or unloved in the world. Facts, as such, are dry and barren, but nature is full of life and love, and as we listen to her,—

"What a world of strange reflections
Comes upon us then unsought!
Strange, that sounds should find responses—
Where e'en memory ensconses—
In the corridors of thought!
Then emotions are awaken'd,
Making our hearts wildly thrill
As we linger there and listen,
While the dews around us glisten,
To the music of the rill."

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

We believe no one will deny that our foot-ball record of this season is a creditable one. Although the number of games was comparatively small, the work accomplished is praiseworthy when we consider under what conditions this record was established.

In the face of great odds and under the most depressing circumstances the season was begun. The first blow came when valuable material was debarred from the team by reason of action taken by the faculty requiring students to obtain permission from parent or guardian to enable them to play foot-ball. However, there was still material enough to form the nucleus of a good team, and by several additions the team was placed on a firm footing.

We were in hopes of securing a coach, but our finances would not allow such an expenditure. We were also handicapped by the want of a suitable field on which to practice, and, by being compelled to play all of our games away from home, we were constantly under a great disadvantage.

Too much credit cannot be given to those who sacrificed time and convenience in order that Muhlenberg might make the best possible showing on the gridiron. Then again it requires a spirit of loyalty to enlist one's services in a cause

which some of our own students at the beginning of the season were not reluctant in declaring a well-nigh hopeless one. This we know: that the absence of even the moderate convenience of a shower-bath, and the consequential resort to hydrant gymnastics made necessary after every practice by our men (for we are still without a gymnasium), would have been dampness itself to the spirits of less sturdy and determined sons of Muhlenberg. To Captain Specht, whose efforts to secure a winning team speak for themselves, and to every other player on the team, THE MUHLENBERG extends its congratulations.

* * *

For some time past we have been receiving very encouraging letters from some of our alumni, who still retain a deep interest in everything which pertains to the welfare of Muhlenberg College.

We are not laboring for applause, but if our honest efforts occasionally call forth a kind expression of approval in a letter commendatory of our work from those whom we are trying to serve, it adds a new incentive to our endeavors to attain the very best standard for our college monthly, and at the same time gives us the assurance that our labors are not in vain.

We want our alumni to feel that we are interested in them and in their work. We are particularly fortunate in having a representative for the Alumni Department who, by virtue of his connection with our college for many years, is in a position to observe the movements of our alumni, and who has contributed much to the success of THE MUHLENBERG through his department.

We trust that both students and alumni will continue to contribute their support toward the furtherance of the best interests of our journal.

Personal.

William Herbert, of Lehigh University, entered the Classical Department of the Sophomore Class.

Dr. G. T. Ettinger attended the exercises on Founders' Day at Lafayette College.

Rev. Dr. T. L. Seip attended the bicentennial celebration of the founding of Yale University.

Kline, '03 (translating rural poetry): "Brundisium was a harbor, with charts, etc."

Dr. E.: "You are at sea with that passage."

Kurtz, '03, had his eyes treated at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

"WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER."

Sir Beck (addressing lady in distress): "Is there anything I can do for you?"

Fair Unknown (at depot): "You're not the baggage-master, are you?"

Glase, '02, and Kauffman, '03, spent a few days with their parents at Oley, Pa.

The Missionary Society held its second monthly meeting with a large number of students present.

The regular election in the Euterpean Literary Society resulted as follows: President, Gable, '02; Vice-President, Leefeldt, '03; Recording Secretary, Croman, '03; Corresponding Secretary, Haines, '04; Critics, Heilig, '02, and Smith, '03; Chaplain, Rentzheimer, '04; Pianist, Zerweck, '02.

The election in Sophronia resulted as follows: President, Bartholomew, '02; Vice-President, Kauffman, '03; Recording Secretary, Burger, '04; Corresponding Secretary, Wuchter, '04; Critics, Rupp, '02, and Scholl, '02; Librarian, Neff, '03; Chaplain, Rohrig, '03; Pianist, Acker, '04.

W. Gable, '02, Specht, '03, and Trexler, '03, were entertained by F. Gable, '04, at his home in Reading, after the foot-ball game there.

Dr. E.: "Now, Mr. Keboch, have you any chirography?"

Mr. K. (after examining his pockets): "I don't think so."

Euterpea secured seventeen and Sophronia twelve of the members of the Freshman Class.

Tallman, '05, was received into the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity recently.

3.15 A.M.

"President McKinley was assassined at Buffalo."

SULTZBACH, Secretary.

We would advise Walborn, '03, to practice foot-ball in the customary apparel.

It is noticeable that persons on the lookout for chestnuts usually find them. Muhlenberg students are no exception to the rule.

Frank D. Miller, of Peirce's Business College, Philadelphia, was the guest of his brother, W. M. Miller, '02, for a few days.

The Sophronian Literary Society gave a reception to its new members Tuesday evening, October 29.

Student: "Fine morning, sir."

T. B. Brief, M. C.: "Well, er, yes, I think we may say it's *pleasant*, so to speak; in a word, as it were, due to the fact that ā——."

Brunner, '02, saw Miss Julia Marlowe in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," Friday, November 1.

Dr. Ettinger spoke of Luther at St. Luke's Church, Allentown, on Reformation Sunday.

Prof. W.: "Mr. Wuchter, can you tell me how many Christians there were at the end of the second century?"

Wuchter, '04: "Some kind of a million."

Prof. W.: "Which kind?"

Dr. Dowell, Prof. Merkel, and Miller, '02, returned Monday, November 4, from a brief stay at Buffalo.

Erdman, '04: "If you push against a stone wall, doctor, where does the energy go!"

Dr. B.: "Well, you may get warm."

Bartholomew, '02, recently kept "open house."

Dr. W.: "Among the early Christian symbols were the fish, dove, cross, and others. Why was the fish one of the symbols?"

A Voice: "Because the whale swallowed Jonah."

Walborn, '03, visited Gettysburg, Sunday, October 13.

Where does it come from—Reno's laugh?

All those who entered college at the beginning of this collegiate year were matriculated in Dr. Seip's recitation-room, Tuesday, October 14.

Erdman, '04: "Was there anything immoral in 'Enlisted For the War,' Professor?"

Dr. W.: "Your voice, Mr. Erdman."

Freed, '02, Geisinger, '03, Geiger, '02, and Barndt, '03, went to their respective homes recently for the purpose of voting.

Sherer is the Sophomore "Long-fellow."

Dennis, '04, is becoming famous as a cake cutter. It is said he has received an offer from a well-known firm in town.

Weisley (in Geology): "It was supposed that the earth possessed a very molten center and had a crust on the outer end; that is, on the surface there's a crust and the outer crust forms the nucleus."

Our Alumni.

'71.—Within the last week two interesting events occurred in the parish of the Rev. J. S. Erb, Slatington, Pa. The one on Thursday evening, October 17, was the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of the pastor and his wife, by the congregation. During the absence of the pastor at the meeting of the General Council at Lima, as a delegate of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, the members of the congregation quietly arranged for the celebration, invited a large number of friends, and on his return home on Thursday evening the pastor found everything ready for the celebration. A public reception was given the pastor and his wife, which was followed by a collation in the Sunday-school rooms of the church. A handsome solid silver service of fifty-four pieces, put up in a suitable case, was the gift of the congregation, besides a large number of other gifts from individuals. The occasion was one long to be remembered by those for whom it was arranged, and is an evidence of the appreciation of the long and faithful services of the pastor and his wife.

The other event occurred on Sunday, October 20, when the handsome two-manual pipe organ, built by M. P. Moller, of Hagerstown, was dedicated with appropriate services. The pastor was assisted by the Revs. C. M. Sandt, of Philadelphia, and Prof. Dr. S. E. Ochsenford, of Allentown. St. John's Church, lately remodeled and beautified, is now one of the most complete and best-equipped churches in the Lehigh Valley.—*The Lutheran.*

'74.—Dr. Edgar D. Shimer is a member of the Library Committee of The Pennsylvania Society of New York, of which society Bishop Henry C. Potter is the President.

'76.—At the recent meeting of the General Council of the Lutheran Church of North America, Dr. S. E. Ochsenford was elected English Secretary.

'78.—At the last meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sabbath School Association, held at Chester, Pa., Rev. Charles L. Fry, of Philadelphia, delivered an address which the Philadelphia *Ledger* reported as "particularly prolific in good thoughts."

'79.—Edwin J. Lichtenwallner, Esq., Allentown, Pa., has been elected District Attorney of Lehigh county.

'80.—The address of Rev. James F. Beates now is 422 South River street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

'80.—Dr. George T. Ettinger has been elected a member of The Pennsylvania Society of New York.

'83.—On Sunday, October 6, Christ Church, Hazleton, Pa., observed the eleventh anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. J. O. Schlenker. Special anniversary sermons were delivered by the pastor both morning and evening. During his pastorate Rev. Schlenker has materially increased the membership and influence of his church, and it is one of the strongest congregations in Hazleton to-day, numbering 1500. The benevolent contributions have likewise been remarkably enlarged through his work and influence.—*The Lutheran.*

'81.—Rev. C. L. Holloway has tendered his resignation as pastor of the First English Church, Monaca, Pa., because of failing health, and expects to leave for Southern California on November 30. He expects to rest for two years in the

hope that he may be able to resume his ministerial work after that time. Rev. Holloway's pastorate at Monaca has extended over a term of five years, and during that time the church has doubled in membership and at the present time is in the best financial condition in its history.—*The Lutheran.*

'85.—The address of Rev. Frank F. Fry now is 12 Grove street, Rochester, N. Y.

'85.—Dr. Elmer E. Johnson has been elected President of the Central Luther League of Philadelphia.

'85.—Francis G. Lewis, Esq., Allentown, Pa., has been chosen President of the Lehigh County School Directors' Association.

'87.—Christ Lutheran Sunday-school, Lancaster, Pa., celebrated its thirty-fourth anniversary on Sunday evening, September 29, and there was a large attendance of members of the Sunday-school present. Rev. J. W. Richards and Superintendent R. K. Buehrle delivered addresses. The report presented showed a membership of 454, with 380 as the largest and 215 as the smallest attendance. The treasurer reported the receipts for the year to have been $200, exclusive of collections for beneficence. One of the classes presented the church with a pulpit cloth and bookmarkers.

'92.—Rev. A. L. Ramer, Ph.D., pastor of St. Mark's, Scranton, Pa., presented to the Wilkes-Barre Conference a map of this district, executed by him on the mimeograph. It is a very fine piece of work, replete with valuable information in regard to the various congregations in the bounds of Conference.

'95.—*The Bronx Lutheran* contains a portrait of Rev. Fred. C. Krapf, of Elizabeth, N. J.

'95.—Rev. Warren J. Ellis has received a scholarship in philosophy in the post-graduate department of the University of Pennsylvania.

'95.—Christ Lutheran Church, Easton, Pa., was filled to overflowing on Sunday evening, October 20, when Rev. Elmer E. Snyder was installed as pastor. St. John's and St. Luke's closed their doors and joined in the service. Revs. B. F. Appel and E. W. Grahn conducted the evening service, Rev. J. C.

Seegers delivering the charge to the pastor and Rev. Dr. Anspach, a former pastor, the charge to the people. Rev. B. F. Apple preached the sermon in the morning. On Tuesday evening the members of the congregation tendered a reception to the pastor.

'97.—We understand that Rev. Franklin K. Fritz, Quakertown, Pa., has been invited to become the successor of Rev. F. F. Fry as pastor of Grace Lutheran Church, Bethlehem.

'99.—The mission at Avonmore, Pa., has been acceptably supplied during the summer vacation by Student Willis Beck, of the Philadelphia Seminary. Good work has been done and a much disturbed field is being put in shape for the call of a pastor. Special appeals have been sent to the congregations of the Southern Conference of the Pittsburg Synod, which are meeting with a hearty response, and it is to be hoped the financial burden on the congregation will soon be entirely removed.—*The Lutheran.*

'99.—The home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred L. Clauser, No. 1042 Walnut street, was the scene this afternoon at five o'clock of a handsome wedding, in which the contracting parties were Mr. Luther W. Fritch, the only son of Dr. and Mrs. D. D. Fritch, of Macungie, and Miss Cora Clauser, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Clauser. The officiating clergymen at this happy event were Rev. Dr. S. G. Wagner, of this city, assisted by Rev. W. M. Kopenhaven, pastor of Grace Lutheran Church, Macungie.

The bride is the only daughter of Alfred L. Clauser, manager of the Person & Riegel Company store of Palmerton. She is an accomplished and highly respected young lady, a member of the Class of 1896 of the Allentown College for Women, and a fit helpmate for her husband.

The groom is the only son of Dr. and Mrs. D. D. Fritch, and is connected with his father's business and interests in the Keystone flour mills at Macungie. He is a graduate of Muhlenberg College, Class of 1899. He is a worthy scion of an influential and respected family, and promises to be successful in the business in which he is now having a practical experience. He has many friends, here and elsewhere, and all join in wishing him and his bride a happy future.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

Athletics.

Encouraged by the good game played against the strong Lebanon Valley team, Muhlenberg got down to hard work. A few scrub games remedied some of the defects in the team. On Saturday, October 12, the team appeared on the gridiron at Reading against the Reading Field Club. This was a closely contested game.

MUHLENBERG, 0; READING FIELD CLUB, 6.

First half, seventeen minutes. Captain Cooper won the toss-up. Geiger kicked off for Muhlenberg. After several plays, Muhlenberg held Reading for downs. Geiger took the ball around right end for thirty-five yards to Reading's twenty-yard line. Reading got the ball on a fumble and pushed back into Muhlenberg's territory. Meanwhile the ball exchanged sides several times. Muhlenberg had the ball, gained twenty yards on Reading's off-side plays, and had pushed on to Reading's thirty-yard line when the first half was ended. Neither side scored.

Second half, fifteen minutes. Muhlenberg lined up with the same men while Reading made changes at right halfback, right tackle, and left tackle. Cooper kicked off for Reading. Specht advanced the ball considerably. After several downs Reading got the ball on a fumble. Stevens, G., occasionally took the ball through tackle and around end for good gains. Steadily Reading pushed down to within one yard of the goal line when Cooper carried the ball over for a touchdown. Cooper kicked an easy goal.

The line-up:

READING FIELD CLUB.	POSITIONS.	MUHLENBERG.
Smucker	left end	Shimer.
Bard (Stevens, G.)	left tackle	Raub.
Henry	left guard	(Reichard) Gable, Wm.
Bernhardt	center	Trexler.
Cooper (Captain)	right guard	Gable, F.
Hahn (Harbster)	right tackle	Walborn.
Troutman	right end	Beck.
Stevens, J.	quarterback	Zerweck.
Morris	left halfback	Geiger.
Schwartz (Hollenbach)	right halfback	Shalter.
Yocum	fullback	(Captain) Specht.

Touchdown, Cooper. Goal from touchdown, Cooper. Umpire, A. G. Beck, Muhlenberg. Referee, John Frame, Reading. Linesman, Reichard. Timekeeper, Shimer, Muhlenberg.

MUHLENBERG, 41; PERKIOMEN, 0.

After a lapse of two weeks, Muhlenberg was again summoned to the field to play against Perkiomen Seminary, at Rittersville, on Saturday, October 26.

First half, twenty minutes. Captain Kingsbury won the toss-up. Captain Specht kicked off for Muhlenberg. On third down Perkiomen kicked. With steady gains by line-plunging and end running, Muhlenberg reached the goal line in three minutes. Geiger carried the ball over for a touchdown. Specht kicked a nice goal.

Hall kicked off for Perkiomen. On second down, Beck took the ball around left end for thirty yards and was tackled on the twenty-yard line, but he fumbled and Perkiomen was on it out of bounds. On third down Perkiomen kicked. Muhlenberg lined up on the thirty-five-yard line, gave Beck the ball, who carried it around left end for a touchdown. Specht scored the extra point.

Hall kicked off for Perkiomen. On first play Shalter took the ball on a trick for sixty-five yards, across the goal line, but the umpire called the ball back to the twenty-yard line and gave Perkiomen the ball as a penalty for Muhlenberg's foul play. Perkiomen kicked and Shalter caught the ball and advanced it to the five-yard line. Trexler on guard's-back took the ball over the goal line for a touchdown. Specht kicked the goal.

There were still one and one-half minutes to play. Hall kicked off for Perkiomen. On the first play Shalter took the ball from Muhlenberg's fifty-yard line clear through Perkiomen's field for a touchdown. Specht failed at goal. Muhlenberg, 23; Perkiomen, 0.

Second half, fifteen minutes. Hall kicked off for Perkiomen. Shalter caught and advanced the ball. Muhlenberg pushed towards the goal line. Walborn carried the ball through left tackle for eight yards and crossed the goal line for a touchdown. Specht kicked the goal.

Hall kicked off for Perkiomen. Muhlenberg ploughed through the line to the fifteen-yard line, where Geiger took

the ball and crossed for a touchdown. Specht scored the extra.

Hall kicked off for Perkiomen. Again Muhlenberg pushed to the five-yard line, where Trexler took the ball and crossed for a touchdown. Specht kicked successfully. Muhlenberg, 41; Perkiomen, 0.

The line-up:

PERKIOMEN.	POSITIONS.	MUHLENBERG.
Shelly	left end	Shimer.
Bechtel	left tackle	Raub.
Frantz	left guard	Trexler.
Grove	center	Ink.
Rieser	right guard	Gable.
Yoder	right tackle	Walborn.
Jones	right end	Beck.
McLaughlin	quarterback	Shalter.
Kingsbury (Captain)	left halfback	Geiger.
Hughes	right halfback	Kriebel.
Hall	fullback	(Captain) Specht.

Touchdowns, Geiger 2, Trexler 2, Shalter 1, Beck 1, Walborn 1. Goals from touchdowns, Specht 6. Umpire, Townsend, Perkiomen. Referee, J. R. Freed, Muhlenberg. Linesman, Youse. Timekeeper, McCollom.

MUHLENBERG, 0; MORAVIAN, 0.

On Saturday, November 2, Muhlenberg met Moravian in the best-contested game of the season at Rittersville. Neither side scored.

First half, twenty minutes. Captain Specht won the toss. Captain Grabow kicked off for Moravian. On first down Shalter took the ball on double pass around left end for thirty-five yards. On third down Geiger kicked. Grabow caught the ball and was tackled on the spot. Moravian gained steadily by line plunging and end runs until they fumbled. and Shalter fell on the ball. Kistler took it around left end for fifteen yards. Moravian get the ball on downs and gained ten yards around the end, then lost the ball on downs. Gable made a line plunge of four yards. Geiger kicked. The ball fell out of bounds but quick as a flash he himself was down on the ball, since he was on side when he kicked it. Specht went through the line for five yards. Shimer ran around right end for five yards. Time was up, and neither side had scored.

Second half, twenty minutes. Captain Specht kicked off for Muhlenberg. Moravian lost the ball on downs. Muhlen-

berg lost the ball on downs. Moravian kicked on third down. Shalter made twenty-five yards on double pass. Trexler gained through center. Geiger made a ten-yard end run. Moravian got the ball on downs. Grabow kicked. Beck ran twenty yards around left end. Geiger plunged through left tackle for three yards, Trexler through right tackle for four yards. Gable on guard's-back made three yards through the line. Walborn made four yards through left tackle. Muhlenberg lost the ball on downs. Grabow kicked. Kistler blocked the kick, forcing them back twelve yards. Grabow kicked. Specht returned the ball ten yards. A few line plunges were made and Muhlenberg lost the ball on downs. Grabow kicked. Shalter made nine yards on double pass. Time was again called as the teams were on the middle of the field.

The line-up:

MORAVIAN.	POSITIONS.	MUHLENBERG.
Miksch	left end	Shimer.
Gross	left tackle	Raub.
Fry	left guard	Trexler.
Suemper	center	Ink.
Heidenreich	right guard	Gable.
Shields	right tackle	Walborn.
Stemple	right end	Beck.
Gapp	quarterback	Shalter.
Meinert	left halfback	Geiger.
Madsen (Williams)	right halfback	Kistler.
Grabow	fullback	Specht.

Umpire, Irwin, Moravian. Referee, Freed, Muhlenberg. Linesman, Sultzbach. Timekeeper, Dorney.

On Monday, November 4, the team met and elected Shalter, '03, captain for the 1902 season, and then disbanded for this season.

The following are the games and scores of this season:

October 5, at Annville, Lebanon Valley, 22; Muhlenberg, 12.
October 12, at Reading, Reading Field Club, 6; Muhlenberg, 0.
October 26, at Rittersville, Perkiomen, 0; Muhlenberg, 41.
November 2, at Rittersville, Moravian, 0; Muhlenberg, 0.

Book Review.

"LAZARRE." By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Published by Bowen-Merrill Co.

It is a generally accepted fact that the Dauphin of France, Louis XVII, perished miserably during his incarcera-

tion by the foes of royalty in the time of the French Revolution. There is, however, a sufficient lack of positive evidence to admit of plausible doubt. Among the many strange and interesting legends arising naturally from this historical uncertainty, there comes from Northern New York and parts of Wisconsin a pretty legend of the Dauphin's escape from France. Guided by friendly hands to the free shores of America, he was placed, as a matter of precaution, under the care of a half-breed Indian, Thomas Williams. The boy was named Eleazer Williams, but the Indians corrupted the name to "Lazarre." Mrs. Catherwood, upon such fragmentary information as she has been able to collect, has constructed her popular novel "Lazarre" in biographical form.

Lazarre, the noble hero of the tale, enlists our sympathies and calls forth our admiration from the very beginning. With intense interest we follow his checkered career. We rejoice in his irresistible determination to rise to his proper level; we speed with him to France in his fruitless attempts to proclaim his identity and to establish his right to the throne; we tremble for his safety when in the clutches of his enemies, and with delight we welcome him back to the free soil of America to enjoy the liberty which has been instilled into his heart from his youth.

His love affairs are so essentially a part of his noble nature that the object of his devotion, Eagle de Ferrier, shares as heroine the admiration of the reader. Her unhappy marriage to her cousin, Philip de Ferrier, her loyalty to Lazarre, her quick wit in times of peril and her exemplary modesty are important elements in the story.

Gouty old Dr. Chantry, the faithful Skenedonk, the mercenary Bellenger and the Marquis du Plessy, are fit figures to occupy the foreground of the plot; while the dim outlines of Napoleon, Louis XVIII, Marie Therese, and General Jackson cast their shadows over the whole scene, a mighty and effective background.

The *Book News* for November very aptly says: "The story fairly exhales the spirit of America at her highest—freedom, loyalty, courage, simplicity, high-mindedness and a reverence and love for woman that passeth all understanding."

Despite the fact, however, that the book possesses many good and commendable qualities, and regardless of the "adver-

tising critics," who have lauded Mrs. Catherwood and her work to the highest pinnacle of fame, with all due regard to the authoress and her ability, it must be conceded that the book "Lazarre" is not without its very perceptible imperfections. The plot in several places shows signs of weakness, and in her efforts to strengthen it Mrs. Catherwood has overstepped the bounds of probability to a dangerous extent. Improbability detracts from the naturalness of a story, and naturalness is the chief charm of fiction.

The style of composition is unique and original, but somewhat heavy and abrupt. Perhaps the authoress has in some respects deviated a little too far from the beaten track worn by classic writers for ages past.

Viewed as a work of art "Lazarre" is not a success, but as a modern novel, classed under modern fiction, it meets every requirement and ranks with the most popular books of the day. Free from demoralizing qualities and immodest characters it may be read with perfect safety by any one who wishes to pass the time pleasantly.

Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson is now a member of the *Ladies' Home Journal* editorial staff.

Mr. A. B. Rich, after a careful study of the mosquito and its habits, has published a very interesting description of the little pest. The matter of exterminating the mosquito is one of great importance and all light in regard to this subject is strongly in place at the present time. Mr. Rich's book is entitled, "Our Near Neighbor, the Mosquito."

Exchanges.

The college magazines for September which reached our table were so few in number that we were obliged to omit our exchange department. The number of October magazines to reach us was gratifying. Lack of space, however, demands that our remarks be more brief than we should wish.

"The L. O. F. Y. T. C'ers" in the *Sorosis* deserves mention.

"The Liar's Club" in the *Buff and Blue* shows that the writer has considerable skill in the imaginative art. The story has an appropriate ending.

We congratulate the *Maryland Collegian* upon its first appearance in magazine form, and wish the enlarged journal a great measure of success.

The Red and Blue, in addition to interesting longer articles, contains several excellent short stories in the department called "The Sketch Book." A poem entitled "A Palace on the Sand" has merit.

The *Nassau Literary Magazine* for October may truly be called a magazine. The contributions are of uniform excellence. The story, "The Lady of the South," is interesting, and the shorter ones, "The Reward of Virtuosity" and "Finishing Touches," are not only well conceived but finely developed.

We acknowledge the receipt of the *Argus*, published by the Harrisburg High School. Few schools of equal standing publish a magazine so creditable in every way.

The *Manitou Messenger* contains an instructive article entitled, "The Value and Methods of Literary Study." A character study of that great Shakespearean creation, "Shylock, the Jew," is well executed.

In the "College World" department of the *Ursinus College Bulletin* there appears a paragraph expressing the amusement felt by that department in "wading through the *magnas nugas*" of the literary departments of some of its exchanges. From our own experience we question the relevancy of the above to the facts in the case.

The reviewing of recent books by students, persons whom we know and with whom we feel on an equality, is helpful and interesting to us, and, we are glad to say, forms a large part of the literary departments of many of our best college journals. One of our recent exchanges has characterized the department in question as "the spiciest and most suggestive corner of the whole publication."

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Vol. XIX

No. 4.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XIX. ALLENTOWN, PA., DECEMBER, 1901. No. 4.

Hope.

SAMUEL E. MOYER, '02.

The summer suns are past and gone,
The wintry blasts blow fiercely down ;
Where bloomed the scented violets,
Now spreads a white and silv'ry gown.

The merry songsters all have fled,
Their gladsome notes no more we hear ;
The trees stand bare like skeletons,
Their leaves lie buried, brown and sear.

The fields, once green, lie hidden now
Beneath the vast expanse of white ;
No waving grain, no tass'ling corn
Lends its enchantment to the sight.

In narrow stalls the cattle rest,
No more they graze in meadows fair ;
Then, too, the dainty butterfly
Has gone, he flits not anywhere.

But well we know, the time will come
When winter's chill shall take its flight ;
And summer, with its gentle breath,
Return and banish Nature's night.

Then boughs will wear their richest green,
The birds sing out in blithesome glee;
The fields will yield their rich increase,
And man and beast live happily.

Thus oft in life our skies grow drear,
In vain we scan the dim unknown;
With heavy hearts our way we wend,
Until the star of hope has shown.

Who knows no hope is dead indeed,
Life seems to him an idle dream ;
Like straws afloat, he drifts along,
His fate lies in the winding stream.

The way seems dark, our labor lost,
And disappointments one long train ;
But industry, by hope spurred on,
Will reach the goal we wish to gain.

Then gaze aloft, o'erlook the gloom,
Behold the good in store for thee;
Break down the barriers rising high,
Live on throughout eternity.

One of the Twenty-and-Four.

M. H.

There were few things that my uncle enjoyed more than fishing, but one of the few was music. I have known him to leave his camping-party up in the brushy mountains of Pike county and travel ten miles over the incomparably rough roads of the lumbermen until he reached the railroad, and then employ that conveyance for sixty more miles merely to hear an oratorio. His fondness for music was always a wonder to me, for a less sentimental man you cannot imagine.

Since my early boyhood my uncle had been my sole adviser and dependence, and had become more like a brother and boon companion than guardian. I had learned to respect and attend his suggestions, for, though eccentric to some, to me he seemed the embodiment of reason and good judgment. He was kind, but never doted on me in my presence. He criticised often but leniently.

Camp life always had a strong fascination for me, and I usually accompanied my uncle on his fishing trips to Porter's Lake, his favorite autumn resort. Late in the August of '95 half a dozen or more of our musical friends were persuaded to spend a vacation with us. Uncle invariably took his violin with him, and when we were not fishing, swimming, or hunting we were enjoying music.

One sultry afternoon Uncle and I were the only ones to brave the heat of the sun on the lake. We clung to the shore, lacking the energy to row out to the catfish beds. As we lazily watched our lifeless corks, Uncle began whistling some classic, but stopped suddenly and addressed me. "Jack, what is a fugue?"

I stammered some poorly improvised definition and, fearing he was in one of his interrogative moods, tried to divert him by suggesting that, as the fish didn't bite, we could enjoy ourselves more by taking a swim.

"Hm, you seemed to know all about fugues when you and

Miss Esther were discussing them last evening," he observed, without the slightest heed to my suggestion.

"Jack," he continued, "you and Miss Esther are carrying on a sort of a fugue movement flirtation of the which I sorely disapprove." The contraction of his brow indicated that he was thinking hard as he began quietly and deliberately to lift anchor. "You haven't gone so far that you can't retrace your steps, Jack, have you?"

"Why—er—Uncle, indeed, I am surprised that you should consider our friendship a flirtation. Esther is a jolly, pretty girl and a clever companion, but she wouldn't flirt even though I began it."

"Ahem! That is nonsense, Nephew. No woman is at once vivacious, pretty, and companionable without possessing other and more dangerous qualities. I regret that you can find as much satisfaction in her company as the frequency and length of your excursion with her indicate. Women have an engaging prattle, backed up for a limited time by borrowed wit; but who ever found one who could converse with originality and sense for any length of time?"

"Great guns, Uncle! You are too severe."

He paused as he drew in his line.

"Your father and I," he went on, "discovered what women really are thirty years ago—he to his infinite sorrow, I to my amused scorn and disgust. Your father's last words, almost, were that I should keep you from women and prevent, if possible, your marrying one whom you have not known at least all your adolescence."

There was deep bitterness in his voice, and I looked at him in mute surprise as he leisurely adjusted the oars and pulled gently for the shore.

"I fear I have been negligent," he continued, "in postponing so long a piece of advice which you are old enough to appreciate, and have the sense, I trust, to heed. It is relative to women. Let me explain, however, that I am not bent upon your being, as I am, a bachelor. The only woman I ever found worthy the name of wife is dead. I have never cared to look for another."

After a pause he went on. "This idea that single life is prosaic, unhappy, cheerless, is largely imagination. But Nephew, I must warn you that your ideal of womanhood is

too high. Only one out of twenty-five even approaches the perfection which you think characteristic of all,—or at least, of the majority. I dislike robbing you of these youthful, poetical fancies, but I know I am a kinder teacher than you would find experience. You will discover women universally —and in vastly different degrees—vain and sentimental. This fact I attribute to a defective educational system. With all the modern pedagogical theories, female education is not as conducive to good results as it was a century ago. While I concede that the average feminine intellect is not so inventive and philosophic as the masculine, yet I certainly am convinced that women can be trained to fill their places in this world with a certain degree of consistency and common sense. But educators do not seem to come to the rescue. Why is it? Is there any undesirable proclivity in human nature which cannot be mastered by logical, scientific endeavor?

"But without entering into a discussion of these points, let me direct your attention to a few evidences of the truth of what I say; and incidentally let me digress in a few warnings and suggestions.

"The older girls become, the less they exert their reasoning powers. Experience furnishes them with a veneer which acts very frequently as a non-conductor of reason and sense, for they seldom lose a certain childish silliness, nor do they often acquire a reliable seriousness. By reason of the weakness of men they hold their own with a mistaken dignity, a bewitching coquetry, or a satirical tongue. I say a 'mistaken dignity,' for the slightest flattery explodes their firmest resolutions and a tactful humor upsets any conclusions which in sober moments they might have been capable of forming.

"Some women more intelligent than others have discovered that men consider them in a trifling light and that they are prone to flatter and humor them. This opinion has been circulated among them to the extent that many think it a sign of superior attainment and sense to affect a disdain for this flattery, and are sure to tell you that they do not like it and detest the men addicted to it. With such, Nephew, guard your words, don an air of gallantry not too profuse, and fence for approaches with a counterfeit of earnestness. It will prove conclusively to you that their words come from

their hearts, not their minds. Do not, however, make it a practice to trifle with women. You do not want the reputation of a man who scores his triumphs upon the weakness of women. Ignoble distinction that, whose chiefest merit lies in deluding an unsuspecting and trustful heart! Moreover, when it comes to hypocrisy there is sufficient among the other sex. In this respect be on your guard. Custom has made it proper for women to be gentle and polite. Formality and refinement are pleasing ornaments, but remember what lurks beneath.

"I have known women to hate their own brothers but fawn in cringing solicitation at the feet of titled foreigners. I have seen girls ruin the young lives and blast the fair hopes of honest men in heartless unconcern, and yet weep to part with a pet dog. I have known of women who choked real affection in their hearts for the sake of position and wealth. I know many to-day whose marriages were not morally justifiable,and whose nuptial vows are not held inviolate by happiness and sincere affection but by social bonds and a lively fear of scandal.

"But, Jack, since women are a necessary factor to society, make the best of it. Cultivate an insinuating address, and compliment always, never criticise. As their ill will is undeniably disadvantageous, perfect a complaisance toward them, which will insure your good standing."

We had reached the landing. Silently we collected our rods, bait-boxes, and camp chairs, and started for the camp. My brain was a strange mixture of contempt, discontent, and incredulity.

A telegram was awaiting me at the camp. Esther handed it to me with an inquiring look in her face. I remember still how pretty she looked as she stood in the mellow light of the golden sun. A stray lock of her chestnut hair was playing gently over her cheek, her head was slightly tilted and her large brown eyes never looked more beautiful.

My firm wanted me and gave me two days to return.

The camp was lively at supper, but I had my approaching departure as an excuse for soberness. Concluding to start early next morning I asked Esther to take a row with me after supper. She consented and went skipping merrily ahead of me to the landing to select the driest boat. I

headed the boat toward the old sawmill at the lake's outlet. As we glided silently over the glassy depths of the quiet water the tones of Schumann's "Abendlied" came to our ears, sweet clear, and tremulous, from my uncle's violin. Esther was dangling her hand in the water and looking aimlessly across the lake into the dusk.

Neither of us had spoken, but I never did much harder thinking. Never had I disregarded my uncle's advice, and it seemed strange to do it now. And, too, I was feeling differently toward Esther, for I was viewing her from a new standpoint. A thousand and one instances recurred to my mind in which her whimsical actions, petty inconsistencies, and illusive repartee could have been interpreted differently. I felt like a villain to accuse her thus in my mind, and had concluded to resort to strategy to ascertain whether she was the "one out of twenty-five." Now, it happened that no one but myself had seen the contents of the telegram. I had simply made the general announcement that I must report at headquarters.

"Esther, are you sorry I am going to-morrow? Your silence is anything but flattering."

"Why, Jack, of course I'm sorry. I shall—it shall be lonely; but you will return, will you not?"

"It would hardly be worth while as camp breaks up in a week or so. But Esther, there is one circumstance which would bring me back and it lies directly under your control."

Here I leaned over and gently took her hand.

"Then, Jack," she responded, in a low, soft voice, "you —will—come back."

"Dear Esther!"

"Dear Jack!"

Then my heart almost failed me, but with a stubborn determination I choked down sentiment and spoke.

"Esther, would you be the same toward me if I had not the good prospects and fortune I have?"

"Why Jack!" This reproachfully.

"Then I will confide something to you. Listen to this telegram."

I struck a match and pretended to read: "Important affairs. Arrive Thursday. J. R. J. & Co. failed. Roland absconded."

"The import of that is that my fortune in Wall Street has gone to the winds, and that I must again enter the field of civil engineering with the paltry income of one thousand a year."

She sat up rigidly. "Why did you not tell me."

Her voice had a peculiar element in it. "Indeed," she added, snapping the water with her fingers and looking into the lake, "I am extremely sorry for you—I sympathize,—you are most unfortunate. Oh, are you sure there is no mistake? I—I, that is, can't your uncle help you? One thousand a year is beggary, Jack. Indeed I am sorry for you. Let's go in. I'm chilly, aren't you? Er—Jack, I don't think it would be—would be—er—policy for you to—to—that is, waste the time to come back."

My heart had sunk lower at every word. Her speech had not committed her as openly as her voice and manner. Yes, uncle was right—but how I wished otherwise!

Uncle was up to see me off in the morning. After some general instruction he said: "Nephew, you did not remain long on the lake last evening."

I mounted my horse and looked down at him.

"She is one of the twenty-and-four, Uncle."

He smiled sadly and we parted.

A Despised American.

QUINCY A. KUEHNER, '02.

The world frequently goes to extremes in placing its stamp of value on the most conspicuous characters. There is a middle class of prominent men who are rated, after they are gone, at something near their real worth; but it seems that the people must at all times have their hero, and also their type of villainy. The drama has its hero and its villain, and if one of these is not perfect, the imagination is apt to supply the deficiency. There are some characters in history who are not so great as posterity has made them; and some of the villains are not so monstrous as history pictures them. It is not the writer's intention to defend the character of the man who forms the subject of this sketch; but, upon studying that character, he has found that it contains some redeeming features which, he thinks, deserve to be mentioned.

Aaron Burr, the despised American of whom we are speaking, was a descendant of the great New England divine of Colonial days, Jonathan Edwards. Scarcely more than a boy at the outbreak of the Revolution, he went into the war and proved himself to be very brave. He afterward entered the legal profession, and became one of the keenest and most successful lawyers in America. He entered politics and there rose until he became a Senator and then Vice-President of the United States.

His wife had died and left him a beautiful daughter named Theodosia, a girl of the rarest mental gifts, who, while yet a child, presided over her father's home with the grace of a princess. The father adored his charming daughter and gave her almost every luxury that wealth could bestow. But she did not become a spoiled child as one might suppose; her good sense was of the highest grade and her devotion to her father was something wonderful. Yet an evil day came and the happiness of the family was forever blighted.

The misfortune began with the death of Hamilton. It had, however, been coming for some time before. Alexander Hamilton was one of the powerful politicians who had combined to break the political fortunes in New York, and in the nation, of Aaron Burr. These politicians succeeded, and, after a while, Burr found himself politically and financially ruined.

Up to that time he had been a political aspirant just like others of his station. His private life was not pure, but it was not worse than that of many others of his own class. Had he been elected President of the United States in 1801, when he came so near the prize, he would doubtless now be classed among the honored fathers. Had he borne his later defeat in New York in silence, as many a man has borne equal disappointments, his name would not now be covered with hatred.

But Burr brooded over his downfall, and because he considered Hamilton the chief cause of it, he wished to rid himself of that great rival. He therefore challenged him to a duel—something common in those days. Hamilton accepted, and fell at the first fire. The act was hardly different from downright murder; yet Hamilton was almost as much to blame as Burr.

Burr had now done what he desired, but he little dreamed that this success would be the beginning of one of the most restless lives of which we have record. If there ever was a man who received due punishment in this life for his wrong-doings it was Aaron Burr. Immediately after the death of Hamilton public feeling in New York was aroused against his slayer. Burr then left for Philadelphia, but there he found the same feeling existing against him. He then fled South, where he remained for several months. He passed the following winter in Washington and Philadelphia; but public feeling was still such that he thought best not to remain, and he decided on making a tour to the West.

He then hardly had in mind the idea on account of which he was later accused—that of founding a new Western Empire. But upon coming to the Southwest and finding out the condition of things, this idea took shape in his mind. He got some men at different places along the way to the West to help him carry out his plans. Burr had also counted on receiving aid from England, believing that country ready to engage in any project which would retard the growth of the United States. He was greatly dismayed when the British minister at Washington informed him that no assistance from that quarter could be expected.

But Burr was determined. He sought out people who had grievances against the Government, to help him establish a Southwestern Empire. Finally he was betrayed to President Jefferson by one of those to whom he had made known his plans. But Jefferson was slow to act because he thought there was no real danger.

Some time after Burr again started westward, taking with him his daughter, mentioned before, who was now the wife of the Governor of South Carolina. But it seems Burr had enemies in all parts of the country, and on his way he was tried for treason at Frankfort, Kentucky. He was acquitted, however, and went exultingly to Tennessee.

Now he thought he was safe and his scheme would work, when suddenly there came a proclamation from President Jefferson ordering the arrest of all those engaged in trying to form a Southwestern Empire. This at once upset all of Burr's plans, and he knew that he was in danger of being arrested and convicted of treason. Near Natchez, Mississippi,

Burr landed on the east side of the river, and, disguising himself in the dress of a river boatman, disappeared in the wilderness. Some time later he was detected in Alabama by a young man named Perkins, who summoned a sheriff to arrest him.

The sheriff met the polite stranger and was soon fascinated with his brilliant conversation. For some hours the company conversed and this stranger was the life of the party. The sheriff had not a doubt that it was Burr, but his heart failed him; he could not arrest so elegant a gentleman. He remained over night and next morning even accompanied Burr some distance as guide.

But Perkins himself was not so easily thwarted; he immediately notified Captain Gaines and in a short time Burr was a prisoner. A few weeks later he was taken northward for trial. After having been tried, he was acquitted because there were no two witnesses giving testimony to the overt act which our Constitution requires in trials for treason. He was a great lawyer, and he had covered his trail and managed his plot with such skill that the law had no hold on him.

We will, perhaps, not regard this conspiracy of Burr quite so great a crime when we consider, as we should, that it was the opinion of many people in those days that our country would finally be divided into two nations. The interests of the East differed so much from those of the West, and the East and West seemed so far from each other, that it then appeared impossible for one government to control the whole country. Still it was a crime, and, although Burr was acquitted by the jury, he was not acquitted by the American people.

After his trial he spent a few days at Baltimore, but finding that a mob was gathering to do him injury, he escaped from the city by night. He spent the following winter by hiding in various places, hoping that popular clamor would cease; but it did not. Early next summer he left New York under an assumed name for England, but after a few months he was banished from that country as a dangerous person.

He next went to Sweden, then to Germany, and finally to Paris. The French government was suspicious of him,

and refused him his passports when he desired to leave the country. He found no rest wherever he went. Often he was penniless and wholly without support. His dishonor had followed him from land to land and he had nowhere to lay his head to rest.

But Aaron Burr had one true friend and that was his daughter, Theodosia. The greater his persecution, the more pathetic was she in her devotion. She wrote letters to him, which, coming from such a woman, would keep up the spirits of any man. Burr often said that his only object in life was to serve his daughter and her little boy. The constancy of this daughter, whose honesty and sincerity can not be questioned, means something—it means that Burr's heart was not altogether bad. His daughter saw only the good, but there was good there, or he could never have been to her what he was.

Finding no rest in Europe, Burr, after a stay of four years, and much difficulty in France to obtain his passports, came to America under an assumed name. He landed at Boston and then made his way to New York. He wrote a letter to his daughter which was answered some time later by the sad news that her only child, the little boy in whom he placed so much hope, had died. Later a ship, bearing among others his own daughter, who wished to visit him, was lost at sea and not a life was saved.

The news of this furnishes the most pathetic chapter in the history of Aaron Burr. He said to someone that, when he realized the truth of his daughter's death, the world seemed to him a blank, and life lost all its value. His daughter's husband survived her only a few years, but the stormy career of Burr was yet to continue for nearly a quarter of a century.

In New York Burr quietly began once more to practice law. It is said that he never lost a case. Through his practice he made enough money to pay most of his debts. He was kind to the poor and many a time gave away his last dollar. He often had several boys and girls attending school at his expense. Once, when driving through the country, he saw a rude crayon drawing on the side of a stable which showed some genius. Learning that a little ragged boy had made it, he took the boy to the city, educated him, sent him

to Europe and had the gratification to see him become a great artist.

Burr was a man who had a great deal of confidence in himself, and that is what kept up his spirit to the end. He died in his eighty-first year.

We have found a few redeeming features in the character of this despised American. We have seen that he was a kind father and a great lover of children. These qualities with their attributes are, undoubtedly, far-reaching in their influence for good.

To condemn Aaron Burr for his base treason is only in accordance with the spirit of American patriotism; but to refuse to recognize his good qualities is unjust and uncharitable.

A Christmas Eve on the Baltic.

AUGUST W. ROHRIG, '03.

It was Christmas eve. The little village of B——, on the coast of the Baltic, lay slumbering in hallowed peace. Large dark fir-trees, now groaning under the weighty burdens of yesterday's snow, encircled it. The pale moon shone forth in all its calm splendor, myriads of stars twinkled overhead, while the gleaming snow enfolded all below with its soft, downy coat, resplendent with tiny brilliant gems in rainbow hues and not unlike the dress of some fairy princess. Not a sound was heard in the streets of this northern village, not a light sent forth its cheer. Just then the powerful, deep-toned voice of the church-bell was heard. Since the middle ages dated this custom. Out of the gloom about the high-arched walls of the massive gothic edifice the ponderous sounds seemed to come, filling the surrounding churchyard where slept the dead of six hundred years. Thence they winged their way over the quiet village below. While the bell pealed forth the peace of the village was broken. Lights were now to be seen in every window. In every home, be it in that of the rich or poor, was seen the Christmas tree, bright with the light of its candles, the branches arching under their unusual weight of nuts and apples. Not just plain nuts and apples, but nuts and apples covered with pure gold and silver—at least so they appeared to the merry groups of little red-

cheeked, bright-eyed boys and girls who, gathered about, were lost in wonder and admiration. Then the gifts were handed out, and eyes and faces beamed with additional joy, for, strange to relate, each one had received the very thing desired. But the bounds of complete happiness were not reached until that old, yet ever new, story of God's unbounded love toward us had been told and retold. Then, as the childish thoughts leaped back to that first Christmas eve when the angel chorus had sung on the fields of Bethlehem, these little ones broke out into glad song. Forming about the richly-laden tree, with their little hands clasped, they circled to and fro, keeping time with their tiny feet, while they sang, "Der Christbaum ist der schönste Baum."

In the large gray stone house, hard by the churchyard and within a stone's throw of the church, this happiness was wanting. The spacious sitting-room was lighted up by the brilliant tree which stood in one corner of the room. Walls and ceiling were frescoed a pale blue, the floor was of polished oak; in one corner stood a high tile stove which touched the very ceiling, and within the stove glowed a cheery fire, spreading its welcome warmth throughout. Just opposite the stove the royal head of a stag proudly displayed its massive antlers, testifying to the skill of the lonely occupant who sat just in front of the fire. Weapons of all kinds hung about the walls, with here and there a scene of wooded hill or secluded glen. These surroundings harmonized with the man himself. He was large and powerful, his face was smooth and of a deep brown, hardened by wind and weather; the hair was of a grim gray, the nose large and sharply curved, the mouth firm and jaws set. The eyes lent a peculiar charm to an otherwise already remarkable and attractive face. They appeared to be closed, yet not infrequently would they open to cast swift glances into the fire before him. Now they flashed like polished steel, then melted into a soft, tender blue. The eyebrows were a jet black. The storms which had passed over his head must have been many and fierce or they would never have softened the imperious temper of that man. The commanding nature was still a part of him, but one could see that it was a firmness guided by justice. The face possessed a gentle tenderness which made it appear sad. The tree in the corner, bright in its splendor, aroused him not. He was

lost in sad reflection. Reminiscences of the past came crowding upon him. Was it a tear we beheld glistening in his eye, when the fire in the stove brightened in fitful ray, or was our imagination led on in stray fancy while lost in contemplation of the picture before us? It could not have been fancy. Another tear shone among the lashes. This time his entire frame shook convulsively as he vainly endeavored to suppress the choking sob. He was no longer alone. A swift-darting form had entered the room silently through the door at the extreme end, behind the grief-stricken figure. Then two soft arms went about his neck and a soft, rosy cheek was laid against his, while a thick, wavy mass of golden-brown hair almost hid his face.

"O Grandfather, why so sad to-night when all the world is happy? This is not the first time I've witnessed your grief. Owing to my youth, however, I held my peace. Yet surely, I'm old enough now to hear the story. I feel that I am no longer a child and must do something to relieve you. Come, tell me, and do make trial of the old proverb, 'Geteiltes Leid is halbes Leid.'"

The figure in the deep armchair gave one convulsive heave, straightened itself with an effort, and taking the blooming face of the lovely girl pushed it gently away. "There, Marie, don't. I'll tell you the story. The tall, stately maiden of eighteen who stands before me now must not be put off like the little Marie of former years. It is a Christmas story which partly concerns you."

The lights of the tree had perished, as do the flowers of the field in late autumn when the cold folds of the storm's blasts descend upon them. So, while only the moon peered in at the windows and sent its faint light about the room, Carl Hargesen told this Christmas tale to his granddaughter.

"Some forty years ago I was not the man I am now. I was proud and overbearing, rich and independent, and used my power of position relentlessly. I had, however, a lovely wife. She possessed many Christian virtues. Her meek and gentle spirit, her kind and loving devotion had some influence upon me, softened my harshness somewhat and prevented me from doing my worst. Had it not been for her I would have gone to extremes and become an object of hatred among the villagers. Alas! she was mine but three short years, when

God called her unto himself. I verily believe she was too good and noble a woman for me. She died when your mother was born. That babe, life of her life, helpless and dependent, alone enabled me to bear it and endure. Yet my nature did not change. Now I was without the sweet and restraining influence which had gone out from my wife. Thus seventeen years passed. I lived only for my little one—your mother. But at last she was offered up as a sacrifice on the altar of my pride and ambition. Just across the way dwelt the poor widow Koerner with her only son, a tall, fine lad. Her husband had lost his life while at sea, yet the son loved the sea with all his heart, and his fondest hope was to captain some trim vessel on the Baltic. He was about five years older than your mother. From early childhood they had been playmates and friends. As he grew into rugged manhood and she budded into lovely womanhood it was but natural that these two hearts should beat in love as one. He had worked his way up until he held the position of first mate. One day, just before setting out on another lengthy voyage, he called on me and in an honest, manly fashion asked me for the hand of your mother. I had never dreamed of such a possibility, and was well-nigh speechless. Recovering from my surprise, I haughtily refused and stung him to the quick with my heartless remarks. I'll never forget what that poor fellow suffered. Pale as death he stood before me, struggling painfully to master his aroused passion. He conquered. Though only a youth of twenty-three, he was nevertheless able to give a man of forty-five an example of self-control worthy not only of admiration but deserving of emulation. Not a word answered he. In passing out he pressed one last, lingering kiss on the pale lips of my child, who had stood a silent witness near the door. She was heart-broken. My bitter taunts had hurt her as well as him. I never saw a smile on her lips again. In a few short months she became the wife of your father, whom I had chosen for her. I was not long to go unpunished. This very marriage which I had planned brought about our separation, and she followed her husband into Sweden while I remained behind. Two years later her husband died very unexpectedly. Since she had been ailing from the time of your birth, she hastened home to place you in my arms ere she died. It was on Christmas eve, eighteen years ago. I

was pacing up and down this room in eager restlessness, for my darling should have been here a day or two before. It was a stormy night and I knew that she was out yonder on the Baltic. For the first time in many years I turned in prayer to that God whom I had almost forgotten. I asked Him to protect the little orphan and the widowed mother. I was aroused by the cannon's distant roar, which meant that there was a ship in distress. All our able-bodied men hurried down to the shore. There, on the sharp rocks probably two hundred feet away, a ship was tossed about helplessly. Boats were put out from the ship, but nothing could last in that storm, and the poor creatures perished before our eyes. We believed all on board had gone down. The deck seemed deserted. Yet for several hours we hung about, occasionally dragging in a dead body.

"Though the storm had abated somewhat we realized that the ship could not last much longer. Just then we saw a man jump overboard. He carried a little black object. Bravely he struggled on and on, gradually nearing the land in spite of the mad waves leaping about him. As he neared us the exhausted man was gathered in by willing hands. For just a moment he faltered. But soon his youthful strength asserted itself. He looked about. There was a general recognition. It was Adolph Koerner. He walked up to me and placed the little black bundle in my arms. He had not battled for his own life. Had he done that he would have failed. He had struggled to save the helpless babe of the woman he loved. His love had strengthened his arm in those moments of terrible suspense. Thus, Marie, were you presented to me that Christmas eve. In a few words he explained that you and your mother were passengers on his vessel. He had left her behind. My pride was broken. I begged his forgiveness. He simply answered, 'How could I bear malice against any man on this night of nights, when we especially are reminded of God's unspeakable love. I forgave you long ago, and your daughter on yonder wreck wishes me to tell you that she has never ceased to love you. Be kind to the little one.'

"With these words on his lips, before we knew what he was about, he hastened away and leaped back into the sea. After a terrible struggle he reached the ship. A form leaped

overboard to meet him. They could not have gone far ere the staunch vessel gave a last heave and parted under the terrible strain. We waited for them in vain. They, like the others, fell a prey to the pitiless sea. At dawn we found them, with arms entwined about each other, pale and beautiful in death. I had kept them apart in life, but death had mocked my efforts, and they had been united at last. Side by side they lie buried in the churchyard. His noble act taught me how to live. Since then I have endeavored to live for others. But you ask, Why so sad to-night? This night always bring up the scenes of the past and I live them over again. Can you still wonder why I am sad? I feel that now even you must despise and loathe me."

But she drew up closer to him. "No, Grandfather, never can I do that. I shall love you all the more. Your punishment has been great. Has it never occurred to you that God, that Christmas eve when I was presented to you, gave you another chance? His fatherly love manifested itself then just as it had done that first Christmas eve, when He sent His only Son into the world to redeem us poor sinners. His love is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

Though the fire had died away in the stove, though the moon was hidden, though deep darkness reigned in the room where Carl Hargesen and Marie sat, yet shone the light of a great peace in their souls as they heard the soft refrain of the angels' song which first had gladdened the hearts of the lonely shepherds: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God,—
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.—*J. G. Holland.*

O many a shaft, at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.—*Scott.*

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.—*Watts.*

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

We are glad to notice that our literary societies have taken active steps to hold an inter-society debate this year.

It is to be regretted that the precedent established two years ago was not followed last year. The success of the first inter-society debate proved that such a debate could be incorporated into the college calendar of yearly events.

The primary object of such debates is not to demonstrate which society is able to furnish the better forensic talent, but to arouse interest and enthusiasm among students to the effect that more attention be paid to the importance of public speaking.

When it became evident last year that no debate would be held, there were those on both sides who imputed bad faith to the other side. Our purpose is not to vindicate either side, simply to intimate the uselessness of resorting to vindictive methods of explanation on the part of those who are not in possession of the facts in the case, and thereby incompetent to express themselves on the question beyond deploring the fact that there was no debate last year.

Let there be a debate this year, and let those who are

called upon to take an active part in the affair, exert themselves to the utmost to make this year's debate a successful and profitable one.

* * *

We trust that those who began to entertain the idea that activity in the matter of new buildings for Muhlenberg College had entirely died out, have lately been disillusionized by the appearance upon the field of journalism at Muhlenberg of a new publication, *The Muhlenberg College Bulletin.*

The purpose of this publication, as briefly stated in the introduction to the first issue, is "to serve as a medium of communication between the college and the people, of furnishing such information about the college and its work as may be of interest to the public and of advantage in promoting the usefulness and welfare of the institution."

The importance of such a journal at this time is unquestionable. Much of the success of the movement for new buildings depends upon keeping the alumni and friends of the college well acquainted with the progress which is being made along this line, and we know of no other means which would be more effective in bringing about the desired results.

Besides the intrinsic value of its contents *The Bulletin* is enhanced by a neat and attractive cover bearing the college colors.

We congratulate the editorial committee upon the success which has attended their efforts.

We hope that *The Bulletin* may enjoy a large measure of success and that it may achieve much in the process of accomplishing that which has brought it into existence—the enlargement of Muhlenberg in buildings and general equipments.

* * *

We have not been officially informed of the progress which has been made by the Dramatic Entertainment Committee in arranging for a college play to be given after Christmas, but have reasons to believe that no effort will be spared to bring the matter to a successful issue.

There is no reason why such a play should not receive the hearty support and encouragement of every student and friend of the college. The proceeds accruing from this play are to be turned over to the finances of the Athletic Association.

Unless the Athletic Association is properly supported financially it cannot exist.

A direct assessment upon the members of the association is often resented, but an indirect appeal for the patronage of a college play cannot be consistently antagonized.

A college play will not necessarily interfere with, or supplant, the annual Freshman play, which enjoys the distinction of being one of the most pleasing and enjoyable events of Commencement week.

* * *

The world is moving so rapidly in our age that many things of deep significance receive only a passing notice. Men seem to forget in a day or a week even those things which are of national concern. There is a reason for this. One great event follows another so rapidly that it is hardly possible to consider any one thing of interest and importance very long.

When only a short time ago our nation was stricken by a great misfortune in the death of its chief magistrate a whole nation mourned. When the last sad obsequies were being accomplished, the whole nation was conscious of the hour and of the circumstances. But how soon we do forget.

This issue of THE MUHLENBERG will scarcely have reached its patrons before not only a nation but the entire civilized world will bethink itself of the significance of the event which the season, now almost upon us, commemorates. And well it may, for no other event has ever been more far-reaching in its influence; on no other has depended the destiny of the whole world. Let us not forget, in the joys of the Christmastide, to render thanks to God for his unbounded love and kindness. That you may enjoy a Merry Christmas indeed, is the hearty wish of THE MUHLENBERG.

Personal.

A memory—the Thanksgiving recess.

Zerweck, '02, has been elected a member of the Press Club. He will make a specialty of the news from Bethlehem.

Croman, '03, was elected by the Euterpean Literary

Society as a delegate to the meeting of the Intercollegiate Oratorical Union, which met in Philadelphia on Thanksgiving.

Rupp, '02, will represent Muhlenberg at the Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest, to be held in February.

Rev. Dr. Seip is suffering from a severe attack of the grip.

The Sophronian Literary Society has elected the following speakers for the annual inter-society debate: Rupp, '03, Moyer, '02, Rohrig, '03. Appel, '02, Reno, '04, Kunkle, '04, have been chosen alternates.

Is it unjust for the Turkish government to do unto American captives as we do unto Turkish captives on Thanksgiving?

Clarence R. Telford, ex-'03, called on his former college associates shortly before Thanksgiving.

The Senior Class held a turkey banquet at the Duck Farm, on Tuesday, November 26.

Dr. W. (to Fritch, '05, who has been trying on his hat): "You had better stop. You'll never fill it, anyway."

Walborn, '03, is developing a remarkable capacity. He has a specially made drinking-glass said to contain between eight and nine ordinary schooners.

Rhodes has just informed us that Shakespeare's greatest comedy was the "Midnight Summer Dream."

Zerweck, '02: "What are you doing with that rag?"
Fegley, '02: "I use it to dust off my shoes before entering her home."

Webb, '03, could make good use of a sofa to recline upon during recitations.

Prof. E.: "Now, Mr. Keboch, what is the ablative plural of Paullus?"
Keboch: "Paullus."
Prof. E.: "Suppose we knock *u* out, and put *i* in."

The various classes presented the usual Thanksgiving gifts to members of the Faculty.

Our Alumni.

'73.—October 30 the friends of the Rev. A. P. Pflueger and his esteemed wife, united with them in the celebration of the quarter centennial of his ordination to the ministry and of their marriage in a becoming way. This celebration was held immediately after the adjournment of the Pottsville Conference, which held its sessions in St. John's Church at Ringtown, of which Rev. Pflueger is the pastor, and many of the brethren of conference remained for this festive occasion.—*The Lutheran.*

'77.—Rev. Prof. John Sander, of St. Peter, Minn., gives an interesting account of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Gustavus Adolphus College, in *The Lutheran* of November 14, at the banquet held in honor of this event. Prof. Sander responded to the toast, "Die Herren Professoren und Studenten des Gustaf Adolfs College."

'80.—On Thursday evening, November 7, Rev. J. F. Beates, delivered a lecture on Mormonism in St. John's Church to a very large audience. Rev. Beates spend four years as a missionary in Salt Lake City, and has made the Mormon system a subject of careful study. The lecture was under the auspices of the Luther League of the congregation.

'83.—In *The Lutheran* of November 14, Rev. Prof. William A. Sadtler, Ph.D., of Dubuque, Iowa, writes interestingly on "Echoes from the Mississippi Bluffs."

'84.—The officers and teachers of St. Peter's Sunday-school, South Bethlehem, Pa., have arranged for a lecture to be given in the church on November 19, by the Rev. Dr. W. Wackernagel, who has been acting pastor of the church since the death of Rev. W. F. Schoener. The subject will be "Jerusalem." A formal reception to Rev. I. O. Leibensperger, the new pastor, was held last Sunday.—*The Lutheran.*

'86.—J. Jeremiah Snyder, Esq., made an eloquent address at the banquet of the Hokendauqua Republican Club, recently held at the Grand Central Hotel, Allentown, Pa.

'90.—John J. Yingling has a lucrative position with the Concordia Insurance Company, of Milwaukee, with headquarters in Rochester, N. Y.

'90.—The name of Dr. Alfred J. Yost is mentioned in connection with the Democratic candidacy for the office of Mayor of Allentown.

'91.—Reuben H. Bachman, of Livingston, Alabama, was recently married to Miss Annie M. Walker, of Creswell, N. C. We wish them a long life of great happiness.

'92.—Harvey P. Butz is manager of a store in Breinigsville, Pa.

'96.—George T. Spang, Esq., recently was married to Miss Ziegenfuss, the daughter of the leading member of the C. A. Dorney Furniture Co., of Allentown. They have our very best wishes for a long and happy life.

'96.—Rev. S. A. Bridges Stopp, son of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Stopp, of this city, was formally installed as pastor of St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Doylestown, Sunday morning. The clergymen engaged in the service were Rev. George F. Spieker, D.D., of Philadelphia, who delivered the charge to the pastor; Rev. Robert D. Roeder, of Norristown, the charge to the people, and Rev. John C. Mattes, of Philadelphia, celebrant. Rev. George F. Spieker, D.D., of Philadelphia, delivered the charge to the pastor, taking as his text 1 Tim. 4:16: "Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them; for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee."—*The Morning Call.*

'96.—At a recent meeting of St. John's congregation, Easton, Pa., it was unanimously decided to establish a mission in Palmer township, and Rev. Paul Strodach, of Trenton, N. J., was elected assistant pastor of St. John's, to take charge of the mission.

'97.—Last Sunday evening Rev. William M. Kopenhaver, of Macungie, Pa., exchanged pulpits with Dr. S. A. Repass, of Allentown, and preached an excellent practical sermon.

'97.—On Sunday the new Lutheran Church of the Advent, on East Orange street, Lancaster, was dedicated. It is a

handsome and commodious structure, capable of seating about 800 people. The pastor is Rev. Gomer B. Matthews, well known in this city, and a graduate of Muhlenberg College, class of '97. Later he graduated from the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia.

After completing his course in the latter institution he was ordained a missionary to India in St. John's Lutheran Church, this city. He sailed for India a few days afterward, but his stay in that region was a short one. He was there considerably less than a year, the climate not agreeing with him.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'98.—Sunday evening, November 10, the Rev. Henry F. Hehl was installed as pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church at Manoa, Delaware county. The Rev. J. H. Heintz, of East Stroudsburg, read the service. The Rev. S. A. K. Francis, pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, of Philadelphia, which is the Mother Church, preached an appropriate sermon. The Rev. Dr. Schaeffer installed the pastor-elect.—*The Lutheran.*

'98.—Grace Church and St. James, of Allegheny, Pa., have united under the name of the former, and Rev. G. I. Lenker succeeds to the pastorate. The church thus combined is self-sustaining.—*The Lutheran.*

Athletics.

The foot-ball season is over. Our team did excellent work, and by its efforts encouraged the Alumni to give their greatly needed support. The Alumni of Allentown and vicinity are beginning to realize the fact that if the foot-ball material at Muhlenberg is properly developed it will result in an excellent team, and they feel the necessity of procuring the services of a good coach. Consequently a number of them have contributed to the general fund to be used for this purpose. THE MUHLENBERG begs leave to present this matter to its subscribers who may not be reached by the subscription list, and urgently requests that they do what they can to promote the good work. Subscriptions sent to Prof. H. E. Shimer will be cheerfully acknowledged.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, President H. E. Shimer appointed the following Advisory Board: Rev. Dr. S. E. Ochsenford, '76, Chairman; Howard Seip, D.D.S., '85, Max S. Erdman, Esq., '94, Warren Geiger, '02, and Charles D. Trexler, '03.

At the same meeting, Claude Reno, '04, and Ira G. Walborn, '03, were elected assistant managers of the foot-ball and base-ball teams, respectively, for the 1902 season.

The college foot-ball "M" was awarded by the Advisory Board to the following who played six halves this season: Geiger, '02, Gable, '04, and Raub, '05.

Youse, '03, was elected captain of the base-ball team for the 1902 season.

Manager Freed has secured the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium for the basket-ball games at home. A good schedule has been arranged with some of the best college teams. At this writing the team has not been announced but the prospects for a fast team are good.

The following schedule has thus far been arranged for this season:

Norristown Y. M. C. A.,	December	7, at Allentown.
Lehigh University,	December	11, at South Bethlehem.
Myerstown A. C.,	January	18, at Allentown.
Nazareth Hall,	January	21, at Nazareth.
Penna. Institute for Deaf,	January	25, at Allentown.
George School,	February	1, at Allentown.
Bucknell University,	February	11, at Allentown.
Drexel Institute,	February	15, at Allentown.
Lehigh University,	March	8, at Allentown.

Book Review.

"TRISTRAM OF BLENT." By Anthony Hope. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

The latest book by Anthony Hope, entitled "Tristram of Blent," is written in a style somewhat different from its predecessors. The chief charm of the "Dolly Dialogues" is its unbounded improbability and "sparkling prismatic talk," and the reader is content to accept it as such. In "Rupert of Hentzau" or "The Prisoner of Zenda," thrilling escapades and complicated circumstances, unravelled by the dash and

daring of sword-swinging heroes, illumine every page, and these, too, we receive for what they may be worth.

"Tristram of Blent" lacks both the charm of the "Dolly Dialogues" and the vigorous, intense movement of "Rupert of Hentzau." It is natural to a fault. Coming from the adventurous pen of Anthony Hope it is almost tame. The first few chapters of the book offer very little attraction, but as we go deeper into the story the smouldering interest is fanned into a flame, and we are led to conclude, as we lay it aside, that it is not by any means a dull novel.

The book is an account of the trials and difficulties of the heir of Blent, whose unusual birth renders him a victim to meddlers and feminine busybodies. Cecily Gainsborough, the heiress of Blent, is really the only lovable character in the whole book. The heir of Blent, Harry Tristram, is rather repulsive, and even though we are led at the close of the story to respect his dogged determination and business ability, yet we cannot help but regard him as little better than a cad. Mischievous Madam Zabriska, foolish old Major Duplay, Bob Broadley, dense but good-natured, and a few other characters, are woven into the plot in Mr. Hawkins's inimitable manner so that they form a very important part of the whole tale. The plot is not intricate nor overcrowded with useless characters, but is plain and wholesome.

"Tristram of Blent," when measured by the standard set by his previous novels, is not a fair sample of the author's greatest efforts. There is, however, evidence of his peculiar ability to weave out of ordinary material—material that is apparently dull and of little value—a story that compels the attention and satisfies the expectations of the reader. He leads our interest, step by step, from indifference to intensity and induces us to have regard for characters that in ordinary life we would consider repulsive. It is a good story, clean and wholesome, and while it is by no means a masterpiece it will yet add to the author's fame as a novelist.

Those who have read the interesting novels of Gilbert Parker will find a thoughtful criticism by Albert E. Hunt, one of the foremost critics of the day, to be of some value. "There has long been promise of lofty and lasting achievement in the work of Gilbert Parker. His gifts of perception

and expression are undeniable. He has form and color, imagination and insight. Now and then a note strikes in his pages that carries a vital and illuminating appeal. Yet there is always something lacking. The promise is there; the achievement remains behind. One sees him scaling glittering heights only to slip back from the mighty summit."

King Oscar of Sweden is a man of unusual ability. He is an excellent ruler, an observant traveler, a deep philosopher, and a popular poet. Besides a number of original works he has written many translations from the German.

Ramon de Campoamor, Spain's greatest modern poet, although living in the nineteenth century, discredits the existence of such countries as Mexico and China. He regards them as "countries invented by novelty-seeking geographers."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox at the age of eight began to compose in prose and rhyme, at nine she wrote a novel of eleven chapters and at thirteen appeared in two essays in the New York *Mercury*.

Charles Heber Clark, better known as "Max Adeler," who twenty years ago moved the vast army of his readers to merry laughter, appears before us once more in his recent creation, "Captain Bluitt." Like his former works, "Elbow Room," "Out of the Hurly-Burly," and others, "Captain Bluitt" is a delightful combination of humor and pathos before which melancholia and gloom flee like chaff before the driving wind. Originality and ready imagination have placed Mr. Clark among the foremost humorists of the day.

Exchanges.

The quality of the exchanges that reached us during November was excellent and their number equally gratifying. One of the exchanges remarked that "To its ears there came a long drawn and plaintive wail from fellow ex-men occasioned by the scarcity of exchange material in divers parts of the country." This journal adds that exchanges shower in upon it like the "proverbial autumn leaves." Although we

are not thus nearly hidden under the number of our exchanges, we have no cause to complain and will heartily welcome the advent of each new arrival.

The story, "A Summer Episode," in the *Touchstone* is very pleasing. The transition from sentence to sentence and paragraph to paragraph is excellent.

The *Roanoke Collegian* appeared in a fresh and attractive cover. Its contents well accord with its neat outside appearance.

"A Call to the Ministry" in *The Midland* is good. The voice of the frogs pointing out his course to the subject of the story reminded us of the legend of the bells impelling him who was to be thrice Lord Mayor of London.

The *Ursinus College Bulletin* contains a good story, "A Tale of the Desert." It seems peculiar at first sight, and yet in that peculiarity lies its charm.

We agree with the thoughts expressed in the articles in the *College of Charleston Magazine* entitled, "The College Literary Society; its Aims and its Obstacles."

"A Buffalo Story" in the November number of the same journal is very interesting.

The *Red and Blue* is excellent throughout. The "Sketch Book" seems to be improving with each succeeding number.

We acknowledge the receipt of the *Georgetown College Journal* and find it a large and well-filled magazine. Its stories are good, its articles well written, and a judicious sprinkling of poems and illustrations adds to its general effect.

The 1903 class number of *The College Student* is an excellent one. The article entitled, "The Power of Insight as Conditioning Success," is well executed. "Anarchy" is the subject of a timely article, and our attention was particularly attracted because we had just finished reading a few pages on "Anarchism" in *The Touchstone*. Both articles are good; the latter, however, is more analytical and treats the subject in all its phases.

The *Knox Student* foot-ball number is accompanied by an excellent photograph of the 1901 team. The mechanical work of this number much surpasses that of previous numbers and should be continued, if possible.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

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The Mission of the Beautiful.

LEWIS A. INK, '02.

(First Honorable Mention at the Junior Oratorical Contest held last June.)

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Whatsoever appeals to the aesthetic sense of man is beautiful. That which is good and true is beautiful. Truth delights us because of its sublimity. Virtue thrills the heart with pleasure because there is something in the soul which accords with the good. We are pleased with this world because it is adorned with the beautiful.

The sphere of beauty is boundless. The beauty which fills the world is as abundant and free as sunlight. There is no monopoly, no power to govern the absolute rights of every sentient being to enjoy it. There are none who are not proprietors of this world's beauty, none who do not interpret and enjoy the beautiful.

It is good to have our thoughts lifted up to that world where all is beautiful and glorious, but it is well to realize how much of this world is beautiful. The beauty in physical nature is as varied as it is universal. Its vastness is astounding, its minuteness confounds us. Nature's attempts at beauty are consummate. There are no signs of skill, or taste, or power. Examine carefully the finest work of an artist, and beyond certain points you can detect imperfections. Subject the workmanship of nature to a similar test, and you will perceive a marvelous contrast in the completeness of details. Apply the microscope and penetrate the minutest parts to the utmost limit of your observation. When you cease your search for a measure of nature's skill, you leave your task, convinced that the same careful and beautiful workmanship continues.

What we see depends mainly on that for which we look. When we turn our eyes to the sky it is in most cases merely to see whether it is likely to rain. Astronomers and artists have seen more than rain-clouds. In the same field, the

farmer will notice the crop; the geologist, the fossils; the sportsman, the cover for game; the botanist, the flowers; and the artist, the coloring. Although we may all look at the same things, it does not follow that we should see them.

It has been maintained that the general effect of beauty is to sadden. Truly there are many on whom the effect of natural beauty is to intensify feeling, to deepen melancholy, as well as to raise the spirits. What we really mean, when speaking of the pleasure which nature, art, and music give us, is, that by the uplifting of the veil, our whole being is quickened. To most of us nature, when sombre or even gloomy, is soothing and consoling. When bright and beautiful, she not only raises the spirits, but inspires and elevates our whole soul.

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

The love of nature's beauty, again, helps us greatly to keep ourselves free from those mean and petty cares which interfere so much with calm and peace of mind.

It turns every common walk into a morning or evening sacrifice, and brightens life until it becomes almost a dream. Were no other reward of culture attainable, all our sufferings would be compensated in a spirit trained to interpret and imbibe the inspirations of nature's beauty.

The soul, with its faculties and system of communication with the external world, has been made beautiful to attract us to the study of it, and to affiliate us with our Heavenly Father who loves beauty; and, because He loves it, has made all things beautiful; and, because we are created in His image we love the beautiful and participate in the happiness of God.

We have been given a capacity for admiring and seeking

virtue, and this has been given us to incite us to the practice of virtue which is beautiful in itself and truly beautiful when practiced.

Moral beauty is a form of beauty higher than all others. Wherever right contends in manful conflict with wrong; wherever the brave defends the helpless and the innocent; wherever a friend sacrifices himself for the love of a friend; wherever the father, for his family's sake, welcomes the care and labor which waste his power and sap his life-blood; wherever a stricken heart pours its libation of tears and rekindles a tender memory over the tomb of some buried friend; in all these acts of blessed and beautiful human life, we feel that there is something divine and infinitely beautiful. Oh, what a blessing to obtain such beauty as this!

Who has interpreted the beautiful, and yet not realized that he has been drawn nearer to the One altogether beautiful?

When all move among the beautiful and commune with it, then will we hear one grand chorus singing without surcease:

"Nearer, my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!"

The Veiled Monument.

WALTER C. BECK, '02.

(Second Honorable Mention at the Junior Oratorical Contest held last June.)

The world's monuments tell the story of human struggle. Where man has labored most for man, there the foundations of the monuments are deepest and broadest. Where man has fought fiercest in the realms of mind, there he has conquered most, and there monuments rear their heads highest.

The Negro race has erected a monument in America which the hand of time cannot efface. As long as men love true liberty, as long as the spirit of justice and fidelity finds lodgment in the human breast, so long will the memory of the Negro race in America live.

A generation of time has elapsed since the Negro was emancipated. By constitutional enactment, supported by bayonets, "rights and privileges" were thrust upon him in one brief moment which he was unprepared to appreciate and

support. As rapidly as he was clad in all the garments of citizenship, so rapidly has he been stripped, until to-day he stands naked and bare,—no longer supported by bayonets, and no longer upheld by Northern sentiments, but discouraged on every side. Yet he does not ask for support from the varied industries of the South; he does not pray for an increase of rights and privileges, but he does ask for the preservation of his life and the continued opportunity to win bread, according to his worth. It is deplorable to note that there is an element of white men in our country which continually despises the Negro race. Any coward can oppress a people, but it takes a brave man to treat all men, of whatever color and condition, fairly and justly. Any other treatment of men transmits to posterity a race of weaklings and cowards.

Teach every child, white and black, that the glorious end of duty, education, and Christianity is the salvation of life; and impress them with the truth that nothing is immortal but mind—nothing triumphs but soul.

To illustrate the point, let me refer you to the Jews, the fittest people in the annals of man. Every nation, whether ancient or modern, has been broken and shattered in proportion to the intensity with which it has thrown itself against this religious people. Oppress them, they increase. Persecute them, they flourish. Discriminate against them, they grow rich. Babylon carried him into captivity. The Jew is here—where is Babylon? Egypt beat him with many stripes while he built her pyramids, carved out her weird sphinx, and constructed her gigantic lake. The Jew remains; the pyramid and sphinx remain—but where is Egypt?

Such will be the history of spiritual races unto the end of time. The Negro is a spiritual race, for of all races that have come in contact with Christianity he has most readily accepted it. Like the Jew, he was held in bondage; like the Jew, he was beaten and oppressed; like the Jew, he accumulated fortunes for his master; and, like the Jew, he was set free.

Appeal to his deep emotion, light up his soul, illumine his ethics by the lamp of reason and learning, and he will snatch from the altars of heaven new firebrands of eternal truth, and will fill the world with God's love.

His religion was his only hope during the days of slavery,

and it made him faithful to his master. There is no truer heart beneath any skin than that which throbs beneath the black skin of the Negro. He is true to friends and generous to foes. He would defend his "ole mistress," committed to his charge; he would hide the food and valuables in the hollows and thickets; and then pilot the Northern army around those hidden possessions, over the mountains, safely out of danger. Ah! there was a struggle between his sense of honor and desire for freedom.

But he is not only true to God and faithful to man, but he is also loyal to his country. 'Tis true he refused to follow Nat Turner. 'Tis true he spurned the entreaties of John Brown to rise and slay innocent women and children; but when he had a legal opportunity to strike for liberty he marched 200,000 strong beneath the Stars and Stripes for his own freedom and for the perpetuation of the Union. It was the Tenth Cavalry, under gallant Wheeler, that planted the American standard on the heights of San Juan, crushed out the empire made brilliant by Charles V, changed the map of the world, and made the crowned heads of all nations seek compact with our government. Ah! there is not a section of this great nation which has not felt the warm breath of this loyalty.

The refinement of the white Southern womanhood polished the unrefined nature of the Negro to such an extent that the old "Uncle" and "Aunty" became Chesterfields in black, even unto the end that the gentleness and fervor of the white Southern manhood was drawn from his black slave.

The little "massa" and the little "missus" had no other companions. Did these Negro men and women ever harm them? Did they teach those blue-eyed Anglo-Saxon children lessons of sin or lessons of virtue? Let the Lees and the Jacksons, the highest types of noble manhood, answer from their tomb. Let the tender, beautiful queen of virtue, the goddess, the idol of Southern manhood, answer from the heaven's deep blue above, and tell the story of what the Negro race did for her and her children, regardless of the white man's sin perpetrated against the honor of his race.

The man who hates the Negro on account of his color is far beneath him. For you do not see me; neither do I see you. We see only the houses in which we live and have our

being. So, you do not see the Negro; you do not see his soul; only his earthly tenement. And when we shall stand before the judgment throne on that last day, you will not know whether the Negro lived in a black house or in a white one.

Do you say that the Negro was enslaved? History tells us that every race that has ever amounted to anything in this world has been enslaved. Let all men learn that honest labor is honorable. Let the whites and blacks learn that the servant girl's cap and apron above an honest heart and educated brain are as honorable as the college cap and gown.

Since the Negro is religious and true to God; since he is humane and faithful to man; since he is patriotic and loyal to his country; and since he has done enough in the last forty years to have his name written in letters of gold across the azure blue, then light up his wonderful imagination and emotion by the lamp of culture. Turn his imagination into mechanical inventions. Convert his emotion into music and poetry. Then, the Negro, standing upon the intellectual shoulder of his Anglo-Saxon brother, will send wonder and amazement throughout the scientific and literary world. For there are more inventions to be thought out; higher classes of forces to be discovered and harnessed to appliances; more worlds to be conquered and dissected; more of God to be brought down to man, and more of man to be lifted up to God, unto the end that the blacks and whites shall stand transformed into the stature of one common Lord and Saviour, thus manifesting to the world that the monument which has been veiled for so many years shall be unveiled amidst the splendor and glory of heaven,—and when monuments and pyramids, powers and principalities shall have crumbled into dust, then eternity itself will take up the glowing theme and will carry it on and on under the influence of God's love, peace, and prosperity forever!

Doubt.

WILLIAM H. B. ROTH, '03.

One of the great subjects of which we dare not lose sight at the present time, is Doubt. We are compelled to meet it continually. We have no alternative. Many persons would

prefer to let it alone, but as soon as our views are clear in regard to one thing, another doubt stares us boldly in the face. Every day we meet men who doubt. Many of them are well-educated, and the best in the country. The men who become perplexed, who meet and ultimately overcome great and serious difficulties are the best men. They will not stop at mere explanations of others, but will ascertain the truth for themselves.

Doubt seems to be with us as soon as we are born, for we are born questioners. One of the first things a child will say is, "why." Even before it is capable of uttering a syllable, wonder is depicted on its countenance. As it gradually learns the meaning of words it will increase the number of its questions. These are not confined to a few subjects, but it will inquire about everything that is brought to its notice through the five senses.

We must respect doubt because it is an inevitable thing. It is a part of man. We cannot rid ourselves of it altogether. In many instances it will prove a blessing, for through it we are led to investigate many things and in consequence acquire various kinds of knowledge.

The world is a deep and unfathomable mystery. The spirit of inquiry has led men to make great and helpful discoveries, and almost daily new things are invented. In the most minute forms of animal life are many problems to be solved. As these forms grow larger, the problems increase. By continual examination, scrutiny, and investigation, and through the ceaseless intellectual activity of man, doubts are constantly driven away. Many, varied and wonderful, are the results of the researches continually going on.

How can we investigate the truth? No matter how strong or learned a man may be, all the instruments and means with which he searches the truth will be inadequate to the great task which he is undertaking. Very many so-called truths can be doubted. They have no absolute proof. Even the truth of all truths—the existence of God, man cannot prove by reason.

On account of this we must become humble intellectually and treat others with sympathy and toleration who may be hunting a pathway to truth for themselves. Often we are certain that we are right concerning a truth; others also feel con-

fident in their views, although the opinions are entirely at variance. Quite frequently it happens that instead of trying to agree we drift further and further apart, our individual doubts becoming greater and greater.

Doubt must not be confused with unbelief. There is a great difference between the two. Doubt, signifies a hesitancy to accept a statement, yet a willingness to believe if all objections are removed. Unbelief, is not willing to admit the truth of a proposition even if all points can be positively proved. Doubt indicates honesty; unbelief, obstinacy. Doubt seeks the light; unbelief is satisfied with darkness.

Many persons do not meet the doubts of others in the proper way. They rather assist in deepening the feeling of mystery troubling the inquirer than in clearing away all suspicious fears. They do not acquaint him with the truth, but permit him to grope around in darkness until doubt becomes despair and finally unbelief. Although the seeker is in great suspense they will not help him to gain confidence. They do not tell that in many instances, faith will easily remove the feeling of distrust. They do not give him facts with which to enlighten himself. If facts are presented to a doubter, he must accept them. Other ideas emanating from these facts can be given afterward, and invariably he can be led to believe them. There may be different versions of truths, but if the fundamental principles are rooted in a person, the minor thoughts and divisions are of not much consequence.

Many of our fellow-students may be in intellectual doubt. We must help them; but how? We can make some concessions, but only as many as our conscience permits. Many have their pet theories. Suppose such a one speaks to you. He will begin with an argument. Although it is not quite clear to you, agree with him. This will cause him to look at you in astonishment, for he is accustomed to meet opposition. His amazement over, he will begin his second plea. Let him go through his entire series. It will benefit him to unburden himself of these ideas. Perhaps he has been cherishing his opinions for a long time. He will be surprised to meet one who seems to agree with him. But when he has finished, you may begin, and let us hope he will be sensible enough to listen to what you say. Then as you present fact after fact, he will see the fallacies in his own arguments and begin to think as you

really do, almost unconsciously at first, yet it will be a gradual awakening. He may raise many objections, and you may not be able to answer all his questions satisfactorily, but you must remember that sound common sense will help you over many rough pathways.

We are, of course, not personally responsible for all our statements regarding some intricate problems. We may have borrowed some thoughts from others who are authorities on the subject. Yet a man will begin to study medicine, even though he knows that the land is filled with quack doctors. Benevolent persons are constantly giving money and goods for charitable purposes, yet they know some are received unworthily. People will continue to join the Church, although it is a well-known fact that it often harbors those who make false professions.

There are some problems which are now unsolved, and which may never be solved. Some of these. men have been investigating for hundreds of years without any result. A man studying mathematics may try to square a circle, or attempt to prove that a curved line is the shortest distance between two points. Many have tried it before and always without success. Why not be satisfied with the thought that it is an impossibility? The results of the labors of men having far greater ability than we, should be sufficient for us. We would derive much benefit if we would try to explain the problems that can be solved, and attempt to forget what we know is impossible. If we rid ourselves of many questions and theories of such a nature, we will be greatly relieved. Other more possible and probable matters can be examined, and we will be assured of success. Will it really be a matter of much consequence to us to know whether our remotest ancestor was a gorilla, chimpanzee, ape, or man?

The more people talk about difficulties and doubts, the more, as a rule, they become perplexed. Entire satisfaction in regard to the greater problems of the times, can never be attained by the intellect. And, as two persons take up one of these subjects and attempt to get to the bottom by argument, behold, it is found to be bottomless. Naturally, matters become worse.

If the doubter raises a point, and we can tell him what can be honestly, and perhaps philosophically, or scientifically

said, we show him that we are not searching and groping in darkness, but that we have found the basis which was possible. However, another danger appears, namely, when we have cleared one fact or cut off one head, lo, a hundred others appear. Nevertheless, it were almost a pity if all questions could be answered, all problems solved, and all mysteries explained. Intellectual life would lose its great joy. If we knew everything, living would become monotonous.

It would be far better for many who are wasting their precious time in vain efforts to find out the name of Cain's wife, or whether Swift really did marry Stella, if they would devote their time and labor to the solution of more practical problems. Such meet us at all times and it is proving a great blessing to man when one after another is solved. It might benefit many if a process were invented to turn iron into gold, but no one, except a favored few, will ever care whether he can take a trip to Mars or not. If it is inhabited, let us hope the people are living as happily and peacefully there as those on the earth. And that should be sufficient for the inhabitants of the latter.

Now this question presents itself: How are we to deal with doubt? As the great problems of life come to us individually, a choice must be made from the opinions of those men who have reached certain conclusions. Our personal tastes, desires, and efforts will help us in our decision. In earlier life the greatest lesson for us to learn is that of obedience. Having learned this thoroughly, a foundation is laid which will not permit many lesser doubts to be placed in the superstructure.

A deep and profound knowledge of what is right and what is wrong will enable persons to overcome many doubts, solve many problems, push aside many obstructions, surmount many obstacles. It is one of the greatest dispellers of doubt.

The best way to gain not only this knowledge, but also any other kind, is to exert one's self. Nowhere does the value of self-exertion appear more plainly than when we follow the career of those persons whose success depended upon their own efforts. Not many things are more gratifying to the mind than the life of a man who, with few books, little instruction, no examples, no patronage, continues to struggle, regardless of obstacles in his way. Surely not many doubts are found

in the mind of such an individual. Many choice secrets of art, philosophy, and the sciences surrender to such men. The eminence of successful men is the result of patience, fortitude and genius. Such men are found in every walk of life. Their stimulating examples are on every hand. Unhampered by the bonds of ignorance and superstition, unfettered by secret doubts and useless fears, they have placed themselves upon the top round of the ladder, and have given to the world the inspiration of their genius.

Personal Influence.

J. R. TALLMAN, '05.

Man is a social creature. He cannot live to himself. Endowed with the attributes which distinguish the human race from all other forms of creation, it consequently follows that he must do something, that he must act, in short, that he exerts an influence.

If a bottle of perfume be left uncovered for a few moments in a room, the entire atmosphere of that room will be so permeated with the odor of the cologne, that it is easily detected upon entering. Just so it is with man. Every act he performs, every word he utters, carries with it effects, which, like the odor of the cologne, are bound to radiate, to permeate, nay, to become a very part of those with whom he comes into contact.

There are those who would attempt to confine all their actions within that area or circle which we call self. Those who would shut off themselves from the world and say, "I shall live for myself, to myself, by myself and of myself. Nothing I say or do shall ever be brought to the knowledge of any other human being." As well might one attempt to check the mighty Amazon in its flow as to contend that all his actions shall pertain only to himself.

Our actions do not die utterly. This mortal frame may decay and be again resolved into that dust whence it originated, but the deeds, of whatever nature, performed during life, will ripen after their kind and will influence mankind for generations to come. No more apt illustration of this can

be found than is embodied in the song, "Glory Hallelujah," where "John Brown's body lies amouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on." His soul did march on. It marched from battlefield to battlefield. It witnessed the destruction of thousands of lives sacrificed for the defense or defeat of the cause for which he himself yielded up the ghost. Disraeli, in commenting upon the death of Richard Cobden, a member of the House of Commons, said: "He was one of those men who, tho' not present, were still members of the House, who were independent of dissolutions, of the caprices of constituencies, and even of the course of time."

It follows then, as night the day, that every act on our part goes out and indelibly stamps itself upon those with whom we associate. If this be true, but one question remains, viz: How are you going to conduct yourself? What standard are you going to raise? With what ideas do you propose to influence humanity?

As the moral atmosphere is, so will the moral health be. The child raised under wrong conditions, removed from all that ennobles and inspires, breathing an atmosphere of moral putrefaction, in a home where parents themselves are given to vice and wrong-doing, such a child must of a necessity develop into a man or woman possessed of those same propensities and inclinations toward evil. On the other hand, the child of moral parents, whose sole concern is the development of the better nature of the child, whose advice and prayers are directed along that line, such a child, even though the external conditions be not so favorable, is as a rule, likely to honor the name it bears and to be a credit to the community in which it resides.

After all it is not so much a question of environment as of personal influence. The example of the father or mother, the brother or sister, do far more toward moulding the character of the boy or girl than do mere outward circumstances.

Furthermore, example is more potent than precept. Well has it been said, "It is not so much what you say, but what you do." That minister of the Gospel who expounds the sacred Scriptures with the clearness and vividness of a Solon, but who does not prove a living witness of the doctrine he professes, is after all making little impress upon the hearts and minds of his hearers. That philanthropist who would

make great pretensions toward generosity, but who is mute to the thousand and one appeals for aid that come within his power to aid day after day, does not deserve the title bestowed upon him. That teacher of the public school who would paint in vivid colors the effects of alcohol and tobacco and is afterwards seen by his own pupils using both these narcotics, may rest assured that his talk has been in vain.

Not long since the country was startled by the confession of a murderer about to expiate his crime on the scaffold. His story was simple yet awful in its import. He began by stating that when a boy he attended Sunday-school regularly. He had a high regard for his teacher. Everything he said made a deep impression on his mind. But one day he saw that teacher in a crowded saloon. He saw him drink a glass of beer. The act rather surprised the boy, but he concluded that if his teacher saw no harm in it, he saw none. Surely there could be none. He took his first glass of beer. One drink led to another. One night in a drunken brawl he had killed a man. As a consequence he was about to be ushered into the presence of his Maker and give an account of his stewardship.

Who can fathom the depth of evil resulting from that apparently insignificant act on the part of the Sunday-school teacher? Judge, then, of the tremendous responsibilities resting upon each one of us who must some day account for the deeds done in the flesh.

On the other hand, the example of a true, noble-hearted, pious man or woman cannot be overestimated. The death-bed expression of our martyred president, McKinley, revealed a Christian character and fortitude that have directed the minds of the American people along nobler lines of action than could have all the sermons for a month by the most eloquent of pulpit orators.

How, then, do you propose to act? When perplexing questions present themselves, how are you going to decide? When sinister motives arise in your breast will you subdue them? When temptation allures, will you yield? For the complete subjugation of the more base, ignoble tendencies in your heart and mind one vital requisite is demanded, viz, moral courage; that courage which knows no flinching; that courage which dares to oppose wrong and uphold right; that

courage which is as far above mere physical courage as man is above the brute creation.

Go forth, then, determined to stand for what is right, and good, and pure, and noble. When you must decide, choose for the better; when you must act, let it be for the nobler. Cultivate about you an altruistic disposition; a desire to help others, in short to benefit mankind. In the language of Senator Beveridge, "Do something each day for some other person, something for which you may expect no return." This will make you broad-minded, liberal. It will make you feel that life is really worth the living, the smile of appreciation, the nod of approval, or the word of thanks is more genuinely gratifying and satisfying to the human heart than all the wealth of a Croesus. It has been aptly said that "living in this world for the mere purpose of acquiring wealth is as idle and useless an occupation as is that of the child in the street making mud-pies." Would you benefit mankind? Would you impress yourself indelibly upon the hearts and minds of men? In short, would you have your name to be perpetuated? Then mark the words of the poet when he says:

I wrote my name upon the sand
  And trusted it would stand for aye;
But soon, alas! the refluent sea
  Had washed my feeble lines away.

I carved my name upon the wood,
  And, after years, returned again;
I missed the shadow of the tree
  That stretched of old upon the plain.

To solid marble next my name
  I gave as a perpetual trust;
An earthquake rent it to its base,
  And now it lies o'erlaid with dust.

All these have failed. In wiser mood
  I turn, and ask myself, "What then?"
If I would have my name endure,
  I'll write it on the hearts of men

In characters of living light,
  From kindly words and actions wrought;
And these, beyond the reach of Time,
  Shall live immortal as my thought.

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

With this issue of THE MUHLENBERG our labors as members of the staff cease.

Although many things arise to disconcert those who are called upon to contribute their labors in behalf of a college journal, and though we were not signally exempt from the usual annoyances, we relinquish our work, severally, with regret.

An attempt to retrace our steps for the purpose of summarizing our experiences might be fraught with great difficulty, for we have noticed that our immediate steps are scarcely discernible. But a retrospective view reminds us that our path, as we remember it, was not particularly strewn with roses.

To publish a college journal is not exactly a poetical occupation; to realize continually that one's efforts fall short of one's aims is decidedly prosaic.

But no undertaking when concluded, however difficult it may have been of accomplishment, is entirely destitute of a sense of satisfaction to him for whom it had an abiding interest. And so it is that we resign the charge of the safe

conduct of THE MUHLENBERG into the hands of our successors with the conviction that our labors in this capacity were pleasant and profitable, even though at times arduous and exacting.

We retire from office, but our goodwill and interest for THE MUHLENBERG will remain intact. We are at the threshold, but let us be permitted to express one more word of regret at parting, and at the same time mingle our thanks for the hearty support of the student body accorded us, with a word of encouragement to those who are about to take our places.

May THE MUHLENBERG prosper in the years to come and surpass the most sanguine hopes of us all.

* * *

There appears to be no end to the discussion of the relative merits of the larger and the smaller colleges. During the past year many of our leading magazines took sides on this question with elaborate articles by men prominent in the educational world. We have read quite a few of these articles and have concluded that the question is now settled, more especially though, to the satisfaction of the writers of the articles in question.

We would not presume to criticise any of the opinions held by these authorities even though our common experience at a smaller college would emphatically be at variance with any of their statements.

A few favor the smaller college, because of its insistence upon closer personal application on the part of students by reason of the frequency of being called upon to recite, made possible by smaller classes to each professor. They all deplore the inadequacy of equipment of the smaller college and its inability to furnish specialists for the various departments and branches of the college curriculum.

In speaking with a graduate of one of our larger colleges we were informed that in his opinion the close application of the student body of a smaller college was an undeniable argument in its favor, but that the restricted atmosphere, the lack of a cosmopolitan spirit among the students, and the narrowness of scope of the smaller college precluded that breadth of culture which a larger college affords. He thoroughly agrees with the president of his *Alma Mater* that if a college

education does nothing more for a man it has yet been an invaluable training, in that even the most indifferent student of a larger college cannot help but acquire the habit of "browsing." By that term he means the acquisition of knowledge and culture without special or systematic efforts.

We see no reason why "browsing" should not become the accomplishment of the indifferent student at a smaller college, or for that matter, why any sort of a student should be unable to do as much for himself by a little reading and possibly by chance association with minds cleverer than his own, and by simply using his eyes and ears to advantage.

In our opinion he who has done nothing more at college than learned to "browse" has acquired small capital to comprehend and make the most of a favorable opportunity to advance himself, much less to combat the reverses of life.

Thoroughness is the demand of the business and the professional world. Specialists are the ones who have been most successful in modern times.

The young college student of to-day with "money to burn" in his pocket, and an inheritance emblazoning the horizon of his prospects besides, may perhaps need no other equipment, but alas for the "browser" whose success depends upon his own resources.

No one will deny the importance of the most complete equipment for the modern college, and few other than the larger colleges can afford them, but no amount of appliances and appurtenances will compensate for a lack of personal effort and application on the part of the student.

A good workman with poor tools is likely to accomplish more than a poor workman with good tools.

Let the student of the smaller college not undervalue his advantages. With close application, which the smaller college fosters, he can fortify himself as completely for the struggle of life as his neighbor, who prides himself upon having attended the largest college in the land.

Personals.

A seasonable gift—a Happy New Year.

Past and passed (?)—all exams. of A. D., 1901.

Dr. Schantz, President of the Lutheran Ministerium of Pennsylvania, was a visitor at Muhlenberg, December 10, '01.

The Euterpean Literary Society installed the following officers for the ensuing term: President, Geiger, '02; Vice-President, Geisinger, '03; Secretary, Tallman, '05; Treasurer, Dry, '04; Librarian, Walborn, '03; Assistant Librarians, Haines, '04, and Kern, '05; Curator, Handwerk, '05; Corresponding Secretary, Weible, '04; Critics, Beck, '02, and Uhrich, '02.

Dr. Seip is expected to be able to resume his work in a few weeks. Dr. Ettinger and Dr. Ochsenford will hear his classes in the meantime.

Miller, '02 (commenting on Glase's behavior in chapel): "Isn't it a pity that they let you go away from home so young?"

The Sophronian Literary Society elected the following officers for the term just begun: President, Appel, '02; Vice-President, Webb, '03; Clerk, Kunkle, '04; Treasurer, Shankweiler, '05; Corresponding Secretary, Schell, '05; Librarian, Neff, '03; Assistant Librarians, Dent, '04, and Schwank, '05; Critics, Kuehner, '02, and Bartholomew, '02; Chaplain, Kriebel, '04; Pianist, Ritter, '04.

Dr. W.: "The Freshmen have enough empty room in their heads."

Kline, '03: "They will have swelled heads after the sleigh-ride."

Perhaps by the time this issue reaches its readers, the Freshmen will have enjoyed their long-looked-for sleigh-ride.

Kline's version of Chaucer's expression, "Arcite anon upsterte,"—"Arcite went up-stairs."

Beck, '02, and Uhrich, '02, delivered addresses at the Christmas exercises of the First Ward Mission Sunday-school.

The students who are teachers at the Mission Sunday-school remembered their worthy Superintendent at Christmas. The innovation is a good example.

The following have been elected members of THE MUHLENBERG staff: Editor-in-Chief, A. L. Smith, '03; Business Manager, Leefeldt, '03; Literary Editor, Roth, '03; Personal Editor, Geisinger, '03; Exchange Editor, Bartholomew, '02; Athletic Editor, Shalters, '03.

Prof. E.: "Now, Mr. Acker, what is the meaning of *caelebs?*"

Acker, '04: "I don't know."

Prof. E.: "Are you a celibate?"

Acker, '04: "No sir."

Prof. E.: "Since when?"

Dr. Dowell was unable to meet a few of his classes owing to sickness.

Our Alumni.

'69.—At the Chicago Home Mission Conference, held December 11 and 12, Dr. R. F. Weidner read a paper on "The Contribution of Theological Seminaries to the Solution of the Mission Problem;" Rev. W. K. Frick, '70, discussed "The Mission of the Lutheran Church in the West;" and Dr. G. H. Gerberding, '73, closed with a paper on "The Parish Deaconess and Mission Work."

'73.—In *The Lutheran*, of December 19, Rev. John Nicum, D. D., President of Wagner College, Rochester, N. Y. gives an interesting account of the recent meeting of the College Association of the Middle States and Maryland held at Syracuse University.

'75.—The Lutheran Woman's Aid Society of the Passavant Hospital, Chicago, furnished one of the new rooms in the "addition" in memory of the late Rev. W. A. Passavant, Jr.—*The Lutheran.*

'76.—*The Lutheran*, of December 26, contains some interesting and rather astonishing statistics on the mission work of the Lutheran Church in the United States, from the pen of Rev. Prof. S. E. Ochsenford. *The Lutheran Almanac* for 1902, under the editorship of Drs. Ochsenford and Wackernagel is

better than ever before. It seems so strange that the Lutheran Publication Board again fails to give these gentlemen credit for their painstaking efforts in behalf of this work. Nowhere in the entire Almanac is the fact mentioned that Dr. Ochsenford contributes the list of over 6000 Lutheran ministers with their proper addresses. In our opinion, the title-page of the Almanac should bear the names of the editor and his assistant. The work of these two gentlemen deserves at least so much recognition.

'78.—Rev. Charles L. Fry was the chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, of the Mission held in Philadelphia, January 6-8.

'78.—We understand that Hiram P. Kuntz is a candidate for the office of postmaster of Hazleton, Pa.

'79.—Rev. C. N. Conrad, Ph. D., of Rochester, N. Y., has, upon the successful completion of a post-graduate course in Theology, received from the University at Harriman, Tenn., the scholastic degree of S. T. D., or doctor of sacred theology. —*The Lutheran.*

'79.—Edwin J. Lichtenwallner, Esq., of Allentown, Pa., has entered upon his duties as District Attorney of Lehigh county.

'80.—On December 12, Dr. George T. Ettinger attended the annual banquet of "The Pennsylvania Society of New York," held at the Waldorf-Astoria. At the recent city Republican convention he made the speech nominating Hon. Fred. E. Lewis as the Republican candidate for Mayor of Allentown.

'81.—Rev. C. E. Sandt, has removed from 937 Walnut street to 1321 Linden street, Allentown, Pa. He confirmed 59 at Aineyville recently and received by transfer 21 members in addition.—*The Lutheran.*

'82.—Prof. S. C. Schmucker continues his chatty articles on out-door subjects in *The Ladies' Home Journal.*

'83.—From *The Lutheran* we learn than Rev. J. J. Kline, Ph.D., of New Hanover, Pa., owns a Bible printed in 1536.

'84.—On the first Sunday in Advent, the Rev. James O. Leibensperger, formerly of Denver, Lancaster County, preached in St. Peter's church, South Bethlehem, Pa., as the pastor-elect of its large and harmonious German-English congregation. His installation took place on the second Sunday in Advent. The German Sunday-school which always meets in the morning, welcomed the new pastor through Rev. Prof. Wm. Wackernagel, who, as pastor *pro tem.* since the sudden death of the greatly lamented pastor, W. F. Schoener, had taken part in the work of both Sunday-schools. Rev. J. O. Leibensperger responded in a happy manner. The installation service was largely attended and made beautiful by the exquisite singing of the choir under the leadership of the efficient organist, Prof. E. M. Haas. The charge to the pastor was delivered by the president of the Allentown Conference, the Rev. J. S. Erb, and the charge to the congregation, by the Rev. Prof. Wackernagel. The installation was performed by the president. In the afternoon the English Sunday-school met in the body of the fine church to give a welcome to the pastor. A cordial address was made by Prof. O. R. Wilt, Superintendent of the Public Schools of the town, and teacher of the English Bible class. After the pastor's response, every teacher and scholar of the school was introduced to the Rev. and Mrs. J. O. Leibensperger. In the evening the pastor preached his introductory sermon in English to a crowded house. He preached his introductory sermon in German on the third Sunday in Advent. On Tuesday evening, December 10, a reception was given to the new inmates of the commodious parsonage by the very active Ladies' Aid Society and the vestry in the Sunday-school rooms of the church. It was a very happy affair. All the members of St. Peter's, the Lutheran ministers of "Larger Bethlehem" and neighboring pastors in town were invited to attend, and they were all there. The Rev. Wm. D. C. Keiter, the old "chum" of the new pastor, and Prof. Wackernagel were the first speakers. Prof. Wilt followed with a kindly expressed "vote of thanks" for the pastor *pro tem.* and handed him a gift from the congregation, and then addressed in well-chosen words, the new and permanent pastor and his estimable wife. The pastors of other Lutheran churches in the Bethlehems, Revs. W. Hoppe, F. Cooper, and J. Mattern, pastor *pro tem.* of Grace church,

also spoke words of goodwill, and a number of neighboring pastors followed suit in the same vein. The closing address was made by one of the oldest members of St. Peter's, 'Squire Krauskopf. The pastor feels greatly encouraged by the many tokens of goodwill on the part of his people. The class of 75 catechumens, organized by the pastor *pro tem.* will be given his particular attention. St. Peter's people are glad to see him in their midst.—*The Lutheran.*

'84.—Ira Wise has removed to his commodious new home on South Fourth street, Allentown, Pa.

'84.—Sunday, December 8, was a red letter day in the history of the English Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, corner of Bedford avenue and Hewes street, Brooklyn, N. Y. It was the fifth anniversary of the consecration of the beautiful church building, which is an ornament to that section of the city. The services, which included a program of music, specially prepared for the occasion, were in charge of the pastor, the Rev. S. G. Weiskotten. During the few weeks which preceded the anniversary, the pastor had made special efforts to raise a portion of the indebtedness still remaining on the church, and on the day of celebration was able to announce that subscriptions to the amount of $17,000 had been secured towards the $20,000 intended to be raised. The occasion was a most joyful one, and is indicative of another step forward in the General Council Church work of this great city.—*The Lutheran.*

'85.—At a recent meeting of Salem Church, Bethlehem, Rev. W. F. Hoppe, pastor, the proposition was made that hereafter the midweek services, the morning service on the second Sunday of each month, whenever it does not conflict with the communion service, and the morning service on Palm Sunday, be conducted in the English language instead of the German, as heretofore. Final action in the matter will be taken at the January meeting. The reports of the various organizations and the treasurer showed the congregation to be in a prosperous condition.—*The Lutheran.*

'86.—We quote the speech of J. J. Snyder, Esq., made in the City Convention in seconding the nomination of Hon. F.

E. Lewis for candidate for the office of Mayor of Allentown, as reported in the *Morning Call.* Mr. Snyder spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen of the Convention: 'We love young men for what they promise to do' is a proverbial expression, and it is as good as it is old. Indeed, much as we respect the wisdom of old age, we yet know that the hope, prosperity, and happiness of a community, as well as a nation, depend on the enthusiasm, intelligence, and level-headedness of youth.

"Six years ago I had this sentiment in mind when, as the spokesman of my delegation, I nominated Hon. Fred. E. Lewis for mayor. We believed in the man. You may remember that I said that he was able and conscientious, fearless and just, and that he had the divine faculty of common-sense; that he had the rights and interests of the people in heart and mind and that if elected he would make the best use of all the good that was in him for the benefit and glory of the city.

"If I took pride in the promise then, I am infinitely prouder of the fulfillment now; for he was triumphantly elected and made one of the best chief executives Allentown ever had.

"His career, however, did not end with his term of office and his future is brighter than ever before. Unaided by wealth and influence, but actuated by brain and a brave spirit alone he is rather distinguished as a private citizen than as an ex-official. Already he ranks with the most prominent members of the bar, is recognized as one of the cleanest and most progressive of our public men, and is justly entitled, by reason of his charity and benefactions, to the love and friendship of the mass of the people.

"But with characteristic good sense he has not allowed himself to be spoiled by success. On the contrary, he bears himself with becoming modesty, as when he declined to be a candidate until good citizens of all sorts and conditions and irrespective of party impressed him with his duty.

"Taking him, therefore, for what he has been, he is, and promises to be—a model candidate and an ideal mayor of our fair city—I, as a delegate from the Eleventh Ward, second the nomination of Fred. E. Lewis."

'90.—Rev. J. H. Longacre, of Weissport, Pa., has been elected pastor of the charge composed of Union, Heidelburg,

and Friedens Church, in Lehigh county, Pa., to succeed the late Rev. J. B. Fox. Rev. Longacre is a graduate of Muhlenberg College and the Mt. Airy Seminary and served the Weissport charge since 1893.—*The Lutheran.*

'90.—Ira E. Seidle, Esq., is a prominent officer of the new National Bank about to be started at Lehighton, Pa.

'91.—Rev. H. F. J. Seneker, and his people of Christ church are busy raising a second thousand dollars towards the liquidation of their debt, and already $800 has been secured. —*The Lutheran.*

'93.—Prof. E. T. Kunkle, of Kresgeville, Pa., is one of the most prominent educators of Monroe county. A recent issue of the leading newspaper contained an excellent portrait of him.

'95.—Rev. Luther D. Lazarus has resigned as the assistant to Rev. Dr Horn, Reading, and accepted a call to St. John's, Nazareth, Pa. He entered upon his new field of labor on January 1.

'96.—There is joy in the household of Rev. Frederick C. Cooper, South Bethlehem, Pa., because of the birth of an eight-pound boy.

'98.—Rev. W. S. Heist has removed from Quakertown, Pa., to Vandergrift, Pa.

'01.—George H. Drumheller has a position in the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia.

'01.—Thomas McH. Yoder is with the Illinois Steel Works, Chicago.

Athletics.

The basket-ball season is now fairly begun, and Muhlenberg is fortunate in having a good team, which will leave nothing undone to raise the standard of the college in athletics. Although our athletes have been hampered by numerous difficulties, they are constantly overcoming them. Our

basket-ball team has established a good record thus far and deserves much encouragement and a fair patronage.

The manager of the base-ball team is rapidly completing his schedule for the coming season. The prospects for a strong team this year are good, and with the addition of an extra pitcher, Capt. Youse feels confident of success.

On Saturday evening, December 7th, the following team lined up in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium against Norristown Y. M. C. A.: Kriebel, '04, and Dorney, '05, forwards; Specht, '03, centre; Geiger, '02, and Miller, '02, guards. Before a large crowd of spectators an excellent game was played. The boys knew just what to do. With last year's experience and the careful training under Capt. Kriebel, they had no difficulty in defeating their opponents. The team worked as a unit. Nobody failed at any time. In passing, the team could not have been excelled. Dorney and Kriebel played a beautiful game as forwards. Geiger and Miller guarded well and showed that the game was not forgotten since last year. Specht played well at centre. A few changes were made in the second half on the Norristown team, but Muhlenberg returned with the same men. Specht had a taller man, whom he found if difficult to outjump but was his equal on the floor. A few excellent goals were thrown by Norristown. The half ended with the score: Norristown, 15; Muhlenberg, 36. The line-up:

MUHLENBERG.		NORRISTOWN.
Kriebel, Captain	forward	C. Yeakel.
Dorney	forward	Ganser.
Specht	center	W. Yeakel. / Boyd.
Geiger	guard	L. Yeakel.
Miller	guard	Saylor. / W. Yeakel.

Substitute, Weider, '05.

Goals from field: Norristown, C. Yeakel, 3; Ganser, 2; Boyd, 2. Muhlenberg, Kriebel, 7; Dorney, 7; Specht, 2; Geiger, 1.

Goals from fouls: Norristown, W. Yeakel, 1. Muhlenberg, Kriebel, 2.

Referee, Wocht. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

On Wednesday evening, December 14, Muhlenberg met her first defeat in the Lehigh University gymnasium, at the hands of the Lehigh team. Our boys played at a disadvantage, because Lehigh required the game to be governed by

rules different from those to which our men were accustomed. There was no fast work done on either side. The ball was nearly always out of bounds and very many fouls were called. The line-up:

MUHLENBERG.		LEHIGH.
Kriebel	forward	Miller.
Dorney	forward	Pfahler.
Specht	center	Clay.
Geiger	guard	Smart.
Miller, Wm.	guard	Farabaugh.

Goals from field: Lehigh, Miller, 2; Pfahler, 1; Smart, 1; Farabaugh, 1. Muhlenberg, Dorney, 1.

Goals from fouls: Lehigh, Pfahler, 9. Muhlenberg, Kriebel, 2.

Referee, Dr. Pollard. Umpires, Clair, Lehigh; Powell, Muhlenberg. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

The following is the complete schedule for this season, all the games to be played at Allentown:

January 11. Albright College.
January 18, University of Pennsylvania.
January 25, Penn'a. Institute for the Deaf.
February 1, George School.
February 11, Bucknell University.
February 15, Drexel Institute.
February 21, Medico-Chirurgical College.
March 1, LaSalle College.
March 8, Lehigh University.
March 15, Gettysburg College.

Book Review.

OUNT HANNIBAL." By Stanley J. Weyman. Published by Longmans, Green & Co.

Mr. Weyman has been aptly called "one of the pioneers of the revival of romantic fiction, which has lasted longer than many critics predicted." His works are always eagerly read by lovers of fiction and rarely are they disappointed. There is a charm about his style of weaving historical truth and fiction into the same tale that is irresistible, and the skill and care with which the plot is formed does not fail to impress the reader.

Mr. Weyman's latest product, "Count Hannibal," is founded upon the historic massacre of the Huguenots on St.

Bartholomew's Eve, in Paris. The chief characters depicted therein are Hannibal de Tavennes and a young lady, Clotilde de Vrillac. This young lady while visiting Paris with her betrothed, M. de Tignonville, during the fetes attendant upon the wedding of the King of Navarre and the sister of Charles IX, attracts the eye of the tyrannical Count Hannibal. She is a Huguenot and just before the brutal massacre he forces upon her the alternative of an immediate marriage to himself or abandonment to the mercy of the cruel mob. She accepts the conditions, thereby saving herself and her former betrothed. Count Hannibal, who is brave and reckless, soon proclaims himself master of the situation and after the manner of a tyrant succeeds in winning to a certain extent the love and respect of his wife, Clotilde. Her great efforts to remain faithful to him during trying and complicated circumstances form the most intensely interesting parts of the tale. Often called upon to decide between her Huguenot friends and her husband, one cannot help but pity her, torn and tried by conflicting emotions.

There are other notable characters in the book—de Tignonville, the rejected lover; the Protestant minister, La Tribe and his Catholic antagonist Father Pezelay,—all of which are not mere figureheads in the plot, but real, active participants.

The story itself is thrilling and sparkles with excitement and activity. Its historical references are accurate in every detail. This accuracy is especially notable in the description of Paris and its surrounding country. Mr. Weyman's wonderful power of descriptive imagery is set forth very strongly in the delineation of the terrible massacre. The bloody priests, the resisting Huguenots, the slaughter and horror of the whole affair are almost real to the mind of the reader.

The best works of Mr. Weyman are "The Red Robe," and "A Gentleman of France," and critics agree in declaring that "Count Hannibal" ranks with them.

Says W. L. Alden, in the Philadelphia *Times*, "The recent death of Kate Greenaway reminds one of the constant changes which take place in the public tastes in regard to art. There was a time when Miss Greenaway's charming children were the fashion, and mothers modeled the dresses of the little ones in accordance with her pictures. But latterly we have

heard little of Miss Greenaway. The public has acquired a taste for the grotesque rather than the pretty. Peter Newell's impossible children are liked by the average man and woman far better than are Miss Greenaway's children. Hilda Cowham, who draws boys and girls with extravagantly thin and crooked legs, is the delight of illustrated papers. The generation which accepted Aubrey Beardsley's impudent caricatures as art accepts equally impudent caricatures of child-life and prefers them to Miss Greenaway's dainty creations. The only consolation is that the pendulum will inevitably swing back again in art as in literature. We get tired of everything whether it is good or bad and pass from the one to the other with equal satisfaction.

Exchanges.

The *Buff and Blue*, of Gallaudet College, contains an excellent story, "Paying His Penalty." The "Soliloquy of a College Girl's Clock" is very clever.

The German language seems especially prolific in things worthy of adaptation. How often we see the phrase, "Adapted from the German." Very often we fail to see it where it should be seen. The adaptation in the *Ursinus College Bulletin* entitled, "Alone on Christmas Eve," is very pleasing, and we are glad that proper credit is given to the source of the story. "A Poet Made," in the same number, is the old story of plagiarism, made somewhat new by placing the unfortunate in a grammar school.

The Army-Navy number of the *Red and Blue* was very timely and sustains the reputation of Pennsylvania as the producer of an up-to-date journal.

We should like to ask the author of "Need of Independent Thinking," in the *College Student*, whether he thought independently during the composition of his article.

"Jem: A Tropical Story," in the *Comenian*, deserves mention.

The *Georgetown College Journal*, with beautiful illustrations appropriate to the holiday season, more than maintained its usual standard. The poems are all good. The stories entitled, "The Intervention of Bobby" and "The Episode of the Coward" are excellent reading. The *Journal's* Ex-man remarks, "An illustrated magazine among our contemporaries is as rare as a pink canary bird," and urges that more drawings be inserted. Artists can be found, but, until most college magazines have more financial backing, their pages must continue "sombre."

The *Dickinson Literary Monthly* contains an article which every college student having the ministry in view, ought to read. It is entitled, "The Ministry as a Life Work," and we are in hearty accord with its sentiments.

The *Bucknell Mirror*, although a good journal as far as it goes, does not seem to us to be of as high a standard as the journal of an institution called a university ought to be. As an institution grows, its journal should reflect that advancement.

The *Nassau Literary Magazine* is teeming with excellent articles and stories. Among the latter, "A White Rose," "A Walk Across the Green Mountain," and "The World's Reward," have each a charm of their own. "A Lady's Ribbon" must be mentioned with the above.

"The Ethical Element in 'Adam Bede' and 'Treasure Island,'" in the *Sibyl*, is quite a scholarly production. The *Sibyl* also furnishes a good story entitled "A Similar Instance."

Nearly all of our exchanges put forth extra efforts upon their December issues, and the words "Christmas Number," appeared upon many of them. The difference in some of the journals is quite noticeable and makes us wish that all issues were "Christmas numbers." We acknowledge the receipt of a number of journals but unfortunately lack of space prevents our commenting upon all. We congratulate the various editorial staffs upon their recent successes.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XIX. ALLENTOWN, PA., FEBRUARY, 1902. No. 6.

Theodora.

MATTHIAS R. HEILIG, '02.

It was the evening of a hot day in June, on the banks of the Ohio. The sun had set in an effulgence of crimson and gold which had surrendered its brilliance to the early stars, and now the pine and cypress were outlined against the lemon glow of the sky in fanciful designs.

A faint western breeze was flooding the scene with coolness and dispersing the collected perfumes of heliotropes and violets from their beds upon the heath.

Between two clumps of underbrush, on the very edge of the river, in bold relief and motionless, the figure of a young man might have been seen. Noiselessly had he come and quietly remained. The frogs and crickets had not lost one note in their songs, so apparently oblivious were they to his presence.

His placid exterior was peculiarly incongruous with a vague unrest within—the very cause of his fleeing the narrow quarters of his cabin to seek relief in a communion with nature. He listened a while to the chirps of the insects, the deep notes of the frogs and the accompanying murmur of the water, and wondered if any music could be sweeter. And then, as if fearing to interrupt the chorus, he whispered to himself, "Yes, Theodora, your voice is sweeter music than this." At this juncture the large, yellow moon peered over the eastern horizon. Arousing himself from his reverie the youth struck an oratorical attitude and facing the moon began in a clear, vibrating voice, "By the gods, O Mistress of the Night!——" but after a moment's hesitation he sighed heavily, thrust his hands into his pockets, and starting for the pine grove was soon enveloped in its gloom.

* * *

"Father, will you walk with me to the ridge? The sunset is superb and it has become much cooler since supper.

What is it—your cane? Oh, why, I think—yes, here it is. You put it there by the fireplace when you returned from your morning walk. You are studying too hard lately, Father. You used to take two long walks a day and now you limit yourself to one short one. What's that? You get enough exercise? No, I don't agree with you. Carrying water and chopping wood are not beneficial exercises for one of your years. You must let me chop the wood and build the fire after this. I am strong for a girl, and it will strengthen me additionally, while the swing of the axe is beginning to enervate you. Isn't that grand? Look at those long, parallel clouds and those golden tufts above them! Oh, how much like the evening——"

The soft, musical voice ceased and the fair speaker hung her shapely head.

Her father smiled sadly and attempted to complete her period: "——when the young hunter who had lost his way became our guest." The blush which mounted the girl's cheeks and temples did not escape the notice of her fond parent. And as they stand there watching the fading light, each wondering what the other is thinking, it is a fair opportunity to speak more specifically of them.

The girl's father was fast approaching three-score and ten, and his head was crowned with a luxuriant growth of pure white hair. His frame had succumbed but little to the hardships of his active life; and his brain was as clear as it had been thirty years earlier.

Shortly after the birth of his daughter, and subsequent death of his wife, he had removed himself somewhat from civilization, and at length had built a cottage on the edge of a wood near a river, within easy reach of a quiet village, whence he supplied himself with the necessities of life.

Here, amid poetical, sylvan surroundings, free from the intrusions of men and unannoyed by the social, civil and economic worries which wear on a man's peace of mind, he had pursued his vocation and had educated his daughter. She had a beauty which comes only to those unconscious of their excellencies. She possessed a grace which those only who make Nature their companion can acquire. She had inherited a quick mind, a good taste and a sacrificing disposition. At the age of eighteen she had concluded the study of mathe-

matics and understood it better than her father. At twenty she was of valuable assistance to her father in his life-work of translating and studying the early Latin writers. Her spare moments were spent among her flowers, with the poets or at the piano. Her knowledge was not altogether limited to books. She had visited the Holy Land and Rome twice with her father, and had spent some time in Cuba. However, this fair creature had never associated with men of her own age, and seldom, indeed, with her own kind. Her father was all and all to her and he fairly worshipped his daughter. "Truly," he would often muse—and did again on this particular evening in June,—"she is well named, 'a gift of God'."

One by one the stars venture to appear, and a pale flush in the east announces the moon. With slow and peaceful steps the girl and her father descend to their humble abode on the edge of the wood.

* * *

To the youth whose poetic fancy had been stirred by the vespers of the fields, the cloudless dawn on the morrow was a source of satisfaction. "Ho, the day's ideal!" he sang, as he ran to the scene of his evening meditation for his morning plunge in the river, "if only my hopes, newly risen with the sun, do not with it set." Refreshed by his cool bath and strengthened in courage he hastily donned his hunting suit, devoured a slight breakfast, and picking up his rifle locked the cabin door and struck a well-worn path leading due south from his cabin. In five minutes he came to the end of the path, which terminated at a ferry. He observed with regret how popular the path was becoming. In an honest endeavor to remove himself from the atmosphere of a gay city, to become disinured to luxury, and to apply himself conscientiously to the study of law, he had rented, early in the summer, a log cabin in a large pine grove belonging to and adjoining the farm of a genial suburban gentleman in whose spacious mansion he partook of three hearty meals a day.

The good people of the farm seldom visited him, though the cabin was but three minutes walk from the farmhouse. His solitude was most frequently disturbed by his club men, whose calls were as unpleasant as they were lengthy. Had he not possessed a captivating manner and a perennial congen-

iality, he would have been spared the annoyance of his companions, who thought this hermit-like existence but a ruse to ameliorate the disfavor of an austere father.

But, it should be explained here, back of this desire to be alone, to study earnestly, and to reform his habits, was a stronger and nobler motive than the mere subjugation of precarious habits or the laying of a foundation for future fame at the bar. Indeed, how many evenings had he spent with his pipe, watching the smoke evanesce in the dusk, while his mind pictured over and over again that memorable hunting trip of the summer before, upon which occasion he had lost his way and had been found by a kind old gentleman and his beautiful daughter, whose hospitality had so much more than recompensed him for losing his way! How often the image of the sweet, sympathetic countenance of the maiden had come between him and the pages of his "Stephen on Pleading!" True, they had seen very little of each other, but both understood. Upon parting, a mighty struggle began within him, the outcome of which was a letter. A hopeful reply decided him, and he swore to make himself worthy of her or die in the attempt.

Upon arriving at the ferry the young man turned slightly to the right and made his way along the sandy shore of the river until a bend in the river necessitated his entering a forest. The shade was grateful and the aroma of ferns and foliage never seemed so fragrant.

Gradually his pace grew slower. At length, preoccupied with thought, he sat on a mossy rock to rest, and continued some time to sit thinking, quite heedless of the flight of time; or, if he was conscious of it, he evinced no inclination to proceed. And this was strangely inconsistent with his nervous haste previous to his entering the wood. Unfortunate youth, he had begun to realize a mistake.

Men may accustom themselves to different surroundings, direct their energies into nobler or baser channels, but their natures remain the same. The same ambitions, tastes and proclivities will remain the governing principles; and the same weaknesses, inconsistencies and vanities continue to be characteristic. The most nearly perfect elimination of the element of bad does not change a man's nature; and this, unhappily, the young man had not realized. He had reformed,

he had even joined the Church, he did all things in moderation; and yet, there was something between him and Theodora. She seemed to him absolutely too pure. He would never dare to mention his past to her, and the thought sent chills of disappointment down his spine. Her tastes were so different, he reasoned, and innumerable scenes of wild and festive times and strange occasions flitted through his brain: the blonde in New Orleans, whose threatening letters had caused him so much worry; the duel with the Frenchman, in Louisville, and the three day's flight from justice through Kentucky; the tramp *incognito* during a financial embarrassment; the trip abroad, and the gaiety and luxuries of Paris; the agonizing nights of ill luck in the bucket-shops of Saratoga; a confusion of banquets, suppers, feasts; the whirl of music, song, wine and women. No, of course he did not care to live over these years of dissipation. But why had the ballroom, the merry scenes at the club, the company of witty, fashionable women, the excitement of the chase, and the pleasures of travelling—why had all this such a fascination for him? It angered him to suspect himself of preferring society to her, but how could he make her content and happy when his was such a different sphere? What did he care about Latin, or Philology, or Archaeology? What interest above admiration had he in the beauties of nature? Theodora lived in this classic atmosphere. He wondered what in him beyond his good looks attracted her;—for a man when he reasons with himself does not allow himself to be biased, either by modesty or conceit.

And so in mute debate he sat, and the noon hour came and passed; but hunger was a secondary matter. Finally in anguish of mind he rose and faced the direction of her cottage. "No, as long as I remember you I can never marry another." This said, he stood awhile, then turning, retraced his steps, murmuring as he crushed the dried leaves and twigs beneath him, "I wonder will she be sorry I didn't come. Would that I had not written her I'd come. It's all for her sake. I love her!"

* * *

The heart of a modest, gentle girl is the promptuary of ten thousand delicate, mysterious charms which a man may never probe.

Her fondest sympathies and deepest yearnings are moulded by the cherished secrets of this fastness. The love which a delicate-minded girl admits is but an ephemeral fascination; but the love which she would guard and which finds expression only in softening eyes, heaving breast, and quivering blushes, is life itself to her. Long will she keep back the voice of this true affection until the impassioned longings become a distress. Sad, indeed, if tears for a dying lover are the channels in which the utterance of a broken heart must flow. But most fearful, if that voice be lured into utterance in vain—deceived by a trust abused! Scattered to the winds are the chaste, maiden hopes! Wild desolation fills the soul now terrorized and comfortless.

Theodora, fair, sweet-voiced Theodora, had the heart of a modest, gentle girl. Faith and hope flowed into her heart as the brooks into the placid river.

Her hopes had risen high when this day in June dawned cool and clear. The afternoon she spent before the cottage door in the height of joyful anticipation, destined to be unrealized. It was a tribute to her meekness and patience that her cheerfulness and sweet temper remained with her as she prepared her father's supper and tried to coax back her appetite, recently so good.

Then followed dark hours of doubt and foreboding. At last a letter came. Ah yes; well-written, kind, apologetic, and affectionate, but to her a cruel, a mighty blow. Her soul shrank in pain. For weeks she struggled against the grief, but—it came; that dreaded, melancholy decline, came—came fast. Science, care, prayer—all of no avail.

And now the cottage on the edge of the wood is deserted.

Philanthropy. Its True Motive.

LAWRENCE GRIESEMER, '04.

The art of aiding the poor has been practiced from time immemorial. When the patriarch Job was justifying himself he spoke of his work for the unfortunate in language which is still considered suitable for describing an ideal philanthropist. Before Christianity was a power, far beyond the influence of Hebrew faith, the instinct of sympathy for

those in distress had prompted men to kindly acts. The beggar is known to almost all literatures with which men are acquainted; and where beggars are, there must also be those that give. But alms-giving or church aid of ancient times, even the State aid of the Middle Ages are but as the widow's mite compared with the immense activity in the line of charities today. With our organized Charity Associations, often controlled and watched over by State Boards, we establish institutions, build schools, foster clubs, promote entertainments and excursions to the country, replace dirty and unwholesome houses by sound and well-planned structures, establish parks and found free libraries and public baths. Many men and women devote their whole time to planning schemes for the improvement of the condition of the people; some even themselves see to the execution of their schemes. But while Philanthropy is thus active, the prevailing feeling is still one of anxiety, a feeling of failure. Both rich and poor are dissatisfied. Money is given, schemes are supported, improvements are made, yet there is no increase of happiness and little sense of peace. The rich are asking, "To what purpose do we do good?" and the poor ask, "Why do the rich do good?" With all this manifold activity, Philanthropy still fails to create peace and good will. Why this failure? Is it because not enough of time and money are bestowed on the poor, or is it lack of organization? Neither. It is because of the motives that lie behind much of the giving. Motives are more important than methods. The reason for which a man acts will in the end tell more on his neighbors than the way in which he acts. A good method may for a time serve its purpose, but in the end it becomes lifeless and deadening, while a good motive, even if it does make mistakes, will at least make its actions fit its purpose. Let us look at some of the motives which inspire men to giving. The first, probably, is pity. Men can not endure the sight of suffering; can not endure to see the starving and shivering creatures in the damp darkness of the streets as they drive to their own bright-colored homes. They therefore build better houses, furnish better hospitals; they open schools and institutions in which trades are taught; they send children for country holidays; give thousands annually to charity.

Another very common incentive to benevolence is supplied by religion. A Hindoo epic says, "He who giveth without stint food to the fatigued wayfarer, obtaineth merit that is great." The Talmud says, "The house that does not open to the poor shall open to the physician." Under such threats, or similar ones, believers felt constrained to aid the poor for a selfish reason; it was an act of penance, not of charity. But true charity gets its chief religious authority from Him who commanded us to love God and our neighbors and in explaining these commands pronounced the parable of the Good Samaritan. Christianity gave to charity a purified and ennobled motive very different from the former idea of charity as a means of securing divine favor.

The third motive inspiring men to Philanthropy, is a sort of pride in order. Men do not like to have in the midst of their city an unhealthy area, a joyless population, a disinherited class. They feel about such things somewhat as a landlord feels about some untidy portion of his estate. Then, also, there are lower motives. How many endowments are made merely to bring renown to the donor! How many of our great men have endowed institutions out of mere spite, to deprive some despised relative! Philanthropy, governed by the ordinary motives, simply acts to get poverty and suffering out of the way. A philanthropist, inspired by such motives, may, as many have been known to do, corrupt a whole neighborhood. There are Boards of Guardians, which under the impulse of pity, have granted relief and thereby set a whole community cringing and grudging. There are schools where the provision of food and clothing has begotten in the children a rivalry of greed, in the parents a spirit of discord, and turned steady workers into restless beggars. Our charities allow beggars, paupers, diseased people of all sorts to exist and transmit their vices and diseases to a future generation. Since the beginning of human history there has never been a moment in which tens of thousands of human beings were not suffering intense pain as the result of hereditary disease. If a hundred years ago, the angel who smote the hosts of Sennacherib, had returned to earth and destroyed all the wicked, violent and permanently diseased of our race, our society would now be materially better than it is. Cannot society by organized action of some kind pro-

mote the happiness of the race? Undoubtedly it can by the simple method of attacking in every way the chain of human suffering. Every child which it rescues from a life of disease and crime and trains in the way of health and morality is a link broken in the chain of transmitted human suffering. For every boy who is allowed to grow up on tobacco and dime novels a new link is forged in this chain. It is a misdirected motive of Philanthropy that begs officials to save the life of some condemned criminal. That is tender-heartedness begging that a poor tiger shall be allowed to run loose in our streets, to gratify once more his murderous propensities and perhaps breed a race of murderers.

A new motive must be added to those already in force, if service is to meet the needs of those who, although poor and degraded, have within them a divine spark making them akin to the highest. That motive is Christian godliness, the continued consciousness of a power making for right, the sense of a love of which all other loves are but broken lights. Whatever such a motive be called, it is evidently not a common one. Men are not moved to speech or silence, to act one way or another, by the thought that a greater power is shaping their ends, rough-hew them as they may. If in charities men could recognize this higher power, their pity and thought would come into proper line of action. It is the irregular action of these, like untrained horses, first one, then the other, dashing forward and drawing backward the chariot of Philanthropy, that causes so many disasters. Pity would urge, and thought would direct, and guide action. They would not allow a man to support a social scheme one year with a hundred thousand dollars and neglect it next year. A second result of this new motive would be greater regard of the individual. At present a poor man is thought of as a bundle of wants and evils, therefore he is relieved with gifts to hush these cries and soothe these pains. But the poor man in the streets wants not only warmth and food; he wants to think, to be good, and to love. Such a new motive would not allow us to throw money to a beggar and rush on; it would make it impossible to believe that vulgar songs and second-rate pictures are sufficient to amuse the poor; it would be impossible, by exaggerated advertisement and appeals to low motives to do good; nor would it sanction the custom of eat-

ing, drinking, and dancing for charity's sake. The true philanthropist will hold it his duty to make common what is best, so that every one may, by knowledge and art, rise to his highest. Many millions are spent annually but the poor still want space, air and water; they lack the means of knowing the things by which they would grow to the height of their being and enjoy life, and they have no friends among the rich.

The true motive of Philanthropy is to be found in that consciousness which is the essence of religion. The religion which is now connected with Philanthropy is often that which rests upon forms or words used by past generations to express their consciousness of God and not that which rests on a consciousness derived by men of today from the revelations of today. Philanthropists should be better students of the signs of the times, and before giving should find out, not what is expedient, but what it is that must be done. The greatest problem of Philanthropy is to make human beings who are capable of work out of individuals who otherwise must become paupers, and thus create useful members of society. "It is only the great souls who know all the grandeur there is in charity."

Come and See.

ALUMNUS.

Whence come the ideas the general public has concerning certain places? And why are these ideas characterized by a great divergence from true conditions? With the ferret-like persistency of the modern newspaper, which stops not even at the sacred threshold of the family in its insatiable greed for the racy, the mysterious, the curious, it seems almost incredible that there still exists a multitude of topics upon which the public has not been enlightened. The life and management of the orphanage asylum and kindred charitable and social establishments; of the racial institution, the technical school, the college, and the university are brought before the public in essay, history, and fiction. Nor must mention be omitted of the numerous illustrated articles in which

pictures of the buildings, environments, officers, and even inmates or students are all presented as uncontrovertable arguments for the "acknowledged supremacy" of whatsoever the newspaper or magazine happens to be exploiting. Why, we ask, with all this wealth of information on such a variety of subjects, does the generality of people still remain ignorant, or labor under misapprehension of certain institutions of long standing? Take theological seminaries, for instance. It is by no means uncommon to find persons who imagine that the atmosphere of a seminary is of necessity depressing. They picture to themselves buildings with cells, rather than rooms, painful in the simplicity of their arrangement and furnishings. Their ideas of the students themselves smack more of the monk, the hermit, the ascetic, than of active, healthy men alive to the beauties and pleasures, as well as to the spiritual needs, of the world. Most of the men who come to our own seminary, at Mt. Airy, express surprise at the divergence between the actual conditions, and their own conception of what the place and the life would be. It is with an aim to correct erroneous ideas concerning the seminary, at least among our college men, that this article is written.

When you are told that our seniors look forward to the separation which graduation brings with greater regret than they did at college, it will show that there must be some attractions, advantages, claims, in the life and spirit of the place. Not the least of these is the environment in which the seminary lies. All seasons of the year appeal to our students, for each one brings a beauty and charm all its own. To watch the campus burst into bloom in springtime is most fascinating. To leave for the summer's vacation just when luxuriant shade and a diversity of lounging nooks allure most strongly, is a task indeed. To come back in fall and drink in the solemn grandeur of the flaming, yet rapidly fading glory of tree and shrub, brightened yet more by the brilliancy of the autumnal sunsets, is inspiring. To stand at the window and see the glitter of the snow-clad campus flooded by the winter moon, seemingly enmeshed amid the branches of the tall pines, is the most appealing sensation of all. Nature seems to have lavished her bounties upon Mt. Airy, for it is not only the campus which changes thus with an almost living interest, as

weeks roll by into months, but the whole countryside which abounds in field and grove, hill and dale, blended most ideally. He who is to teach men to know their God, must of necessity know God most intimately himself. He must "walk with God". Surely he must be passionless who could fail to catch a newer, purer, knowledge of the Creator from the stirring, ever-present manifestations of His power, which are here.

This happy, cheerful mood of nature has its effect upon the dormitory life of the place. Long in our memory will linger many pleasant hours spent in laughter, song and frolic in our rooms, on the porches, or under the trees. An optimistic spirit pervades all the life, aided and abetted as it is by both nature and the perfection of the dormitory arrangements.

But it is the intellectual advantages which undoubtedly predominate, a fact which will appeal to every true student. There is an atmosphere which gradually makes itself felt, unlike anything a man has before experienced. It sobers him, putting him alive to the demands made upon men in the world's work. He comes to see the purpose of his intellectual striving drawn in clearer, broader lines. Here, if never in all his college course, does a man begin to feel the force of "know thyself." There are many factors in this transformation, one of which is, doubtless, the specializing as it were, the devotion of mental efforts to a specific subject—theology in all its branches. Another potent influence is the personality and attainments of the faculty. It is not the province of this article to eulogize, but it would fail to cover its ground properly should mention not be made of the molding power of the teaching force. True it is that in any educational institution the real influence rests with those who guide and direct the mental activity of the student; but this is especially the case in a theological seminary. Here the professor is not simply a giant in his particular branch; his life is measured not alone by its conformity with the ethics or morals of his special subject; the influence of a theological professor is broader than that. He comes to his classes burning with zeal not only for the matter in hand, but all becomes subservient to one great aim—that of saving souls. It is not so much the mere correctness or error as to the author of a biblical book, or the exact date of its composition, as it

is the question of how the correct or erroneous view will affect the powerful proclamation of the *Gospel.* To the exposition of any theme is brought all the study, experience, and prayer of a life-time of consecrated service. The center of every study is Christ and Him crucified. It is this constant, practical, earnest application of lecture and recitation material to life-work for the cure of souls that is the broadening influence. It is a strong, powerful, quickening influence because backed by authoritative experience of ripe years, and a well-tried religion. The contrast also of one's own life, and that of the teacher, seen in the searchlight of this living truth is a new vision of self. It is that which molds and sobers our outlook ; changes ambitions and purposes.

Then, too, as an added advantage are the libraries of the seminary itself, and of the different sections of the city. All of these are easy of access to the students. To what student does a library not appeal? What avenues of thought, study and research browsing amid volumes of the thought of masters, past and present, open? Here they are ready for you, volume on volume in sacred, profane, and ecclesiastical history, theology and philosophy, philology, essay and criticism, poetry and fiction in any language you may choose or prefer. The mere wealth of material represented by so many shelves and rooms filled with books has an educational value. The only drawback here is the lack of time to make full use of the material at hand.

Again students derive much benefit by the nearness of the seminary to a great city. The location is just far enough away to weaken the attracting power of the least helpful elements of city life. On the other hand it is just near enough to make all the richnesses of literary, musical, and artistic advantage easily available. Thither come all the great pulpit orators and lecturers, the celebrated heads and masters of the great intellectual, political and social movements of the day. Here may be heard the soul-stirring compositions of the masters of pianoforte and symphonic orchestral music, the grandeur of the classical operas, interpreted by the stars of the operatic world—music in all its elevating, moving, inspiring modes of expression. Here one may gaze in awe and wonder, with stimulation and profit, at the subtle, almost

lifelike creations of the brush, pencil and chisel of the most famous painters and sculptors. All this cannot fail to have its influence on a man's intellectual growth. It all represents life, the life many-sided, complicated, mysterious, of the great world, the force with whose evils we must battle, and whose excellencies we may use and enjoy. One comes to feel this more strongly the more he sees of these things. It gives him a sort of fierce, exultant joy to realize even but slightly the strength of the powers against which he must contend. Learning as he does in the classroom to measure closely the power of good over evil, and to put all to the test, he contrasts all he sees and hears with Truth's eternal standards. Under this measurement life's weaknesses and vigors take on a sterner aspect; again the influence is strengthening and sobering.

The foregoing are but a few of the advantages our seminary offers to those who become her children for three years. Three happy, busy, eventful years they are for the most of us; and they leave us better, purer, truer men. They fit us for the task of life, a stern task; but the process is a pleasant one, as may be seen. But recently has come to us the appeal for more men for the Gospel ministry. The year's statistics show a deplorable decrease in the attendance of nearly all theological schools, and the Church is asking herself the cause for it. Perhaps the misunderstanding and false conception of the kind of life required in the three years of special preparation has but little to do with this present decline, yet it likely has some weight. The great thing is that men should feel the Call; feel it searchingly, deeply, strongly. That can only come as the result of pure spiritual life in the family, and in the individual. It is to a deepened family and personal piety we must look for an increase of "men of God". Yet there may be many men to-day who, feeling the Call in greater or less degree, find their decision hampered by problems resting in just such misapprehension as referred to above. If this brief, but sincere, presentation of the attractions of seminary life should help but one such man to remove the obstacle and heed the Great Call its mission will be realized. May it reach and help many!

In Memoriam.

An effort to withstand the shock caused by the death of our schoolmate, Clarence Dech Heckenberger, seems but to bring to our memory, again and again, the personality of him whom God has called from our midst.

The grief felt at his absence from the halls and class-rooms is inestimable, especially at the thought of the short period of attendance necessary to his graduation.

Fraternal love, kindled by continued associations, may well mourn; but paternity wrestles with the seeming impossibility that a son should be carried to the world beyond and henceforth be present in memory only; while maternity laments in dire anguish for the offspring that has been torn from its bosom.

Christianity, however, in its holiness comforts all when troubled, for it gives us the blessed assurance of victory o'er the grave through our Lord, Jesus Christ.

CLARENCE DECH HECKENBERGER.

Clarence Dech Heckenberger, son of Dr. Joseph Heckenberger and his wife Flora A. E. (Dech) Heckenberger, was born on the 18th of January, 1882. He suffered of appendicitis and died on Tuesday, February 4th, 1902, after an illness dating from January 17th.

During his early boyhood days he attended the public schools of his native town. He entered the Academic department at the opening of the fall term of 1896; and the college proper in the fall of 1898. He was about to graduate this spring, being a member of the Senior class.

He was a member of St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Congregation and Sunday-school of Catasauqua, Pa., where he was found useful everywhere, having served as president of the Young People's Association for two years, and as treasurer of the Sunday-school for a period of two years. He also held the position of vice-president of the Central Luther League, of the Allentown district, for a period of four years.

He was buried on the 8th of February, 1902. Services were held in the church, of which he was a member, in the presence of members of the faculty, of schoolmates and

friends. The sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. James F. Lambert, on a text taken from Rev. 2:10, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

Resolutions of Respect.

RESOLUTION BY THE FACULTY.

Inasmuch as Clarence Dech Heckenberger, of the Senior Class, has been called from our midst, be it

Resolved, That all work of the institution be suspended on the day of the funeral and that the Senior Class Professor and such members of the faculty as can, attend the funeral.

G. T. ETTINGER, Secretary.

RESOLUTIONS BY THE SOPHRONIA LITERARY SOCIETY.

Whereas, Almighty God in His Infinite Wisdom and All-Wise Providence has seen fit to remove from our midst our fellow-member, Clarence Dech Heckenberger, be it resolved,

That, Sophronia Literary Society regard with deep sorrow and regret the loss of one of her members.

That, Although she bows in humble submission to the dictates of the Divine Will, yet, she keenly feels that in his departure she has been bereft of a member, good and faithful.

That, She extend to the bereaved family her heartfelt sympathy in this, their great affliction.

SAMUEL E. MOYER,
JACOB F. SCHOLL,
CHARLES W. WEBB,
Committee.

RESOLUTIONS BY THE SENIOR CLASS.

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst our esteemed classmate and friend, Clarence Dech Heckenberger, be it

Resolved, First, that we bow in humble submission to the Divine Will, knowing "that all things work together for good to them that love God."

Further, That by his death we have lost a companion worthy of our highest regard and affection, and

Finally, That we, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Two, of Muhlenberg College, extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved parents.

RUSSEL B. LYNN,
FRANK M. UHRICH,
WARREN GEIGER,
Committee.

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Editorial.

"May THE MUHLENBERG prosper in the years to come and surpass the most sanguine hopes of us all."

With these words of encouragement from the retired staff the new staff begins its labors.

That the duties exacted from us by our various positions will be laborious is hardly possible; rather do we feel that time spent with the aim and in the hope that the spirit of the above words convey, will be to us a pleasure and bring cherished thought for future years.

Though the quotation is directed especially by its author "to those who are about to take our places", it nevertheless must interest all those who have the success of THE MUHLENBERG at heart. It is upon the co-operation of these friends that the new staff must depend.

In the production of this, our initial number, we feel that we can already express the hearty conviction that we shall be well aided in our effort to continue and, if possible, increase the interest of our readers.

It is the intention of the present staff to procure for

each issue an article from some alumnus, attendant at the seminary at Mt. Airy. These articles we hope will not only be received and read by those who have attended both Muhlenberg and the Seminary, for the object they seek should invite all those to a thorough perusal, who look at the preparation for the ministry and life at the Seminary as the choice of the simple-minded.

* * *

The Glee Club gave its first concert of the season in St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Doylestown, Pa., on Saturday evening, February 8th, 1902. We may well remember the successful season of last year's Glee Club and be very thankful for its work. The Club has been fortunate in being able to retain Mr. Ralph Kline as director. The loss of five members by graduation has been fully repaired by the election of five new men.

Judging from the reception and entertainment accorded the members, the first concert was a success.

Business Manager DeLong has thus far arranged for the following dates.

February 8 . . . . . Doylestown.
February 17 . . . . . Hokendauqua.
February 22 . . . . . Emaus.
March 18 . . . (Lyric Theatre) Allentown.
March 22 . . . . . Bath.
April 10 . . . . . Reading.

The College Play.

The Muhlenberg College Dramatic Association, under the direction of Luther Anthony, made its first appearence before the public by presenting "The Cheerful Liar" in the Lyric Theatre, January 30, 1902. Immense posters had previously informed the public to "go 'way back and sit down" for the purpose of being infected by the liar's cheerfulness. However, there was a lively competition for the front seats and the fortunate ones securing them lost no degree of cheerfulness thereby.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Jones; A Hymn Book and Playing Card Agent . . Lee M. Erdman.
Ebenezer Goodly; Head of Family . . . . . Joseph R. Tallman.

Richard Heatherly; Marjorie's *Fiance* . . . . . J. Ralphus Freed.
Thomas Holder; Policeman . . . . . Charles D. Trexler.
Rev. Anthony Goodly; From Australia . . . . . Lewis A. Ink.
William Bigbee; Inmate of Insane Asylum . . . Clinton Zerwick.
George Fuller; Supt. of Insane Asylum . . Moulton E. McFetridge.
Mrs. Goodly; Ebenezer's Wife . . . . . Paul J. Neff.
Cissy; Their Ward . . . . . William H. Roth.
Alvina; Mrs. Goodly's Maiden Sister . . . Efenger A. Bartholomew.
Helena; Swedish Servant . . . . . Walter C. Beck.
Marjorie } Their Daughters . . . . . { Peter W. Leisenring.
Minerva } { Charles A. Haines.

As a specialty, the Muhlenberg College Glee Club entertained the audience with a selection. Mr. Ralph Kline sang one of his admirable solos, "Gypsy John."

All concerned in this first effort of the Dramatic Association are certainly to be commended. The program appropriately represented the college colors, the print of the cover being cardinal red and the material gray.

The following were the officers:

Business Managers, Moulton E. McFetridge, Harry W. Shimer. Play Committee, Lawrence H. Rupp, President; Walter C. Beck, Warren Geiger. Patroness Committee, Walter C. Beck, George S. Fegely, J. Ralphus Freed, John B. Geisinger, Lewis A. Ink, Jacob S. Kistler, Charles T. Kriebel, Peter W. Leisenring, Moulton E. McFetridge and Alvin E. Youse.

The Alpha Tau Omega Dance.

Pennsylvania Alpha Iota Chapter of the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity held a delightful dance in Lehigh Valley Hall on the evening of January 28. Eighty couples were in attendance, most of whom took advantage of the excellent program of dances. Music was furnished by Ruhe's orchestra, assisted by Giovanni Setaro, the well-known harpist. The decorations were in the fraternity colors, sky-blue and old gold. Palms nearly hid the orchestra from view and a large badge of the fraternity occupied a conspicuous place on the west wall of the room. Excellent refreshments, prepared by an out-of-town caterer, were served during the intermission, at which time also Signor Setaro delighted all by two harp

solos. Six tables were provided at which those not participating in the dancing played progressive euchre. The ladies' first prize was won by Mrs. George Eckert; gentlemen's first prize by Mr. Herbert Keller. All who attended the dance report an enjoyable time. The affair was in charge of the following committee:

Wm. M. D. Miller, chairman; Edwin K. Kline, George E. K. Guth, Alfred S. Hartzell, and B. Frank Rinn.

The Freshman Sleighride.

The evening of Friday, January 31, 1902, might be called the evening that laid the foundation of the history of the class of 1905; for the members announced their existence to the people of Allentown and vicinity by taking advantage of the freshly-fallen snow and ushering into history that annual event, the Freshman Sleighride.

The class was very successful in evading the well-planned schemes of the Sophomores. The members assembled in the very heart of the city, on the afternoon of the above-mentioned date and defied the enemy to approach. Picture the scene in your mind: the snow, the Freshmen, the money, the sleigh, the ride, the arrival at Bath, the cream soda, the supper, the thirst, the smile of satisfaction, the return, the nap, the head. Before you express yourself do not forget that the order of affairs has destined it to be so.

MENU.

Consomme.

Entrees. Chicken Salad.

Mineral Waters. Roast. Relishes. Celery.

English Pickles. Chicken. Waffles.

Vegetables. Dressed Tomatoes.

Lettuce and Creamed Cheese. Lehigh Corn. Dessert.

Cakes. Salted Almonds. English Walnuts.

Cream Nuts. Raisins. Apples.

Frozen Peach. Domestic Cheese. Coffee.

Personal.

Dr. E., (speaking of the evils of the modern treating system): "According to the etiquette of Bacchus, if eight men meet, each of whose capacity is two drinks, they must drink around eight times and what is the result?"

Miller, '03: "Eight drunks."

Dr. E.: "Bluntly speaking, that's true."

Dr. W., (to Sophomores): "Your conduct plainly shows that fools have n't died yet."

The Juniors upon entering Dr. Ettinger's room, just vacated by the Freshmen, complained of the foulness of the air; to which Dr. Ettinger replied: "Well, that's what the Juniors said two years ago."

Dr. W.: "There is always some disturbance being created by those three fine gentlemen—Trexler, Miller and Shalter."

Trexler: "Doctor, am I chairman of that committee?"

Dry, Leisenring and Sultzbach, '04 have been appointed as delegates from the Missionary Society to organize and conduct a Mission Sunday-school at Mountainville.

The semi-annual meeting of the Board of Trustees was held in the College chapel on January 28. There was a good attendance and important business was transacted.

Croman, '03, attended a meeting of the committee of arrangements of the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Union, held in Philadelphia on February 1.

The Juniors recently began their laboratory work. As a consequence nosegays are in great demand, especially by the Sophomores on a Friday afternoon.

Gable, '02, addressed the Luther Leagues at Macungie and Emaus, last week.

One of our students is a fatalist. Fate has decided that he must go to see a certain fair one every Wednesday night; so of course it is not his fault if he does not get up in time for recitations the next morning.

Dr. B.: "Mr. Miller, why are the days longer in summer than in winter?"

Miller, '02: "Why,——"

Dr. B.: "Is it because the heat stretches everything?"

Miller, '02: "Hardly."

The Junior class elected the following officers: President, Youse; Vice-President, Kauffman; Recording Secretary, Esterly; Corresponding Secretary, Geisinger; Treasurer, Neff; Monitor, Shimer.

Fred. A. Kohler, of the Clarion State Normal School, has enrolled as a student in the Academic department.

W. C. Wieder has been elected manager of the Freshman play to be given next June.

A Spectacle—Beck, in female garb, parading Hamilton street on the Saturday night before the play. Everybody "saw him come in and saw him go out."

Shalter, '03, is the happy owner of an automatic hat. He always takes it along to German recitation. The peculiarity about it is, that when he rises to recite the hat mysteriously disappears.

The question puzzling the Sophomores is: How did the Freshmen get off on their sleighride?

Rohrig: "Glase, are you boss in this room?"

Glase: "Yes. Do you think I am married?"

Dr. E.: "Now, Mr. Kistler, what does an adverb generally modify?"

Kistler: "A noun."

Miller: "Scholl, was n't that fiine?"

Scholl: "Yes; but you had to drink so much water for a little of the good stuff."

Smith, '03, who left school last October, because of an affliction of his eyes, finds it impossible to state when he will again be able to resume his studies.

Athletic.

One of the fastest basket-ball games ever played on the floor of the Y. M. C. A. took place on January 18, when Muhlenberg met defeat at the hands of the representatives of the University of Pennsylvania. The first half ended with the score 12 to 6 in favor of the visitors. When the second half opened, Muhlenberg started with a rush, and after a few minutes of play the score was 12 to 11. The enthusiastic crowd, which occupied every inch of available space, went wild with excitement. At this point Pennsylvania made several changes in her line-up which materially strengthened her team, and during the last few minutes her score went rapidly upward. The game was intensely interesting and Muhlenberg is especially to be commended for her plucky game against men of superior height and weight. Geiger, at guard, played the best game for Muhlenberg. His two goals deserved the applause they received. For Pennsylvania, McCrudden, at center, played an excellent game. At the end of the game the score was: Muhlenberg, 15; Pennsylvania, 29. Line up as follows:

MUHLENBERG.		UNIVERSITY OF PENN.
Kriebel	forward	Sausser, Watson.
Wieder	forward	Evans.
Dorney	center	McCrudden, Sausser.
Geiger	guard	Darragh.
Miller	guard	Ferguson, Bennet.

Goals from field: Muhlenberg, Kriebel, 1; Wieder, 2; Dorney, 1; Geiger, 2. University, Sausser, 2; Evans, 3; McCrudden, 4; Darragh, 3; Bennet, 1.

Goals from offense: Muhlenberg, Kriebel, 3. University, Darragh, 3.

Referee, Vogt. Timekeeper, Trexler. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

On Saturday, February 1, Muhlenberg lined up against the strong George School team and the result was one of the most lively-contested games witnessed.

George School team has played excellent basket-ball all season, having won every game up to this date and the defeat was a very sore one indeed as well as a surprise.

The passing which the team had worked to such an ad-

vantage in the Norristown game, they again regained and worked beautifully.

Dorney played his old position as forward again with great success, throwing five goals in the first half. The excellent passing showed that Capt. Kriebel had his team well under command. Although his first game, Youse, as center, played a good game. Miller and Wieder did good work at guarding.

The score at the end of the first half was 13 to 5 in favor of Muhlenberg. Final score 23 to 18. Line up as follows:

MUHLENBERG.		GEORGE SCHOOL.
Dorney	forward	Magill.
Kriebel, Capt.	forward	Farquhar.
Youse.	center	Henrie.
Miller.	guard	Hibbard.
Wieder	guard	Clement, Capt.

Goals from field: Muhlenberg, Dorney, 6; Kriebel, 3; Youse, 1. George School, Magill, 1; Farquhar, 1; Henrie, 4.

Goals from offence: Muhlenberg, Kriebel, 3. George School, Farquhar, 6.

Referee, Woerner. Timekeeper, Prof. Shimer. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

Alumnus.

A MUHLENBERGIAN IN THE PHILLIPPINES.

We are glad to be able to report that Muhlenberg College is most honorably represented in the United States Army in the Phillippine Islands in the person of William J. Schmidt, '95, who is now a Second Lieutenant in the 26th Regiment of Infantry. We give the following extracts from a letter recently received by President Seip: "I have the honor to request a statement of my financial standing toward the Beneficiary Society of Muhlenberg College. I am now in a position to repay the kindnesses and support which the Church gave to me, expecting me to enlist under the banner, which I expected to do, but the Spanish-American War fired my blood and caused me to enlist in the United States Army, but not to forget the Church.

I did not see active service in the Spanish-American

War, but ever since my regiment came to the Phillippines we have had a very active warfare. I enlisted in the 12th United States Infantry, and was promoted to the grade of Second Lieutenant, March 17, 1901, and assigned to the 26th Infantry, a new regiment. On July 1, 1901, I was given charge of the organization of a new company, E, at Nueva Caceres, and put in command of it with orders to proceed to Lupi to "capture, kill or destroy Colonel Angelese and his men".

"This was no small task. Lupi is in the hills, forty miles from Nueva Caceres by river. We left Nueva Caceres July 6, with forty men and the larger portion of the company's property, and on the 13th we arrived at Lupi. There was no town here, the 11th Cavalry and the 45th Infantry having burnt it the year before. We pitched our tents and proceeded to build quarters, at the same time operating against Colonel Angelese. The Phillippinos have one of the best outpost systems I have seen. Every knoll of any prominence has an outpost, so that you can readily see that troops can not surprise them. Sometimes it happens that a person knowing where the outposts are and the exact location of the camp and trails leading to it, a night march catches them.

"We soon saw that we could not fall on Angelese's main body, so we adopted other tactics, namely, to tire him out. In conjunction with Company L, of the 26th Regiment, and Lieutenant Ray's Native Scouts, we scoured the hills so thoroughly that Angelese and his men never slept twice in succession in the same place, with the result that he surrendered to Captain Rosenbaum, of Company G, 26th Infantry.

At Libmanon, during these operations, I captured to surrender to me a Major, three Captains, five Lieutenants, and seventy-two men, all bolomen. The officers had revolvers, also one rifle. On October 18 I was assigned as Battalion Quartermaster and Commissary; this gives me the pay of a mounted First Lieutenant.

All this I owe to Muhlenberg and her corps of excellent professors. I think Muhlenberg's course is admirably adapted to the needs of an officer in the United States Army. The mathematics are so taught and impressed upon one's mind, that building trenches draining a camp comes natural. Nor does Physics come in the rear. If it had not been for the

thoroughness of Professor Bauman in Physics, I do not see how I would have advanced as rapidly as I did. Some will say it was luck, but it was n't. A person does not stumble on methods for bridging mountain torrents. On September 3 we and two other companies received orders to proceed to Mt. No. 196, and destroy the insurgent quarters located there. I had two "mill races" to cross, unfordable, but Professor Bauman's words came before my mind's eye, (they were uttered during one of his lectures), "Science may in time span the English Channel." So we put it to work at spanning these streams, got to Mt. 196 first, had a skirmish, and destroyed "the quarters" before any other troops came in sight. Of course this "boosted" me in the Colonel's eyes.

The ethical part of a person's education is the reserve line, which is brought to the front only at critical times; and we all know that battles are won or lost according to the strength and disposition of the reserve. Here is where good morals are needed. I got into a "peck of trouble" because I distributed some Spanish Testaments to some natives. A short time after I gave the books, one of my mounted sentries was shot from his horse, in San Fernando. I traced it down to the priest's servant, but did not have sufficient proof.

"We have been six days without rations. Our base is forty miles from here, and the river too high to get boats up; so to-morrow I'll send Lieutenant Archer and all the men but twelve to the next post, thirty miles away, and try to hold this post until rations arrive. We have eaten up everything in the town. I called for twelve volunteers to stay and more than enough responded. I don't quite see what we are to live on, but guess we will hold out until rations arrive."

The reports of Lieutenant Schmidt's superior officers speak in the highest terms of his excellent service. The commander of San Juan de Guimba Station says: "I wish to mention the good work done by Sergeant Schmidt, not only on this occasion, but ever since the company has been stationed at San Juan de Guimba. He is quite indefatigable and has picked up sufficient of the Tagalo and Ilocano languages to secure much valuable information."

The Regimental Commander of the 12th Infantry writes: "I have the honor to inform you that the Regimental Com-

mander has received your report of the 9th inst. describing the capture, in the barrio of Palosapis, May 8, 1900, of nine Remington rifles, 100 rounds of ammunition and a number of important prisoners by a detachment of Co. M, 12th Infantry, in charge of Sergeant Wm. J. Schmidt, acting under your orders. He desires me to inform you that he is much pleased with the good judgment and energy displayed in the conception and execution of the plan, which resulted so successfully. He would be pleased to forward through the proper channels a recommendation in behalf of Sergeant Schmidt for distinguished service on this occasion."

The following telegram was received at Torlac, P. I., August 3, 1900: "Upon receiving notice of about fifteen ladrones in barrio San Augustine, I sent Sergeant Schmidt with six mounted men to get on their trail and follow it. Sergeant Schmidt trailed the band for over eighteen miles, overtook them at a point five miles south and four miles east of San Juan de Guimba, attacked them, killed five men, captured seven rifles and a couple of hundred rounds of ammunition. Sergeant Schmidt lost two ponies killed and one escaped during the fight. Estimated force of the enemy over one hundred."

The Lieutenant Colonel in command says: "I desire to commend this non-commissioned officer and his men to the consideration of the Department Commander, this being but one of a number of similar actions in which Sergeant Schmidt has met with very decided success."

Concerning this same action Lieutenant Colonel Bubb writes: "I am very much gratified by your report of Sergeant Schmidt's success with his handful of men. I think they accomplished wonders, and this only shows what a few resolute men can do. Such history is not made every day. I will send you a letter expressing my appreciation of their services."

For the same victory the Division Commander thanks and congratulates Sergeant Schmidt, and says "that soldiers with such qualifications for combat will always be invincible."

The Department Commander, Major General Wheaton, commends Sergeant Schmidt, Company M, 12th Infantry, and the six mounted men who accompanied him, for their pursuit of and gallant fight with a band of ladrones, August 3, 1900."

Literary.

"Songs of the Eastern Colleges." Compiled by Robert W. Atkinson (Harvard), and Ernest Carter (Princeton). Hinds & Noble, Publishers.

The compilers of "Songs of the Eastern Colleges" have placed upon the market a book that should be in the hands of every college man and woman, old and young alike.

The design of this publication is to furnish the representative songs of the eastern colleges and a more creditable collection in every respect has not come under our notice. It is a book well worth having and we commend it to all who appreciate the true spirit of college life in song.

The Right of Way. By Gilbert Parker. Harper & Bros, Publishers.

Gilbert Parker has written a number of novels, but "The Right of Way" is without a doubt, his best work.

The scene opens in a court room, where the hero is introduced as the defender of a murderer. Through his eloquent oratory the guilty man is set free.

Charles, better known as "Beauty", Steele, is the victim of intemperance, absorbed in his profession, married to a woman whom he does not love, and cares naught for the comment of the world.

After the court trial, he mingles with some rough people in a third-class hotel, is roughly treated and finally left for dead. Now he is picked up by the man whose life he saved, and conveyed to Vadrome Mountain where he remains, but his memory is gone. A celebrated French surgeon performs an operation which is successful, after which the hero reads in a paper that his wife, thinking him dead, has married again.

He resolves to renounce his former self, and under an assumed name visits the village of Chaudiers to obtain employment, and engages himself to an old miserly tailor.

Here he meets Rosalie Evanturel. Up to this time the reader may have wondered why the book is not called Charles, or "Beauty", Steele, but as the love of Charles for Rosalie deepens he will begin to realize that either this passion or the bond which unites him to Kathleen must have the right of way.

Joe Portugais, although a murderer, has many excellent qualities as noticed in his constant devotion to the hero.

The struggles of Charles and Rosalie s'ow that the author is not only imaginative, but also has a deep insight into human nature.

The cunning abbe; the grand old lover, the seigneur; the pious cure; Billy, the villain; John Brown; Mrs. Flynn, and a number of minor characters help to make the story interesting.

The adventures of Charles in the village; the theft of the iron cross and its replacement; the passion play, burning of the church, raising of funds, the struggle of Charles with the villains and his death, following each other in rapid succession, develop a startling climax.

This is not only an excellent work as a novel but many lessons in character study can be drawn from it, and we can truly say that it is one of the best works of recent fiction we have read.

Exchanges.

For the first time in our new capacity, do we sit down to our exchange table and survey the heap of smiling visitors that have poured in upon us for several weeks past. Where so many are waiting for their share of comment, a novice hardly knows where to begin so as not to offend.

Having no other guide we shall follow our instincts, heightened, also, by a sense of politeness, and open our exchanges for this number with the *Manitou Messenger*, which arrived in good time with its usual bright and neat appearance, showing that tender hands are sustaining it on its successful career. We are especially charmed with the good taste displayed in the contribution, "Freedom of the Hand, Tongue and Brain." This article should be read by every person and its truths stored up in the heart so that all may grow up in purity and thought, thus insuring prosperity to our glorious country.

The author of "An Analysis of the Self" in the *Free Lance* deserves to be commended for the article; accordingly

in this treatment, the editor considers three elements in the make-up of our natures—the bodily self, the spiritual self, and the metaphysical self.

We admire the neat appearance and tasty get up of the *Dickinson Literary Monthly.* It is printed in large, full type, on a good quality of paper, and is ably and successfully conducted. The features of the last number are "Lost Yet Won", and "On the Bosom of the Great Inland Ocean of America", which in our judgment are especially worthy of commendation.

The *Susquehanna* and the *Thielensian* delayed to make their appearance until so much of last month had slipped around that we began to fear that we would be deprived of greeting these welcome exchanges in this issue.

The *Lafayette* is here with its usual amount of interesting matter and athletic news. It is a handsome journal and worthy of the institution it represents.

The *Sorosis* visits our sanctum monthly; we always hail this beautiful and interesting journal with delight. It seems always to keep pace with the wants of the college and fills its columns with matter which can not fail to be interesting to the students and friends of the college.

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Vol. XIX

No. 7.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XIX. ALLENTOWN, PA., MARCH, 1902. No. 7.

Man's Thirst For Knowledge.

ROBT. R. FRITSCH, '00.

Never has the mind of man been so busy in search of truth as at present. All the brain power of the world's savants, all the controllable forces of nature, are being employed to discover facts of which we are yet ignorant. When we consider the number of theories resorted to in order to explain various phenomena of physical laws, the speculation and inferences necessarily existing in the domain of science, we conclude that the amount of real information and fact is rather small. Some one has represented man in the center of a circle. His mind runs out along the radius. With each additional fact he learns there results a lengthening of the radius which, however, creates a larger circumference, representing that which is yet unknown. Newton really meant what he said when he declared that his knowledge of science amounted to but a grain of sand or at most a pebble, while the unknown was represented by the myriads of grains of sand along the shore, multiplied by those buried beneath the sea which human eye shall never behold.

This intense desire for intellectual development has given rise to our schools and colleges, and has inspired the vast endowments and gifts presented to almost every institution. Thus, means are at hand to investigate the mysteries of nature.

One of the mottoes of the Greeks was, "Know thyself." Uttered centuries ago, no one has yet been able to obey it literally. There is not much that we do know, and one thing that one usually does not know is *himself.* When I lay my books aside at twilight for a few moments of reflection and look out of the window while the sun is setting as it has been doing for so many ages, I involuntarily fall into one of Ik Marvel's reveries. "Whence came I?" "Why am I at this particular place?" and "Whither am I going?" are some of the questions which cross my mind, like those evening clouds floating across the disc of the sun. Oh, that I knew!

Nature and the universe are still sealed books. True, the clasps are about being opened but it will be a long time before we shall be able to open the book and read. Every tree with its curved branches is a bunch of interrogation points. Every star is a period where the thoughts of man's mind must stop. For, try as we will, we can not yet understand the mystery of "blue space", where it begins or where it ends.

Man is always looking for the Creator of this universe—God. But who, after all his searching, can find Him out or understand Him. Here is where faith begins. With the fear of God wisdom begins. Many are scientifically educated, able to explain the theories of ether and of atoms, but wise they are not. Knowledge and wisdom are apparently synonomous but essentially different. The man with the greatest amount of knowledge may be far from wise, while a truly wise man may be ignorant of scientific technicalities. If young men in their student careers would only realize that before knowledge comes wisdom, they would understand that "wisdom is the principal thing". The fear of God in the heart, together with knowledge of science and literature in the head, is splendid capital to begin a life work.

In our language the small words are often the most important. *But* and *if* have enough potential significance to change the status of almost all things. *How* and *why* are the simple words which really inspired this rambling talk. Someone once said that almost all emotions and acts of man could be traced to a feeling of dissatisfaction with things as they existed at any given moment. We hear a statement but are not satisfied until we ask and know *why* or *how*. An element of inquisitiveness seems to enter into our search for truth; not so much the inquisitiveness of the individual as of the race in general. We want to know why water freezes at 32° Fahrenheit. Scientists tell us that it is due to a rearrangement of the molecules of water. We desire to know why sometimes the air is calm, or why at times the winds rage in fury. We explain it by saying that wind is air in motion trying to establish equilibrium between two adjacent portions of the atmosphere in unstable equilibrium resulting from a difference in atmospheric pressure. We want to know what causes diseases. Scientists say, microbes and bacteria.

There is no limit, theoretically, to scientific investigation;

practically, there is. "One seems always to be stopped just when one is coming to the very thing one wants to know," says Ruskin. Speaking about atoms he says, "If I could show you, or myself, a group of ultimate atoms, quite clearly, we should both be presently vexed because we could not break them in two pieces, and see their insides." Hence, all that we can do is to seek as far as we may, reverently bowing before God's "So far, but no farther."

Much of the information obtained as a result of our attempt at prying into the secrets of nature is a lasting benefit to the race. Let us therefore try to develop our minds by seeking for the reason of things and thus we may incidentally alight upon some discovery which may bless our generation and those to come.

The Fairest Daughter of the Nile.

E. GEO. KUNKLE, '04.

Of all the ancient nations, next to Palestine, the land of Egypt appeals most strongly to us. On account of its close connection with the history of God's chosen people, it is heard of by the child from its mother's knee. It is in Egypt where the scene of one of the most noble lives is laid. It was here that Joseph was an instrument in the hands of the Almighty to leave for future generations the example of pure filial love, of confidence in God, and of all the requisites that constitute a noble manhood. It was in this nation that the aged patriarch, Jacob, passed his declining years, and also where the great leader of Israel, Moses, was born and reared. The Saviour was even compelled to flee to this country in order to escape the hatred of Herod. However, although Egypt was the place of abode of so many noble characters; although the country in which Joseph, whose face was one where every noble passion of the heart had stamped itself on his perfect features, spent the greater of his life, it was also the country in which Cleopatra, of far different character, spent her worldly career. The story of Cleopatra is a story of crime. As the story of Joseph portrays a noble example of pure filial love, the story of Cleopatra is a narrative of the coarse, and of the consequences of unlawful love. In her history the

influences and effects of this passion are portrayed; its reckless and mad career, and the dreadful remorse and ultimate despair and ruin in which it always and inevitably ends. It shall be the endeavor of the writer, by tracing briefly her ancestry, noticing their character, and her environments from early childhood, to mitigate the hatred that naturally arises against her from those judging her without taking these things into consideration.

When the veil which obscured antiquity was first withdrawn, it was Egypt that was the foremost nation. She maintained her ascendancy for many centuries but from the beginning of the fifth century she had little intercourse with foreign nations, until awakened from her slumber by foreign power. Her government was not strongly centralized and yielded readily to Alexander the Great, in 332, B. C. Of Alexander's great generals, Ptolemy, who is known in history as Ptolemy Soter, was probably the greatest. To him, on the death of Alexander, Egypt was given. It was he who established a line of kings from whom Cleopatra descended. Although great as a warrior, he was equally great as a statesman, and for forty years his reign of prosperity and splendor continued. Alexandria became at once one of the most important commercial centers of the world. Greek scholars, philosophers, poets, and artists made it their home. He collected an immense library, which subsequently, under the name of Alexandrian Library, became one of the most celebrated collections of books and manuscripts ever known. All other operations which he advised and executed for the extension and aggrandizement of the city, were executed in the same spirit of enlightenment and liberality. So high was the veneration which was felt by his subjects for the greatness of his exploits and the splendor of his reign, that divine honors were paid to his memory. Such was the origin of the dynasty of which Cleopatra was a descendant.

Although some of the early sovereigns followed the example set before them by their distinguished founder, his example was soon lost and was followed by the most extreme degeneracy and debasement. They soon began to live and reign only for their own sensual passions. Sensuality begins sometimes with kindness, but it always ends in the most reckless and unbearable cruelty. Just as the Jews followed the customs

of their neighbors, so the Ptolemies followed the vices of the eastern nations. The one vice, which was particularly a vice that infested the Asiatic nations of the Persian Empire, was the vice of incest. This vice the Ptolemies adopted, and their demoralization followed. In order that we may form some idea of the depths of immorality into which they fell, we shall be compelled to give an account of the doings of the ancestors of Cleopatra closely preceeding her. It is necessary to a just appreciation of her character that we should understand the nature of the domestic influences that reigned in the family from which she sprung. As a matter of justice to her, we should know what these influences were, and what were the examples set before her in early life; for the privileges and advantages which the young enjoy in their early years, and, on the other hand, the evil influences under which they suffer, are to be taken very seriously into account when we are passing judgment upon the follies and sins into which they subsequently fall.

Ptolemy Physcon, the great-grandfather of Cleopatra, first claims our attention. Although it is true that he lived three generations before the great Cleopatra, the character of the intermediate generations until the time of her birth continued much the same. He was the seventh in line. The name, Physcon, by which he is known in history, was originally given him in contempt and derision. He was small of stature in respect to height, but his gluttony and sensuality had made him immensely corpulent in body, so that he looked more like a monster than a man. The term Physcon was a Greek word which denoted the ridiculous figure that he made. The circumstances of his accession to the throne afford not only a striking illustration of his character, but a very faithful picture of the manners and morals of the times. His brother, who had left as his survivors, his wife Cleopatra, who was also his sister, a small son, and a daughter, whose name was also Cleopatra, preceded him as king. The son was properly the heir to the throne. Physcon, being a brother, had no claim as against a son. Cleopatra, the mother, intended to make her son the king and rule herself as regent until he should become of age. Physcon disputed this, and in order to prevent war, it was decided that he should marry Cleopatra but should make her son by her former husband his heir.

Soon after his marriage, however, he murdered the son, and there being naturally great hatred existing between him and his wife, Cleopatra, he divorced her and compelled her daughter, Cleopatra, to marry him. His treatment of his subjects was also cruel, on account of which he was compelled to flee. These are not all his crimes, but we deem them sufficient for the reader to view him in his true light.

Before dicussing the life of Cleopatra let us also notice the character of her father, historically known as Ptolemy Auletes. The historian, Abbott, says of him that, "in personal character he was the most dissipated, degraded, and corrupt of all the sovereigns in the dynasty." He spent his whole life in vice and debauchery. His only accomplishment, of which he was very vain, was his skill in playing the flute. As Caligula entered the gladiatorial combats, so Auletes instituted musical contests in which he himself entered as a competitor. His subjects not only had an abhorrence for his vices and crimes, but had a feeling of contempt for the meanness of his ambition. Although there was a doubt in respect to his title to the crown, for his birth on the mother's side was ignoble and irregular, instead of attempting to secure his power by a vigorous and prosperous administration of government, he wholly abandoned all concern in respect to the course of public affairs. In order to guard against the danger of being deposed, he conceived the idea of getting himself recognized at Rome as one of the allies of the Roman people. He accordingly made an application for an alliance, Caesar at that time being in the ascendancy at Rome. Being also very deeply involved in debt, after many negotiations, Caesar promised to use his influence to secure an alliance between the Roman people and Ptolemy, on condition that Ptolemy pay him the sum of six thousand talents, equal to about six millions of dollars. The title was conferred, but in order to obtain the required amount, Ptolemy resorted to such arbitrary measures that a revolt ensued, and, in order to escape violence, he fled to Rome. After some difficulties the Roman Senate determined to restore him and sent an army to Egypt for that purpose, Antony being one of the commanders. Berenice, the eldest daughter of Auletes, had already been crowned queen, and prepared to meet the attack of the Romans. Her morals being of a low standard, having had two

husbands in her short reign, the first of whom she had strangled, she did not receive the united support of her subjects, she was taken captive, and her father was restored. The first use he made of his power was to order his daughter to be beheaded.

At the time of these occurrences Cleopatra was eleven years of age. It was in the midst of the scenes and surrounded by the influences which might be expected to prevail in the families of such a father and such a sister, that Cleopatra spent those years of life in which character is formed. She, a spirited and beautiful but an indulged and neglected child, was exposed during all these revolutions to these exhibitions of wickedness and of unnatural cruelty and crime. After reigning three years her father, finding himself drawing toward the close of life, began to consider to whom he should leave his kingdom. Recognizing Cleopatra's mental endowments, as well as personal charms, he desired to give her the kingdom, but as he had two sons, and the claim of a son to the throne was stronger than that of a daughter, under ordinary circumstances, it would not have been possible for her to ascend the throne. The father settled the question in the way in which the Ptolemies usually surmounted difficulties. He ordained that Cleopatra should marry the older of her brothers, and that they should jointly occupy the throne. He also made the Roman Senate the executor of his will. At the time of the accession of Cleopatra and her brother to the throne she was eighteen years of age and her brother ten. As the affairs were conducted by two ministers, whom their father had designated, they did not govern but only reigned. Cleopatra was at first satisfied with this arrangement, but her beauty, her accomplishments, and a certain indescribable charm which pervaded all her demeanor and gave her great personal power, awakened in her subjects feelings of interest and attachment to her. These accomplishments, however, aroused the envy and jealousy of her minister, Pothinus. He endeavored to thwart her, and treated her in a haughty and overbearing manner, in order to keep her in what he considered her proper place. Her resentment was naturally aroused at this treatment, and an open rupture occurred. Pothinus induced the young Ptolemy, her husband, to join him, and succeeded in having

Cleopatra expelled from the kingdom. She fled to Syria, obtained an army there, and commenced her march to Egypt to restore herself to power. A battle, however, was never fought, as it was prevented by the occurrence of certain great and unforseen events which at this crisis suddenly burst upon the scene of Egyptian history, changed the current of affairs into new channels, and brought Cleopatra before the eyes of the whole world.

Pompey having been defeated at Pharsalia, fled to Egypt, hoping that Ptolemy, would grant him aid. After being seduced to the shore by Pothinus, he was immediately beheaded. Caesar, of course, pursued him and a few days later arrived at Alexandria. He made himself dictator, and as representative of the Roman people, determined to settle the dispute between Ptolemy and Cleopatra. Caesar, however, was completely charmed by Cleopatra, and through the strong attachment to her which he formed from the beginning, he became wholly disqualified to act impartially between her and her brother. He immediately began to take a very strong interest in Cleopatra's cause. He treated her personally with the fondest attention, and it was impossible for her not to reciprocate in some degree the kind feeling with which he regarded her. Hitherto she had not known what it was to have a friend. Her father had neglected her. Her brother whom she had been compelled to marry, was now her mortal enemy. All the officers of the government had turned against her, because they supposed that they could control her brother more easily if she were away. Thus, when a protector had suddenly arisen to support and defend her,—a man of very alluring manners, of a very noble and generous spirit, and of the very highest rank,—it was but natural that she should commit her cause entirely into his hands, confide to him all her interests, and give herself up wholly into his power. He loved her and she could not refrain from loving him in return. It is well known that he restored her to her throne. Her unbounded confidence in him was not undeserved in this respect, but it is, we are sorry to relate, from this time that her downward course began. Although Caesar had conquered almost the entire world, he had not made the greatest of all conquests, he had not conquered self. Although the Romans excelled in the sword, in laws, and in learning, it remained

for the Germans to teach them the proper respect due to woman.

In return for the many dangers which Caesar had encountered in her behalf, her heart was full of gratitude, admiration, and love. The immediate effect of these emotions which she felt so strongly, was greatly to heighten her natural charms. The native force and energy of her character were softened and subdued. Her voice, which always possessed a certain inexpressible charm, was endued with new sweetness through the influence of affection. The respectful regard with which she looked upon Caesar made her more beautiful and more refined. This elevating influence lasted, but a short time. Had Caesar been a Joseph, would Cleopatra not have been elevated to as beautiful a type of noble womanhood as she was comely and charming? The influence of Caesar was, however, to lead her into the lowest depths of immorality into which woman can fall. Although Cleopatra was all this time growing more and more beautiful, her vivacity and spirit which had been so charming while it was simple and childlike, now began to appear more forward and bold. It is the characteristic of pure and lawful love to soften and to subdue the heart, and infuse a gentle and quiet spirit into all its action; while that which breaks over the barriers which God and nature have marked out for it, tends to make woman masculine and bold, and to destroy that gentleness and timidity of demeanor which have so great an influence in heightening her charms. Just as Cleopatra experienced the elevating influence of pure love when first meeting Caesar, before he left Alexandria, she began to experience the effects of the opposite love. From now on her career is one of shame and crime. She gradually sank to the level of her ancestors. Her life of shame with Antony is known to all. It is a tale that impresses all with the direful consequences of unlawful love. We will not attempt to relate any of her, or of their, shameful escapades, as we have traced her career far enough to accomplish what the writer desires.

We have detailed briefly the origin of the dynasty of which she was a descendant, the character of her ancestors have been portrayed, and the causes of her fall we have endeavored to picture. If what has been set forth tends to

awaken in the mind of the reader a feeling of pity and sorrow rather than of hatred for the subject of this sketch, the writer will not deem his labor in vain. When we recall the deeds perpetrated by a woman in a Christian nation, centuries after the birth of Christ, by a woman who was a member of a Christian Church, when we recall these deeds, and then consider the deeds of Cleopatra and the circumstances under which they were committed, the deeds of the latter pale into insignificance and she is not to be compared to the former one, Catherine de Medici, of France. When we realize the words of the poet, that

> "Woman is passion's slave, while rightful lord,
> O'er her and passion, rules the nobler male,"—

when we realize these words, Ceasar deserves our censure, and Cleopatra our sympathy. The characters considered tend to impress vividly, and we trust, beneficially the truth of the words of the poet, who writes

> "Great deeds of violence, adventures wild,
> And wonders of the moment,—these are not they,
> Which generate the high, the blissful,
> And the enduring majesty,"

as well as the words of Holy Writ, "He that ruleth himself is greater than he that taketh a city." Truly great is that man who has learned to hold the tremendous energies of his body under the dominion of a powerful will and a pure heart.

Personal Side of a Well-Known Novelist.

ALUMNUS.

When the average reader has pored over more than a single volume of some one author and comes to desire more, crave it and demand it, he has come to the stage where he passes from the merely curious reader to the admiring worshipper of the author. Whether this admiration is for some intrinsic quality in the style of the author, or for the character of the man as displayed in his works, the result is the same,—an absorbing interest in the movements and ways of the author.

That the magazines, newspapers and all publications desir-

ing to influence the reading public and start "500,000 sellers", appreciate this is shown by the columns and columns of pleasant chat and gossip about authors and their ways during those hours of the day when they live, move, and have their being among mortals of a baser clay.

Writing for such as may closely follow these, newsy up-to-date columns, I may grossly offend them at the very beginning by telling that my author is dead and buried; I may add by way of justification, an author in whom we cannot help feeling the kindliest interest when we read him, whose real personality is a matter of as much curiosity to us as his ideal personality is evident to us in his writings. I refer to Dickens, than whom no kindlier or jollier man ever lived, and whose works are a perpetual well-spring of sympathy, kindliness, good-natured humor and refreshing pathos.

As a boy reader, following the fortunes of that very boyish boy, David Copperfield, and learning from others that his character and adventures were largely the character and adventures of the author, I naturally, with a boy's curiosity, wondered just what was true and what fiction, and what truth about Dickens' life the book did not contain. I learned that he was the son of a poor shorthand writer, of a character similar to that of Mr. Wilson Micawber. That when young he had experienced all the disadvantages of poverty and the shame of abiding for some time with his family in a debtors' prison; that, like his father, he became a shorthand writer, the best in the House of Commons; that as a newspaper correspondent he brought out in sections the early novels which brought him immediate fame and wealth—a fortune which is bestowed but seldom on living authors of rank.

I closely inquired into those years of poverty and misery, little considering that though he had become illustrious that was no reason why his private affairs should become public property; that he had given enough in his works and need not be compelled to disclose facts in his life which any man would conceal, not so much on account of a false pride as a desire to avoid that expression of pity from others which all strong men dislike to hear. The accidental circumstances of a man's life play little part with his relation to history, but it is his talent.

Later, when, as I believe, I came to more closely appreci-

ate the ideals and pay less attention to the incidents which served to express them, I was curious of his character as a man. I learned that in his social life he was the very incarnation of his books. His language was full of pleasantries, full of quaint expressions and shrewd observations. He was a juggler with words and situations which promised fun for himself, and was always ready to take advantage of opportunities for pleasure, no matter how childish others might have considered it. Quick to see the humour and the possibility of humour in strange situations, he was a source of perpetual amusement to the members of his household, and a source of constant surprise and wonder to his friends and the numerous visitors who at times almost crowded him out of house and home, as did the worshippers at the shrine of the "Sage of Monticello". It was his ability to enjoy life which I especially appreciated. Taking pleasure in all things beautiful and good and moulding all conditions by his sunny disposition, he was a model for all who think that this world is by no means a narrow, rough road with storms and clouds harrassing the weary traveller, but a pleasant highway with a rainbow of joy and promise for all who throw their sunshine on the passing clouds of disappointments and troubles.

All people love to hear of the mischievous pranks of boys, and if they are old boys even more so. Dickens was one of the boys. He always compelled his visitors to arise in the morning at eight. To effect this, a boy passed through the rooms stealthily, snapped the shades so as to admit every inch of sunshine possible, and then, making a great clamor, fled under a fusillade of well-directed shoes, slippers, and trousers from those who were veterans in these early morning skirmishes. Of course the new visitor forgot all sleep for that day and made his prompt appearance at breakfast. At breakfast there was a meteoric rain of pleasantries, quips, puns, and absurdities, as well as the best the land could furnish, served in splendid fashion. After breakfast a walk or a drive followed. Upon one such a drive this incident occurred, which displayed several phases of his character. A dog followed the carriage from the house and the conversation turned on the dog. "A fine dog," said the visitor. "A very fine dog," said Dickens. "I'll show you how fine he is. Did you notice that leg of mutton hanging by the kitchen door?

No? Well that dog saw it and is simply seeing us off the premises so that he can go back and rob us of our dinner. Now keep an eye on him while I point out the scenery." Dickens affected great attention to the scenery and took no notice of the dog. Slowly it dropped behind. Then he raised his voice and asked, "Do you see anything of that fine dog?" The dog bounded forward again. This comedy was repeated for miles. Then Dickens stopped the horse, took out his watch, raised his hat and addressed the dog. "Your cleverness has defeated itself. Before you can get back to 'Gad's Hill' that leg of mutton will be on the fire. Now do you still desire to honor us with your company, or will you go home to be laughed at by all the good dogs?"

The dog hung his head in shame and trotted behind unnoticed the rest of the drive. The dog had, however, (although in remarking this, we spoil a good story) never conceived a plan for stealing the mutton. Dickens had drawn the dog forward and backward by the inflections of his voice. In this he displayed his marvellous art as an actor, an art which stood him in good stead on his American trip, in which he made larger sums by his superb readings than by the sale of his works. From 11 A. M. to 3 P. M. he shut himself up in a bedroom of a chalet, a gift from an admirer. Here he wrote his novels, seldom working in his large well-stocked library of which he said, "Fancy writing in this library with all those books glaring down at you and saying, 'What! another?'" This chalet was a small building purchased by a friend at the Paris Exposition and sent as a surprise to Gad's Hill in sections. The sections arrived before the friend and when he arrived he was in great consternation to find them strewn all over the lawn and in complete wreck apparently. His condition of mind was not improved when Dickens sternly asked, "Why have you sent me this lumber?"

The library was more the abode of Humour than of Learning. The walls and even the doors were lined with books from floor to ceiling. But the books on the doors and along the floors were bogus. Dummy backs had been lettered with titles and pasted on the glass. The titles were selected by Dickens and the coterie of wits with which he associated. But few of these titles have been preserved but all show pungent wit and clever satire. One of them

was, "The Virtues of Our Ancestors", a volume so thin that the title had to be printed lengthwise. "Five Minutes in India, by a British Tourist" was the title of two volumes as large as an unabridged dictionary with all the improved and approved addenda. "Lives of the Poets" was a mere pamphlet. Then there were "Eggs on Bacon", to match "Coke on Littleton"; "Statues Erected to the Duke of Wellington," in fifteen portly volumes, and hosts of others. A catalogue of these books should have been kept. It would have been as good nearly as a new book by Dickens written for our express pleasure. But no one thought of the pleasure posterity would take in them.

Dickens seldom became flustered and never missed an opportunity to play with words even in the heat of the most violent scenes. Dickens owned a small inn, called the Falstaff Inn, situated near Gad's Hill. One night there was a disturbance here and Dickens, called out of bed, left for the scene immediately. A party of rough chaps were drinking and smoking in the bar-room and down the face of one of them streamed the sluggish blood. This man stated that the landlord had struck him with a pewter pot.

"Is that true?" asked Dickens sternly of the landlord.

"Vell, sir," said that worthy, "vether hi 'it that man on the 'ed vid a pewter pot, or vether hi did not 'it that man on the 'ed vid a pewter pot, hit is not for me, sir, to say; but the himpression hon my mind, sir, his that hi did not."

Dickens suppressed a chuckle and gravely responded, "Whether you hit that man on the head with a pewter pot or whether you did not, it is not for *me* to say; but the impression on his head is that you did."

Of his methods of work and his opinion of his own works little was learned from his own lips. In writing a novel he usually selected his subject, decided upon the name of his hero, wrote it down and surrounded it with queries such as, "Shall he be rich?" "Parents or guardians?" "Defrauded of his inheritance?" "An early love?" and so on, with other characters as they appeared to him.

Dickens thoroughly enjoyed his creations, for said he to an admirer who asked him, "Do you enjoy your books as much as your readers do?" "Certainly, do you suppose that I am less appreciative of humor and pathos than other people?

I have the first laugh and first cry." But he was modest, seldom, if ever, referring to or quoting his characters. Any such references by others in his presence were cleverly turned off.

Everywhere Dickens found material for stories, and at the same time he was striving to make others happy he was working up scheme after scheme for his own pleasure and the improvement of his surroundings. One of these was his ambition to rebuild and refurnish old Rochester Castle, a castle which antedated history. Here he could live in a magnificent palace furnished in the style of the time of King John, entertain the public on certain days, and have a general good time. But this project like many another lapsed with his death, an event which all people, made kin by the common appreciation of his talent and love for his character, sincerely mourned; an event which closed a memorable sub-epoch in English literature.

A Winter Scene.*

SAMUEL E. MOYER, '02.

The sleet falls fast, the boughs an ice-garb wear,
The snow descends, earth dons a surplice rare;
The burdened limbs their heads in rev'rence bow,
The winds are hushed, and all is silence now.

The silv'ry moon rides o'er the eastern hills,
Its brilliant gleam, midst dome and spire, instills
Within man's soul a reverential mood
That makes him pause, and turn his thoughts to God.

The morning dawns, the sun sends forth its beams;
Reflected oft, they come in dazzling streams;
Along the road, the trees huge archways rear;
The bells peal out, resounding far and near.

There stands each hedge, in bridal garb attired;
The stately pines, with tongues well nigh inspired;
And from each mound comes forth a still, small voice,
That bids us wonder, worship, and rejoice.

The sun's warm rays, how silently they fall,
Smile on the scene, and signal its recall;
Thus are earth's joys, they quickly pass away,
And, e'en at best, they last but for a day.

* Descriptive of the wonderful ice and snow decoration of February 22 and 23, 1902.

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

The most inspiring news that we feel can be brought to our readers at this time, is in reference to the step taken by Muhlenberg College,—the purchase of new college grounds.

We remember that some time ago it appeared as though the needy condition of Muhlenberg would interest us for but a short period. We, again, witnessed the receding of this extraordinarily swollen tide of sentiment and expression, and our hopes seemed drowned in the quiet that prevailed. But time brings changes and we find ourselves moving toward the realization of our once shattered hopes; and, with the step that has been taken, a greater Muhlenberg should be but a matter of comparatively short time.

The question of doing something for the College can no longer be answered as it was so often by those who found refuge in the statement that they would do something should they see something being done; its very utterance is confronted with the change that has been occasioned by the purchase of new grounds.

The surprise to a community that receives the blessings

of this institution directly, is greater than is generally realized. The earnest and zealous labor of those who have served as the chosen heads of the institution has left its impression of their untiring effort upon those on whom the responsibility of this vital matter rests.

We express the highest praise and gratitude for those whose hearts and minds have directed their attention toward effecting the work so highly necessary.

* * *

There seem to be certain persons in every community who consider pilfering a fine art or a brilliant achievement; or, perhaps, their despicable inclination rather arises from gross selfishness and disregard for the rights of others. Blessed is that community in which the proportion of these petty thieves is not large. Experience has shown that but two or three are sufficient to make things exceedingly unpleasant for hundreds of people. Especially is this true of a college where, owing to the numbers of students, it is unavoidable that some individuals of this class will be found. Muhlenberg has most felt the inconvenience of their presence in its reading room.

Here, from necessity, much is entrusted to the common honesty of students. Curators cannot well be employed to do police duty during all the hours in which the students should have access to the newspapers and magazines. As a consequence, as soon as the eye of authority is removed, so are those papers containing important articles; or, worse yet, the article is cut out, leaving some plodding student who sees the title on the cover to leaf through the magazine over and over again in a vain search. Oh, the sins that may be laid to the charge of these pilferers! What strong language and homicidal feelings they have occasioned! It would be pleasant indeed, if all would have proper respect for the rights of others, but as this cannot be, let us try to subdue our angry passions until the millennium removes the goad which arouses them.

Perhaps the persons who are guilty of such misdemeanors will not read this article. Their time is no doubt so well occupied in digesting the "solid" matter from the magazines they have stolen that they cannot afford to read the effusions

of THE MUHLENBERG's humble editors. It is true that our vocabulary is not sufficiently extensive to properly cope with this subject—a deplorable lack of literary ability,—but we hope our efforts are not entirely unappreciated.

* * *

"This is an athletic age." There is no doubt that this expression savors of much truth. The latest reports from the manager of the base-ball team are very encouraging. Inquiries for games have been received from institutions that have never before corresponded in reference to anything in the line of athletics. Many games have already been scheduled. A complete schedule, however, can not be furnished at this early date. Not only will the number of games be large but the number of candidates that have announced themselves is also very encouraging. From what has been done in base-ball heretofore at Muhlenberg we can already expect a comparatively very successful season.

* * *

From all indications the work of *The Ciarla* Board of the Class of 1903 is progressing as rapidly as possible under the existing conditions.

The unfavorable weather has considerably delayed the work of taking the different pictures, yet with all the unavoidable delay the board announces an early *Ciarla*. The business managers have been very successful in procuring advertisements, and the work of the artists has been practically completed. Entirely new and novel designs, striking in the extreme, well portraying college life, will be the main features of the new *Ciarla*.

The Inter-Society Debate.

The third annual inter-society debate was held in Y. M. C. A. Hall on the evening of February 7, 1902. The hall was beautifully decorated with the colors of both societies. The members of Sophronia and their friends occupied the right side of the hall, and the members of Euterpia and their friends the left side.

The question submitted by the representatives of Soph-

ronia was: *Resolved:* That Napoleon was a benefactor of France. The representatives of Euterpia chose the negative side. The time allotted to each speaker was eleven minutes, with four minutes for rebuttal.

In the absence of Hon. James L. Schaadt, mayor of this city, Prof. G. T. Ettinger, Ph.D., of the Faculty, was asked to preside. In his opening address he fittingly remarked that it appeared as though it was the official duty of city officials to have their names grace printed programmes and not to abide by their promises, he himself having served similarly on a previous occasion.

The committee of judges were: Rev. J. F. Pollock, of Allentown; P. C. Evans, Esq., of Easton; Prof. G. E. Merkley, of Lehigh Preparatory.

The following was the programme:

PRAYER.

DEBATE.

RESOLVED: That Napoleon Bonaparte was a Benefactor of France.

AFFIRMATIVE:	*NEGATIVE:*
SOPHRONIA.	EUTERPIA.
August W. Rohrig, '03.	Lewis A. Ink, '02.
Samuel E. Moyer, '02.	J. Ralphus Freed, '02.
Lawrence J. Rupp, '02.	Walter C. Beck, '02.

MUSIC.

Decision of the Judges.

The committee in charge was the following: Sophronia, J. F. Scholl, '02, C. T. Reno, '04, L. M. Erdman, '04; Euterpia, F. M. Uhrich, '02, G. S. Fegley, '02, J. R. Tallman, '05.

The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

The Open Meeting of the College Missionary Society.

The College Missionary Society held its annual open meeting in the College chapel, Friday evening, March 7, 1902. The meeting was well attended by students and friends of the college, who greatly appreciated the exercises. Rev. Dr.

Wackernagel conducted the devotional services. The chief feature of the evening was the address by Mr. F. N. D. Buchman, a student of the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Philadelphia and an *alumnus* of the college. Music was furnished for the occasion by the Muhlenberg College Glee Club which sang an anthem entitled, "The Saviour of the World."

There are some students in our institution who have apparently forgotten the existence of the Missionary Society. Let this meeting be a pleasant reminder to them that it is still alive and active and seeks for their aid and membership.

The Sophomore Banquet.

A long-looked-for event has at length taken place. The Sophomore Banquet has come and gone, and now passes into history to the glory and entire satisfaction of the participants.

On the evening of Wednesday, February 26, those members of the Sophomore Class rooming in the building very quietly and quite unostentatiously left their quarters, apparently to spend an evening away from their rooms. The ruse worked magnificently and their departure was not discovered until a late hour, when the Freshmen, upon being informed, were unable to congregate sufficiently to hinder the departure. However, the entire class met the following morning at an appointed place, boldly marched to the passenger station, boarded an early train, and in due time arrived in Philadelphia.

Having registered at the Windsor hotel the boys decided to "do" the town. They visited City Hall, Independence Hall, Carpenters Hall, Betsy Ross House, the mint, and the *North American* Building, before the noon hour. Later in the day they visited League Island and the various vessels in anchorage there. In the evening the class witnessed a delightful rendition of the popular opera, "Florodora." The following day groups of Sophs visited various places, notably the Academies of Fine Arts and Natural Science, the Stock Exchange, the Bourse, University of Pennsylvania, and other places calculated both to instruct and edify.

The banquet was held Friday evening, February 28th, in the dining room of the Hotel Windsor. The banquet itself

was served in the very finest style, and all did ample justice to it. Messrs. Finch and Rick, ex-members, were also in attendance.

Saturday, the day of departure, came all too soon, and a dozen remained until the next day before finally leaving the "City of Brotherly Love." The event was a most memorable one.

Personals.

A special meeting of the Board of Trustees was held February 24. The site for the new buildings was viewed and the purchase of the same ratified.

Trexler, '03, and Erdman, '04, spent February 22 in New York City, as representatives to a meeting of the officers of the Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity, held at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Dr. W.: "What is an interdict?"
Wuchter, '04: "A speech between drinks."

Barndt, '03 (in Laboratory): "Doctor, I can't find the H_2O on my shelf."

Youse, '03, gave an interesting address at the anniversary exercises of the Grace Lutheran Sunday-school, South Allentown.

Keely, '05, of Lafayette, paid a short visit to his friends here at College.

Bartholomew, '02, has recovered from his sickness, due to vaccination. He was obliged to spend several days away from College. He attributes his speedy recovery to the good nursing he received.

G. M. Smith, formerly '05, but now a student at Lehigh Preparatory, was married on Saturday, February 22.

Dr. W.: "What was the bull of excommunication?"
Griesemer, '04.: "A dehorned bull."

Dr. E.: "Mr. Keboch, what is the poetic name for hair?"
Keboch, '04: "Wool."

Ink, '02 (being called on unexpectedly in Butler): "Doctor, I decline to recite. I studied my lesson, but somehow at present everything seems to have escaped my memory."

Dr. R.: "Well, of course, that sometimes happens."

Dr. W.: "Mr. Shalter, you may please give us the history of Jonah."

Shalter, '03: "Well, Jonah—he swallowed the whale, and——"

Dr. O.: "What kind of a liar is an innocent liar?"

Keboch, '04: "A natural born liar."

Dr. B. (to Orff): "How can the pitch be determined in music?"

Orff: ——(Silent suspense).

Dr. B.: "Now don't be asleep."

Orff: "I was just thinking."

Dr. B.: "Oh, well, I am glad you were guilty of that."

Freed, '02, must be very absent-minded, since he enters the wrong recitation room and realizes his error only after he finds his seat occupied by one of the Juniors. His presence of mind however prompts him to say as he quietly withdraws, "Pardon me, Doctor, I made a mistake."

Fegley, '02, entertained some of his classmates and friends with an elaborate set-out of delicacies received from home.

We wonder why Kurtz, '03, falls asleep in Theology on a Monday afternoon.

Keboch's Sunday morning recitals on the saxophone and clarionet are very entertaining to his audience of ladies.

Tallman, '05, attributes the cause of the recent floods of the Lehigh to the numerous weeping willows along its banks.

A bright Sophomore rendered the following translation: "*In regna Proserpinae.*" "Into the regions of porcupine."

Scholl, '02, has already prepared an estimate on the amount of money needed to pay for the new buildings. He estimates $287,000 as sufficient.

Hard luck, Bill, to lose so much money on a single bet. Try it again. Our next mayor will be a Republican.

The Literary Societies installed the following regular term officers:

Euterpea, President, F. M. Urich, '02; Vice President; Esterly, '03; Secretary, Weible, '05; Corresponding Secretary, Kern, '05; Critics, Fegley, '02, and Ink, '02.

Sophronia, President, Scholl, '02; Vice President, Rohrig, '03; Secretary, Rosenberger, '05; Corresponding Secretary, Shimer, '03; Treasurer, Dent, '04; Critics, Rupp, '02, and Neff, '03.

Kistler, '02 (to himself while viewing the high and muddy water): "Why this water is not fit for a rejected lover to drown himself in."

Athletics.

Basket-Ball.

MUHLENBERG VS. BUCKNELL, FEBRUARY 11.

This was one of the strongest teams that ever played in the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium. They were heavy and well trained, which their playing showed. But throughout their entire trip Muhlenberg by far put up the best game against them. The line up was as follows:

MUHLENBERG.		BUCKNELL.
Dorney	forward	Davis.
Kriebel, Capt.	forward	Elliot.
Neubert	center	Anderson.
Miller	guard	English.
Geiger	guard	McCormick.
Youse	guard	Cheeseman.

Goals from field: Muhlenberg, Dorney 1, Geiger 1; Bucknell, Davis 1, Elliot 2, Anderson 2, McCormick 2.

Goals from offence: Muhlenberg, Kriebel 1; Bucknell, Davis 2.

Score: Muhlenberg 5; Bucknell 16.

Referee, Scham. Timekeeper, Shimer.

MUHLENBERG VS. DREXEL INSTITUTE, FEBRUARY 15.

MUHLENBERG,	LINE UP.	DREXEL INSTITUTE.
Dorney	forward	Hummelsbach.
Kriebel, Capt.	forward	Krebs.
Neubert	center	Doak, Capt.
Geiger	guard	Williams.
Weider	guard	Kiefaber.

Goals from field: Muhlenberg, Dorney 2, Kreibel 1, Weider 1; Drexel, Hummelsbach 4, Krebs 2, Doak 3.

Goals from offense: Muhlenberg, Kreibel 4, Weider 1.

Final score: Muhlenberg 13; Drexel 18.

Referee, McCollom.

MUHLENBERG VS. MEDICO-CHIRURGICAL, FEBRUARY 21.

Muhlenberg won easily from Medico-Chi. They acquired the lead at the very beginning and held it throughout the game.

Medico-Chi played their best in the second half when they scored four goals in a very short time. It was at this stage of the game that the greatest excitement prevailed.

The score at the end of the first half was 11 to 1 in favor of Muhlenberg. Final score, 24 to 11. The line up was as follows:

MUHLENBERG.		MEDICO-CHI.
Kreibel, Capt.	forward	Hammers.
Weider	forward	Allen, Hawkes.
Neubert	center	Weinberger, Moore.
Geiger	guard	Brallier.
Miller	guard	Weinberger.
	guard	Hammers.

Goals from field: Muhlenberg, Kreibel 7, Neubert 3, Weider 1; Medico-Chi, Hawkes 3, Hammers 1, Weinberger 1.

Goals from offence: Muhlenberg, Weider 2: Medico-Chi, Hawkes 1.

Referee, McCollom. Timekeeper, Ink. Time of halves, twenty minutes.

Our Alumni.

'69.—From the New York *Evening Post* we learn that a summer school of Missions will be established in connection with Leland Stanford University, of California, of which school Rev. Revere F. Weidner, D.D., LL.D., of the Chicago Lutheran Theological Seminary will be the head.

Dr. Weidner also has furnished the introduction and the appendix on irregular verbs for the new work on "The Greek Testament," by Prof. Eberhard Nestle, Ph.D., D.D., recently published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., of New York and Chicago.

'70.—A course of lectures will be given in St. Luke's

church, Freeland, Pa., Rev. J. J. Kuntz, pastor, under the auspices of the Luther League. The first was given by Rev. A. O. Ebert, on the Persecution of Christians. The other lectures in the course are as follows: January 21, "The Bible," Rev. J. O. Schlenker. February 5, Rev. E. F. Ritter, "The Crusaders." February 19, Rev. J. H. Kuder, "Leprosy." March 5, Rev. C. A. Kershner, "The Lutheran Church in America." March 19, Rev. E. J. Keuling, "Achievements of the 19th Century."

'70.—St Michael's Lutheran Church, of Germantown, Pa., Rev. S. A. Ziegenfuss, D.D., pastor, recently celebrated its one hundred and sixty-fifth anniversary. The Germantown *Telegraph* of January 31, 1902, printed a very full historical sketch, a portrait of the pastor, and a picture of the church. We here reprint the historical account from the *Telegraph:*

The Rev. John Dylander, of the Swedish church, laid the cornerstone of the first Lutheran Church in Germantown in 1737. He served for a few years and was succeeded by Mr. Kraft, and in 1742 the Rev. H. M. Muhlenberg came to this country and took charge of the church in Philadelphia, preaching there on Sundays and in the Germantown church on weekdays. In 1745 the Rev. Mr. Brownholz became pastor of the church, and the following year the cornerstone of a new church was laid. Rev. Mr. Handschuh was installed in 1751, being assisted in the church work by Rev. G. D. M. Heintzelman.

The new church was consecrated in 1752, and in 1763 Rev. Mr. Kurtz, of Tulpehocken became pastor. From 1764 to 1790 the following ministers served in the church: Rev. John Ludwig Voight, Rev. Jacob Van Buskirk, Rev. John Frederick Schmidt, Rev. Frederick Weinland, and Rev. Dr. Frederick David Schaeffer.

The church was incorporated in 1786 during Mr. Schmidt's pastorate. Four of Dr. Schaeffer's five sons became clergymen, and occasionally they preached in English in the church which greatly pleased the younger element in the congregation. The young people desired English preaching but the ancients preferred the German speech. In 1812, Rev. John C. Baker bacame pastor of the church, and he was allowed to preach in English every other Sunday morning.

In 1817, the Sunday-school was started, though a portion of the church had been allotted to the children before that time. The cornerstone of a new church building was laid on March 25, 1810, and in 1828, Rev. Benjamin Keller was installed as pastor. Rev. W. Richards, grandson of Muhlenberg, succeeded Rev. M. Keller in 1836, and remained until 1845. In 1846, Rev. S. Mosheim Schmucker became pastor and the German language was abandoned in preaching.

Rev. Charles W. Schaeffer was pastor of the church from 1849 to 1875, when he resigned, and Rev. F. A. Kaehler took charge, remaining until 1884.

Rev. J. P. Deck served from 1884 to 1889, when he was succeeded by Rev. Paul J. Klingler, who remained one year. The present pastor, Rev. Samuel A. Ziegenfuss, D.D., came to the church in January, 1892.

In 1897, an attractive edifice was erected at a cost of over $35,000, and was dedicated on May 16 of that year with appropriate ceremonies.

The building is in the early English Gothic style of architecture, and has a frontage of 60 feet with a depth of 101 feet, with a comfortable seating capacity of over 600. The walls are of Germantown bluestone, with the trimmings of Indiana limestone. The northeast corner tower is 16½ feet square and 76 feet high. The highest point from floor to center is 50 feet. The altar is of fine heavy quartered oak, with altar rail in front and on the sides. The pulpit projects on the right side of the chancel and the lecturn on the left—both of brass. The marble baptismal font stands in front of the chancel. The sacristy is on the right and the large organ is on the left of the chancel. The windows are of fine drapery and cathedral glass, and are, with two exceptions, memorial windows.

Dr. Samuel A. Zeigenfuss received his preliminary training in the Normal and Classical School at Quakertown, Pa., his native place, and in the preparatory department of Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg. He entered Pennsylvania College in the Fall of 1866, but left at the end of the Freshman year to enter the Sophomore Class in Muhlenberg College, Allentown, at the opening of the first session of that newly-established institution in 1867, from which he was graduated in 1870. He studied theology in the Lutheran

Theological Seminary, Philadelphia, was graduated in May, 1873, and in the beginning of June following was ordained to the office of the ministry in the Lutheran Church of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, at Pottstown. His first charge was at Sellersville, Pa., from 1873-76, when he removed to Bath, Pa., where he remained until the first of January, 1892, and then entered upon his duties as pastor of St. Michael's.

It is a remarkable coincidence that in each of his charges he has been instrumental in erecting new churches. St. Michael's was completed under his charge at Sellersville, in 1873-74; St. John's, at Bath, was built in 1876-77, and St. Michael's, Germantown, 1896-97. He has been remarkably successful in his charges, and all congregations under his care have increased in numbers and in influence. He thoroughly understands human nature. His early training has endowed him with an unusual amount of thrift and energy, and he is an indefatigable worker in whatever he undertakes. He has an excellent English and German education, both of which languages he speaks with fluency. He received the degree of D.D. from his *Alma Mater* in 1896. He has contributed various articles and published several addresses. He has filled many positions of honor and trust in the church and is at present a member of the Board of Trustees of Muhlenberg College and secretary of the board and of its Executive Committee; member of the Board of Directors of the Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy, and secretary of its Executive Committee; president of the Philadelphia English Conference of Ministerium of Pennsylvania; member of the Board of Foreign Missions of the General Council of the Lutheran Church in North America, and member of the Board of Publication of the General Council.

'73.—There is now in press a work from the pen of Dr. Gerberding, a book of special interest to our theological students and younger pastors, viz: a Pastoral Theology. As an evidence of appreciation of a good thing, and that some Lutherans do buy books, we add that his well-known "Way of Salvation" is now in its 17th edition.—*The Lutheran.*

'81.—The present address of Rev. C. L. Holloway is Long Beach, California.

'82.—Dr. S. C. Schmucker gave an interesting lecture on

birds, entitled "Little Brothers of the Air," Wednesday at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy. Dr. Schmucker referred to the modern way of studying birds with an opera glass instead of a gun, and said that when the life was out of a bird its main interest was gone. He said that no other living creature felt the pure joy of being alive as birds do. What a wonderful thing a feather is, said the speaker, and he referred to its construction for flight and adaptation for clothing, enabling the bird to endure sudden and extreme changes of temperature. For instance, the hawk may be high up in the air at a temperature of 40 degrees, and the next moment descend to the earth for its prey, where the temperature might be even 95 or 100 degrees.

Dr. Schmucker said that the flight of birds was far more characteristic than the walk of different people; that the temperature of birds was relatively very high, ranging from 105 to 109 degrees. From a rich experience of his own, he described graphically the mimicry in the plumage of birds, the fight of the kingbird and hawk and the mating and brooding of the woodpecker. He closed his lecture by referring to the damage wrought in the destruction of sea gulls along the coasts, owls which destroy field mice and the various insect destroying birds. Few realize, he concluded, what it means to disturb this balance in nature.—*The Morning Call.*

'83.—Rev. Wm. A. Sadtler, Ph.D., of the Theological Seminary, Dubuque, Iowa, contributes a short and timely "Postscript to a High Church Echo," to *The Lutheran* of February 20.

'83.—Rev. J. H. Ritter, of Bath, Pa., has been compelled to intermit pastoral work for a season on account of a wrecked nervous system. Various pastors of the Conference will supply his pulpit during his absence at the Grandview Sanitarium, Wernersville, Pa.

'84.—Thirty-four new members were received into the Lutheran Church of Northampton, Pa., on the last Sunday of January, 20 by letter and 14 by confirmation. The communion was the largest in the history of the congregation. The pastor, Rev. Hiram J. Kuder, preached the fourth anniversary sermon last Sunday.

'84.—St. John's Lutheran church, Anderson, Ind., presents an encouraging financial sheet for the year 1901. The Sunday-school raised $172.54; the Pastor's Aid Society, $623.84; the remaining debt on the parsonage was wiped out; and $1155.42 raised toward meeting the cost of the new church. The congregation has resolved to put forth its utmost efforts toward raising the balance needed to complete the church which it hopes to dedicate free of debt on February 1st, 1903. During the year, street improvements, costing $339.57, were made and paid for. St. John's is one of the General Council's missions, under the charge of Rev. Wm. J. Finck, whose good example in giving is followed by his people.

'85.—The Bible class of Trinity Sunday-School, Kutztown, Pa., taught by the Rev. C. C. Boyer, of the Normal School, is unusually strong. On Sunday the attendance was 137, and 25 were sent away for lack of accommodations. There must be some immediate solution of the problem how to increase the facilities of this department.—*The Lutheran.*

'85.—We understand that Francis G. Lewis, Esq., '85; J. Jeremiah Snyder, Esq., '86; and O. R. B. Leidy, Esq., '96, are candidates for the office of City Solicitor of Allentown. As councils are overwhelmingly Republican, one of them will be elected.

'87.—We feel that the services which Reuben J. Butz, Esq., and Dr. Howard S. Seip rendered their *Alma Mater* in negotiating the purchase of the Butz farm for the new site of the College deserve more than a passing notice. To deal successfully with nine heirs to the estate, and in the face of competition, certainly speaks well for Mr. Butz's ability as a lawyer and his loyalty as an *alumnus.* We hope soon to see him a member of the Board of Trustees. The energy and ability displayed by these younger *alumni* show that they deserve to have an official voice in the progressive management of the College.

'88.—Rev. J. F. Lambert confirmed a class of 39 in St. Paul's church, Catasauqua, Pa., and received 12 persons by letter. During the last ten years the regular good-standing membership has increased from 524 to 842. The financial income of the church has almost doubled, and the Sunday-

school has increased materially in every way. St Paul's congregation will this year celebrate its fiftieth anniversary. —*The Lutheran.*

'88.—In order to retain its pastor, the Rev. E. F. Ritter, who has been called to the Church of the Holy Trinity, Scranton, his congregation at West Hazelton promised an increase of salary of $120 per year, and that he could occupy the parsonage free.

'90.—Rev. J. H. Longacre has resigned the Weissport charge and accepted the call to the Schnecksville, Pa., parish, served by the late Rev. J. B. Fox.

'90.—St. Luke's congregation, Allentown, Pa., Rev. J. C. Rausch, pastor, at a recent meeting decided to finish the main auditorium. Since 1897 services have been held in the lecture room on the first floor. The congregation was organized in 1888 and is increasing steadily.

'91.—The Scranton-Wilkes-Barre Pastoral Association met February 10, at the home of Rev. H. F. J. Seneker. The Pastoral Association is at present studying the book of Acts. The exegetical study was based upon Acts 2:37–47, and was led by Dr. A. L. Ramer. The following papers were presented: Chronology of the Acts, Rev. J. F. Beates; The Second Coming of the Son of Man, Rev. W. C. L. Lauer; Baptism and the Importance Ascribed to it in Acts, Rev. Dr. A. L. Ramer; Prophecy and the Mighty Works, Rev. L. Lindenstruth. An interesting discussion followed each of the papers. The next meeting will be held in the home of Rev. J. Witke, in Scranton.—*The Lutheran.*

'92.—The new parsonage of St. Mark's Church, Scranton, Pa., is completed and will be occupied by Dr. Ramer in about a week. By completely remodeling its former church edifice and supplying it with all modern conveniences, St. Mark's has obtained a commodious and elegant parsonage beside the church, of which the congregation may well feel proud, and in which the pastor and his family will certainly be comfortable.—*The Lutheran.*

'93.—At the recent election, Dr. Roderick E. Albright was elected a school director of the Second Ward, Allentown.

'93.—At the last Teachers' Institute of Monroe County,

Prof. E. T. Kunkle, A.M., Principal of the Fairview Academy, Broadheadsville, Pa., lectured on "Pedagogy as Applied in Our Rural Schools." The Stroudsburg *Times* printed his portrait and calls him "one of the leading educators of Monroe."

'94.—Rev. Frank C. Longaker, Newport, Kentucky, has translated and published "Loehe's Liturgy," with an introduction by Rev. E. T. Horn, D. D.

'94.—At the Mission Conference recently held in Philadelphia, Rev. George C. Loos, of that city, delivered an able address on "The Mission Problem in the Cities." It is published in *The Lutheran* of January 30, and is well worth reading.

'94.—Bethlehem church, Philadelphia, Pa., Rev. G. C. Loos, pastor, celebrated its fifth anniversary as a congregation last Sunday, February 2. At the morning service the pulpit was occupied by Pastor L. M. C. Weicksel, of Renovo, Pa., who preached a festival sermon from the text, Luke 8:11. The service of the Sunday-school was marked with special music, a large attendance, and an inspiring address of congratulation by Pastor Weicksel. The sermon at the evening service was preached by the Rev. Dr. Seiss, of Philadelphia, on Gen. 28:12. The congregation was organized January 29, 1897, with 41 members, and rejoices to-day in a membership of 284, with a Sunday-school of 519, and an active Luther League of 73.—*The Lutheran.*

'96.—Rev. W. Penn Barr, pastor of Trinity Church, Mt. Joy, was given a donation on Christmas, Marietta, Pa. The League lecture course for 1902 began on January 2d, with a lecture on "The Patriarch Muhlenberg," by Rev. John W. Richards.—*The Lutheran.*

'98.—Rev. George S. Seaman, '79, of Homestead, Pa., has contributed the following to *The Lutheran* of a recent date:

In a wide bend of the Kiskimmetas river in Westmoreland County, Pa., several miles east of Leechburg, Pa., the American Sheet Steel Company, several years ago, built large and now rapidly expanding works. A town of 3,000, called Vandergrift, has sprung up around the works. Few concerns in the country have dealt so wisely and liberally with its

employees in grading and paving streets, erecting dwellings and public buildings and giving most liberal assistance to churches and public institutions as the American Sheet Steel Company, under its president, Mr. Geo. G. McMurtrie. At Vandergrift the General Synod has a fine stone church, with about 500 members. Separated about three-fourths of a mile from Vandergrift by a strip of vacant land, on somewhat higher ground, another town called Vandergrift Heights has sprung up. It contains about 2,000 people, mostly of the sturdy, industrious and prosperous American stock from the adjacent districts. Until recently this town contained but one Protestant Church. Last August the Pittsburg Synod's Superintendent of Missions was requested to visit the town. A thorough canvass was made which showed about 200 Lutheran adults there. Services were held in the town hall September 15, and a Sunday-school was begun, and both have been continued without intermission since then. The congregation was fully organized on Ootober 5. Rev. Wm. S. Heist, of Quakertown, Pa., a graduate of the Philadelphia Seminary was elected pastor and took charge of the parish December 1. His coming has given new life to the mission. Both church and Sunday-school are steadily increasing. The pastor has secured the love of the people and the respect of the whole community. Faithful officers and workers are at hand. The people are liberal in the support of the church. Bright prospects surround the mission. It will grow rapidly and will prove a blessing to its people and to this busy, prosperous town.

'00.—Student Paul G. Krutzky, Leipzig, Germany, sends to *The Lutheran* an interesting account of the "Rauhe Haus, a Visit to Wichern's Monument of Mercy."

'01.—Clarence Bickel is employed in the Keystone Printing House of A. C. Pretz, Allentown, Pa.

'01.—Irwin O. Schell is a student in the Reformed Theological Seminary, Lancaster, Pa.

'01.—We regret to report that Edward J. Wackernagel, a student in the Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy, is at home confined to bed with inflammatory rheumatism.

Book Review.

"SCHOOL, COLLEGE AND CHARACTER." By LeBaron Russell Briggs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This volume is composed of five essays, four of which have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* at different intervals.

The first essay, entitled "Fathers, Mothers and Freshmen," contains some excellent thoughts which will be of inestimable value to young men who are preparing to enter college. If the principles therein set forth were followed and carried out, many obstacles which young men encounter would be removed and their own characters and lives be better, nobler and purer than otherwise.

The second essay, "Some Old-Fashioned Doubts about New-Fashioned Education," contains some very sensational matter and may be considered nonsensical by some, but, as the author says in his preface, "One thing is certain: He who writes nonsense about education is in excellent company."

The third essay, "College Honor," should be very carefully perused by all college men. The truth is avoided too often in our intercourse with one another while at study, in the class rooms, and during recreation periods. Many young men who enter college are led on to engage in acts of petty dishonesty because they follow the examples of higher classmen who, instead of urging them to help themselves as much possible, give them every opportunity to do illegitimate work. We hope a number of innovations such as the "Honor" system will be introduced into all our colleges in the near future so that the moral and intellectual standard of students will be raised.

The fourth and fifth essays, entitled respectively "Some Aspects of Grammar School Training," and "The Transition from School to College," are not very interesting and are of minor importance to us, as they discuss the methods of early preparatory work.

However, reading the entire book very carefully is time well spent.

"BLUEGRASS AND RHODODENDRON." By John Fox, Jr. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

Many books are on the market depicting life in the South,

but it is not often that we read about the inhabitants of the mountainous district in eastern Kentucky.

We can hardly realize that many people are living there at present who are adhering to the habits and customs in vogue a hundred years ago.

This work consists of a number of essays on "outdoor life" in that part of the state.

The author gives some interesting information about these people, their ignorance, feuds, hunting, distilleries of "moonshine," hospitality and religion. The stories are written in a pleasing vein, for all the descriptions are very vivid and the narratives entertaining.

The best essays are, "Fox Hunting," "Through the Bad Bend," "After Bre'r Rabbit," "Civilizing the Cumberland," "Bre'r Coon in Ole Kentucky," "The Southern Mountaineer," and "The Kentucky Mountaineer." The versatility of the author is shown chiefly in the last two essays and they seem to be of a higher order than the others. The book has no literary merit, but if one wishes to spend a few spare moments, it is pleasant light reading.

Exchanges.

Among the large number of college journals before us, our eyes first rest on the *Buff and Blue.* In neatness and attractiveness of appearance it is difficult to be excelled. Its articles are good and its editorials spicy and suggestive.

We thought the *Red and Blue* had forgotten us last month, but since it made its appearance bright and early this month we concluded that January must be one of the months in which the monthly is not issued. Its columns are filled with short, spicy articles which attract attention because of their brevity and delight by reason of their pointedness.

The article on "A Dream of Youth" shows much common sense and is worthy of the perusal of every one.

The *Sibyl* failed to make its appearance last month, but arrived in good time this month. The journal is neat in appearance and contains some excellent literary articles. The editorials breathe a wholesome influence. A pleasant greeting to its appearance on our table.

The *Susquehanna* has changed its garb, which adds much to the appearance of the journal. The journal contains some excellent articles, which are well worth reading.

We do not like to criticise a college monthly which represents an institution larger than our own, but we would take it for granted that the article entitled "Job Rankin's Salvation," in the Bucknell *Mirror* must have been written by a Freshman, judging from the grammatical errors and the misuse of words. (We would call the editor's attention to the pronoun I in the phrase, "Time sped on and closer and closer grew the friendship between Banks and I.")

The *College Student* before us is brimful of solid thought, good common sense and well flavored with pleasant humor. The whole is well gotten up. The article on "Religion and Modern Culture" by an *alumnus* contains many excellent thoughts and should be read by every student.

The Nassau *Literary Magazine*, of Princeton College, is decidedly the most literary of all our exchanges. We read over it with the same relish as we would any first-class novel. It is not only highly entertaining, but contains sound truth.

The Dickinson *Literary Monthly* pleases us by its neat appearance, both on the outside and within. Its literary articles are instructive and agreeable. We are glad to notice that the authors are not too modest to attach their names to their productions. Among its praise-worthy articles is one entitled, "By the Tumbling Brook," which we particularly admire.

We acknowledge the receipt of the *Argus*, published by the Harrisburg High School, which visits us regularly every month. Few schools of equal standing are able to publish a journal like this. It contains articles well worthy of a High School.

The February number of the Georgetown College *Journal* appeared bright and newsy, while its columns are well worth careful perusal. On the whole it is a journal of taste and ability, and stands preeminently as one of the leaders of college papers. The *Journal* contains several fine portraits of the captain, manager, and assistant manager of the *Field and Track*.

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Vol. XIX

No. 8.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XIX. ALLENTOWN, PA., APRIL, 1902. No. 8.

Wayside Wanderings and Reveries of a Walker.

(Abstract of the lecture delivered by Col. T. C. Zimmerman in the College Chapel, Friday, April 4th, 3 P. M.)

"Wondrous are the transmutations in Nature's laboratory! The miracle of resurrection is again upon us. The hidden treasures of field and wood were never more prodigal of bud and blossom. Like the jubilant song of the wood-robin in his dusky haunts, the pent-up enthusiasm of the true-hearted walker is finding vent as the season is at hand when life, in its most subtle luxury, gives quick response to the appreciative eye and the loving heart. What soft airs, and sweet sounds, and delicious languor pervade the silences of the sylvan brotherhood! How the invisible fingers of the wind, in fugitive caresses, are toying with the locks upon the uncovered brow of the admiring spectator.

"Emerging, as we but recently have, from the stern rigors of Winter into the pleasant airs of Spring is very much like the sudden transition from the fresh, strong breezes of the Tyrolean hills to the soft, lanquid Italian air, heavy with the odor of tuberoses and oleanders—enough to change one's nature for the time.

"The natural repose of Springtime, the prodigality of melody from bird and brook; 'the large joy of sight and touch;' the exalted tenderness of the emotions; the general refreshment of the seductive influences of light and shade, and the fragrance of the woods—all serve to enkindle the imagination and set aglow the latent sympathies of heart and mind, which it were well nigh profanation to disturb.

"Nature viewed thus, brings with the thought a sweet recompense. If house-bound to-day by reason of storms, we know that a few days will bring us dewy lanes, country roadsides all a flutter with butterflies, meadows freshened, and streams rippling and dancing as they come down from the mountains where they were born. The cultivated eye will

even find a weird sweetness in the swamps where the wild honeysuckles grow, and discover beauty in the common weeds that lift their heads into the sunlight.

"But you can not enjoy this magnificent spectacle by sitting in your workshops, in your offices, in your homes. You will have to join the glorious company of the Order of Walkers, and then you will feel, as you have never felt before, that when you indulge in this delightful recreation, you step right into the realm of physical exhilaration, and that your first breath is an inspiration or witchery, romance and exaltation.

"Man takes root at his foot, and at best is no more than a potted plant in his horse and carriage, till he has established communication with the soil by the loving and magnetic touch of his soles to it. Then the tie of association is born; then spring those invisible fibres and rootlets through which character comes to smack of the soil, and which makes a man kindred to the spot of earth which he inherits.

"Thoroughly imbued with this feeling, a party of walkers from Reading and Lebanon, essayed to take a walk a few years ago in a snow-storm—the point of destination, a log cabin in the Blue Mountains, the property of three well-known lovers of Nature from these two cities. It was a typical Winter day. The landscape looked like a realm in some far-away frozen Labrador, where the whirling, eddying flakes were transforming the distant pines into a veritable fairyland, and rock and post into exquisite objects of monumental whiteness. The Spirit of the Storm, like a weird necromancer, threw open the portals of his icy domain and sent scurrying through the air the white-winged messengers that betrayed their birth in the Northern seas. It was not long before field and wood were covered with a mantle of these crystal blossoms—pure as the lispings of an infant's prayer—a picture of beauty without a stain. The distant hills, such as could be descried through the falling flakes suggested gray-blue smoke, while 'the recesses of the pines looked like the lair of Night'.

"As the walkers trudged through the snow, they were not unmindful of the sentiments which such scenes inspire in the heart of the true pedestrian. To them the roving bees from the sky-laden aviary were things of uncommon grace.

True, they had heard right here, in the summer days, the hum of golden bees and the lulling songs of locusts. Days they had spent in the hazy world around them, where tangled violets grow, where the bluebirds sweetly told the warbling secrets of their pent-up joy, and where to fancy's ear the tall-spired fox-glove winds in prayer in many a cloistered dell.

"And now, for a few personal experiences with some fellow-walkers. The speaker, in company with some friends, once started on an eight-mile tramp over country roads, through ravines, and along the sides of mountains, to visit "Rattling Run", a picturesque cascade, some six miles south of Pinegrove, that leaps in watery glee from the heart of one of the spurs of the Blue Mountains. The Weather Bureau, with probably no adequate conception of its responsibility, prognosticated 'bright and pleasant weather for the day, with delightful breezes from the Southwest', and so forth. This, however, proved to be a day when 'the world seemed a sponge, so saturated with water that retention of another drop was impossible'.

"With a measurable degree of confidence in the weather probabilities, and in spite of a heavy downpour of rain when they started on their aqueous journey, with pantaloons rolled up, overcoats on, umbrellas opened, and feet encased in rubbers, the undismayed trio made their way through rain and wind and mud, until the point of desire was reached.

"True, it had rained when the walkers got out of their beds in the morning. It rained while they were in the cars on their way to the starting point at the entrance to the ravine through which the waters of the Swatara have been dimpling in the sunlight of centuries. I say it rained when the party started on its walk. It rained during every step of the journey. It rained during luncheon-time when the destination had been reached. It rained on the lunch-basket. It rained into the basket until the salt and pepper oozed through its wicker confines in condimental rills, so to speak. It rained on the widespreading hemlock under which the party had taken refuge for a little while; rained on the rocks on which the luncheon had been spread; rained on the cascade, which the party had gone so far to see, until the mirrored beauty at its feet had become almost spectral in the humid haze. It rained on the hills and it rained on the vales. It rained on

the just and on the unjust—in other words, it rained alike on the Republican and two Democrats that formed the party. It rained into cups of water that were dipped from the spring to quench the travelers' thirst, as it rained on suspicious-looking lorgnettes which were occasionally drawn from side pockets and pointed skywards upon upturned faces that were looking for signs of clearing through the crystal medium. It rained in fun and it rained in earnest. It rained until all the bright colors of Autumn had taken on a soberer hue, until the distant hills had to be imagined, as they could no longer be discerned through the watery veil. It rained until the whole poultry kingdom presented a forest of draggle-tailed creatures. The whole world looked like a globe opulent in moisture, and eager to dispense its riches.

"In conclusion, and while on the subject of walking, this desultory talk would, perhaps be incomplete without giving the experience of a friend and myself in a day's walk near Reading. It occurred on Saturday, January 7th, 1899, which was an exceptional day. Probably nothing like it had ever been seen in those parts. It was as if one had entered into the portals of a world of crystal, arched over by as clear a dome as ever spanned the skies, or like a veritable dreamland, painted in the imagination's most delicate tints—'an endless phantasmagoria of sparkling colors, surpassing anything that fancy could conceive.' The whole landscape seemed as if in a solar trance, with an opulence and splendor of Winter sunshine that continued throughout the whole day.

"The torpid touch of Ice King's glazing breath—he who 'with an unscorched wing hurried on, where the fires of Hecla glow on the darkly-beautiful sky above and the ancient ice below'—tell on the leafless trees and soon the forest was transformed into an object of glittering silver—as if the Frost King had breathed out the dearest songs of his life into the nipping air, and they had been transfixed there as

> 'In the elder days of Art,
> Builders wrought with greatest care
> Each minute and unseen part;
> For the gods see everywhere,'

so in this enchanting scene there had been fashioned such exquisite forms of wondrous beauty as to sublimely astonish the beholder.

"Every blade of glass, every rock and stump, was literally ablaze with scintillant beauty. The underside of every fence-rail was bordered with countless crystal pendants that hung like fringes from a shawl. Tufts of grass in the fields were heavy with crystalline light. Sparkle, sparkle, sparkle everywhere. The wings of the air caused the ice-imprisoned trees to sway in every direction and set their branches into a tremulous agitation of light and beauty, as if some fugitive star just had dropped from a luminous sky to glitter there.

"One brilliant flash of color succeeded another—the glowing fire of an opal now; the pale cerulean hue of a turquoise in close proximity. Here a spark of the encrimsoned garnet, like a drop of incarnadine from the bleeding heart of Nature; there, the exquisite tint and glow of the emerald, which reflects the glory of the green fields and the verdant grasses of Summer; the delicate creaminess of the most beautiful pearls all around; and here and there the blazonry of diamond flashes as if discharged from some electric battery.

"Nor does this complete the wealth of color seen in the woods on that day. Agate, onyx, coral and moonstone; the splendor of rubies, amethysts, topazes and sapphires, could be descried in all directions. Indeed, the whole scene seemed like visions of fairyland. Trunks of trees, bare and dark upon the one side, were encased in crystal to their very tops on the other.

'Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament.
No cloud above, no earth below—
A universe of sky and snow!'

"Flood and field were treble-locked and petrified by ice, and mind and body thrilled with uncommon glow as the boreal blasts of the "baffled fiend" shrieked, in strident tones, over hill and dale with the sound of the rushing Northern winds, for has it not been said that while fury hath its laws and madness its method, sudden gusts and flaws have paths and channels and a rhythmic flow no less than starry motions and the slow procession of the ages?

"Of course, those who were out on this tramp were filled not only with feelings of delight, but with emotions of

wondering awe and speechless admiration as well. How else could it have been in beholding the fantastic masquerade of the Ice King during the forms and fancies evolved in the previous twenty-four hours; where a thousand shifting tints or dyes were playing in the sunlight; where every object was exquisite in artistic finish; where everything was fashioned as by the hand of a master artist, yet far better and more exquisite than could have been done by Phidias himself.

My Country Village.

In a little country village
There's a little village store,
With a cud-box in a corner,
In it chewed cuds by the score;
There's a match-box on the counter,
And burnt matches on the floor;
There's a soap-bar smiling gently,
To a soap sign on the door.

There's an old maid in this village,
In this little village store,
With wide lace around her choker,
With a modern pompadour;
Though she seems to be quite witty,
Like the corner cuspidor,
By the painting on the surface,
Both can hide their age no more.

In a corner, near a window,
Stands an oil lamp, burning bright;
Asking each and every passer,
That they gather there that night;
Custom had it so established,
And all wrongs would turn aright;
When the villagers assembled
To adjust them in that light.

On a bench, behind the old stove,
That to many served a bed;
Sat the young men; many wishing
For the time that they might wed;
And before them, bent and hopeful,
Knowing that their souls were fed,
Sat the old men, speaking lowly,
For their words were of the dead.

Though, at times, the conversation
Floated on the river Styx;
Oft a brave lad, with well meaning,
Would his point by Scripture fix;
When, again, some youth and graybeard
Seeming to be in a mix,
Solved their odds by not forgetting
Things corrupt in politics.

Now, whenever I feel weary,
With a will I venture out,
And I meet the good old chappies,
With the same old friendly shout;
Here, again, I meet the parson,
Ever troubled with the gout;
And the old maid smiles so lovely
As she measures out the krout.

In my mind I see the image,
Of a kingly palace, grand!
With it's court of blooming roses
Nourished by some master hand;
With it's high gates and its portals,
Guarding roads of golden sand;
Yet to me my country village,
Stands supreme in all the land.

In the Morning.

(With apologies to B. Franklin)

To rise up at three
Is too early, you see;
And all the long day we would feel quite surly,
If we had to rise up in the morning so early.

In the morning at four
We would like to sleep more;
If we then for breakfast must make preparation,
To rise up at four is a great vexation.

"He who would thrive
Must rise at five;"
But whether or not we all may have thriven,
I 'm sure we would like to sleep until seven.

Lessons from Horace.

ORLANDO S. YERGER, '03.

No writer in ancient or modern times has more vividly and impressively depicted to us the stern realities and plain duties, in such a pleasing and entertaining presentation, than the Roman lyrist and satirist, Quintus Horatius Flaccus.

Perhaps none of the ancient Greek and Roman authors has so captivated the modern mind and is more extensively read than the plyer of the Latin lyre. His precepts deserve a place near the higher teachings of the Master. Voltaire calls him "the best of preachers". Dante ranks him next to Homer.

The muse, Erato, could not have found a hand better adapted to play on the cithern, in charming strains, the merits of a temperate, contented and virtuous life. He had lived and walked among all the orders and stations in Roman society. His illustrations are, therefore, pictures from life.

Like many great men of letters he was born in a hovel, and was cradled among "the huts where poor men lie". Rustic rambles endeared him to the mountains and rural stillness, which later enabled him, in immortal song, so forcibly to contrast the comfort and quietness of country life with the anxiety and bustle of the Capital. Here he became familiar with the simple virtues of the Apulian peasantry—independence, industry and chastity—which he in after years extolled in rebuking the luxury and vice of the imperial city.

A high-minded and prudent sire, *pater optimus*, early conducted him to Rome and personally supervised his education by directing his attention to the calamitous consequences of leading a vicious and immoderate life, which could be observed on every side in that corrupt city. On the other hand he was thoroughly instructed in a sound philosophy of life, and admonished to shun the follies and foibles of the populace. A rigid master, *plagosus Orbilius*, inculcated in him the beauties of the classics. The youth was thus shielded to withstand the temptations and seductions of the silly.

His education was completed by a sojourn in Greece, where he studied with many young men who were destined to become famous, and contracted many enduring friendships. This period of training exerted a great influence on his life, as he himself testifies:

"Romae nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri
Iratus Grais quantum nocuisset Achilles
Adjecere bonae paulo plus artis Athenae
Scilicit ut vellem curvo dinoscere rectum
Atque inter silvas Academi quaerere verum."

When he was sitting at the feet of Greek philosophers, clouds suddenly began to gather on the calm political skies. The startling news of Caesar's death reached Athens, and Brutus landed on the Grecian shores. Mars forthwith dragged young Horace away from his studies, and a freedman's son was marching at the head of one of the legions of Brutus.

This was an unusual appointment for one from plebian ranks, and it aroused jealousy and discontent among his brother-officers. Such a preference leads us to infer that already at this early period he must have been recognized as a man of rank, and must have manifested exceptional qualities to justify so great a deviation from ordinary rules. That Horace performed his duties satisfactorily, is confirmed by his own testimony:

"Me primis urbis belli placuisse domique."

His military career afforded him many new experiences and led him to many strange places. It complemented his training and he was thus well schooled in all the states and conditions of Roman life. He was well prepared and ably fitted to serve the muse in rebuking and correcting the vices prevalent in the Rome of that era, and in promulgating a sound philosophy for all ages.

His writings do not reveal the common error of most didactic works in demanding more of life than it will bear. This wise philosopher advocates no foolhardy measures and holds no extreme views, but cherishes the golden mean. An epitome of his doctrine may be found in a few short stanzas:

"Rectius vives Licini, neque altum
Semper urgendo, neque, dum procellas
Cantus horrescis, nimium premendo
Litus iniquum.
Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
Sobrius aula."

He proves his rule by painting in bright colors, pictures from living types. A Socratic philospher is solving the prob-

lem of life. The two extremes are reduced to the mean. The strongest representatives, chosen, either from the living or from the illustrious dead, are employed as illustrations of the two extreme classes. The fortunes and destinies of each are contrasted. The strenuous, anxious and parsimonious life is contrasted with the indolent, indifferent and lavish life. Gluttony is contrasted with niggardliness; opulence, with penury; public office, with servitude.

Death will overtake all, and all will be compelled to abandon their material possessions. Finally all will be stripped, and naked will depart from this mundane sphere in the same state as they entered it. Charon's skiff will convey no treasure nor any useless burden. At the brink of Tartarus all will be equally poor. "The king and peasant, pauper and millionaire, will be huddled, poor, shivering phantoms, in one indistinguishable crowd, across the melancholy Styx, to the judgment-hall of Minos." Hence more than a sufficiency in life is useless. Simply seek to escape pinching poverty.

These conclusions Horace deeply impresses upon his fellow Romans by inviting their attention to the numerous, vicious and foolish desires. On all sides wealth was the universal cry. To achieve wealth all was sacrificed—health, honesty and happiness. Their creed was couched as follows:

"Rem, facias, rem! Si possis recte, si non, quocunque modo rem."

They erected palatial homes. At Praeneste and Baiae they built into the sea. They stocked their homes with statues, pictures, gold plate and foreign ware. They served up gorgeous dinners, besotted themselves with wine, desired front seats at the theatre, pined to approach a few yards nearer to Augustus, and sought after "dowried wives".

The Romans only strove after popularity, honor, riches and glory. They neglected to satisfy their own inner convictions and simply lived to be considered great by others, while at heart they were miserable and discontented.

The great novelist not only clearly revealed to them the folly of their course, but in sweetly-flowing verse, also furnished them with ideals of human happiness and pure morals. He advocated "plain living and high thinking". A life of

excitement and care is to be shunned. A well-balanced character is set forth as the ideal one. Man is admonished not to be a slave to his passions, nor to show and circumstance. Life is not to be marred with petty strifes and bitter contentions for supremacy; but man is to live at his best, to live every day as though it were his last.

The middle life is advised as the most desirable. It is in this state that man enjoys comfort, happiness and rest from care. He lacks nothing and squanders nothing. He enjoys life as his Maker proposed him to enjoy it. He takes advantage of his opportunities and does not abuse any of his prerogatives. Such a life is the only ideal one for all ages and all men.

When this thorough student of life depicts to us the Roman habits and customs, we are at once reminded of the startling facts that human nature undergoes no change with the progress of time, and that many of the faults and vices of the ancient are prominently prevalent in the society of the present day. These precepts of Socratic philosophy still apply, and modern society will be lifted to a much higher plane by heeding Horace's counsels.

The lessons may be learned by diligently studying the ancient philosophers. Only by "knowing himself" will one truly know how to conduct his life to a successful termination. This knowledge of self, combined with a controlling conscience and a directing will, will enable one to steer safely over the rough sea of life and successfully solve the problem of living.

"Seminary Treasures."

FRANK S. KUNTZ, '00.

No spot is so dear to college graduates as their *Alma Mater*. Instinctively their thoughts will wander back to the pleasant scenes of college days. The arena of their successes, and just enough failures to make them feel their littleness and insignificance, will always remain in memory's casket as green oases along life's pathway. Here is the place which has witnessed a turning point in life, a transitional period. From a crude, inexperienced state they have been moulded and shaped, by the guiding hand of instructors and professors

into polished and trained individuals. Nor can we ever underestimate the advantage of the personal contact of mind touching mind, and personality meeting personality, for say what we please, or do what we will, our thoughts and actions pass in an unseen way into the lives of those with whom we come into contact. Friendships and other bonds of union are here formed which prove a source of perennial happiness and benefit, which death alone severs.

What has been said of college life is true in a preëminent sense of our seminary days. The conditions are greatly improved. The horizon of man's capabilities and possibilities has widened during these years of preliminary training. The embryonic state has been passed and now the individual is ready to undergo another period of a preparatory character, before launching out into a busy and active world. The course at most of our colleges is selected for a general education and in the *curriculum* there may be some branches for which the student may not have any aptitude. In the seminary as in the other professional schools, the emphasis is placed upon one general branch of knowledge, along the line of the student's chosen life work. The college and seminary courses bear the same relation as a foundation and an edifice. The main object in the former is strength and stability while in the latter more attention can be devoted to ornament and polish. It may be compared to building a fine superstructure upon the basis of a liberal college education, such a one as our smaller colleges furnish in a preëminent degree. It is a gratifying fact that from one-third to one-half the graduates of Muhlenberg enter the gospel ministry as a chosen life work. No doubt while in college, the thought of what the life in the seminary may be like will often arise. To present some of the treasures to be found in our seminary at Mt. Airy, shall be the object of this brief article.

In geographical location our seminary is especially fortunate, as it is easily accessible to the main bodies of our communicants from all points of the compass. Already in the pre-Revolutionary times its desirability was recognized, for it was the cherished hope of the patriach, Muhlenberg, to locate a seminary here. This hope only became a reality about four decades ago, although the present site has only been occupied for a period of the last fourteen years. Owing to the recent

construction, the builders could utilize all the previous advantages and avoid the disadvantages which characterize the homes of seminaries erected in former times. The buildings present the idea of communism and yet not so that it becomes a hindrance. The arrangement is such that the dormitory consists of seven compact buildings, separated by dead walls. Thus while it seems, to a casual observer, to be only one building it really consists of seven separate sections. Each of these sections has accommodation for twelve men, who form a circle within the larger body of students. On many an occasion can you find the occupants of one of these sections assembled in one room, discussing some knotty theological question, singing sacred songs, or cementing the bonds of Christian fellowship and union. These informal gatherings are beneficial because they give an opportunity to discuss the leading facts brought out in the lectures of the day and thus fix them more firmly in the consciousness. The rooms, themselves are so divided that a suite of two rooms is assigned to two students. One of these rooms is used as a sleeping apartment, the other as a study room. Through the kindness of various churches and individuals these rooms are handsomely furnished Garnished with the bric-a-brac and pictures which show the individual taste of each student the rooms furnish ideal abiding places for seminarians. One can not help but think of the bare walls of the monasteries of old. Asceticism has had its day and saw its failure as a means of living an ideal life. Not in bare necessities and want can the highest ideal be attained, but only when surrounded by pleasant and comfortable environments.

The recitation building, once a large and spacious mansion, is so arranged that the students can sit around the professor's desk and drink in the momentous words falling from his lips. On each seat is an arm-rest, so that the student can readily copy the lectures; for in this way is a great part of the instruction conducted. By this method, the student may receive, in a condensed form, the fruits of many year's patient study and experience.

One of the pleasantest features of the life here is the daily worship. Each morning the students assemble in the chapel and engage in a matin service, led by one of their own number. We must never lose sight of the fact that a

seminary is not merely a place to train the mind and charge it with a wealth of Bibical lore as a store-house for producing future sermons. The head must not be educated at the expense of the heart. A feeling of personal piety is thus cultivated so that a seminarian can go forth, a truly devoted and consecrated man.

Another treasure of our seminary is the pleasant environment. Few persons can come to this vicinity and not be favorably impressed with the beautiful campus, especially when clothed in the verdure of the Summer season. It is truly a spot where city and country meet, a place where the advantages of both are accessible, without the drawbacks of either. Then, too, the historic significance of this neighborhood adds another charm. Here on these very grounds was the memorable battle of Germantown fought. Within a few minutes walk is the celebrated Wissahickon Valley, a rendezvous in the Summer-time for the artist, with palette and brush, to transfer upon canvas the beautiful landscape views; and of the poet to drink in the grandeur and feel the inspiration of the wonders of nature. It is also a Mecca for the souls, tired of the monotonous regularity of brick and stone, seeking a place where uninterrupted communion can be held with Nature and with Nature's God. Nor is this place unsought during the long Winter months. On account of its shaded condition, it generally affords the earliest skating, and on many an afternoon, when lectures are over, can you find seminarians seeking the exhilarating exercise to be found in gliding over the glassy surface of its quiet pools. There is also a decided advantage in being situated within such easy access to the wealth of museums, academies of fine arts, and exhibits of all kinds which this city affords. The archaeological museums of the University of Pennsylvannia are especially helpful to theological students. Here can be found in great profusion the relics of hoary antiquity. In the monuments and cuneiform tablets can be read the history of ages which are contemporaneous and even antedate the patriarchal period. What a silent witness to the skeptical of this present age for the authenticity of the Bible and the character and customs there represented, for in every particular is Scripture corroborated by their mute testimony.

This is an age of books and the question of a library is an

important one in deciding where one shall go to pursue a course of study. No person can truly be said to be an educated man who studies text-books alone. It is only by research and reading, along the lines marked out and indicated by our regular *curriculum* that a man can reach the full ideal of a seminary course. In this respect Mt. Airy has a real and positive treasure in her extensive library, which represents the accumulated selections of some of our most eminent ministers, particularly of the late Dr. Charles Porterfield Krauth, whose entire library of fifteen thousand volumes is now incorporated in the seminary library. This collection was noted for its careful selection, for it embraced the choicest theological works to be found in Europe and America. A special feature of our library is the excellent collection of liturgical works, which is said to be one of the finest of its kind in this country. Here we can find the works containing the history and development of the Christian Church in the early ages, the middle ages, and especially the Reformation age and the period immediately following it, which play such an important part in the life of the Lutheran Church. In addition, every department of theology has its quota. In this age a future minister must also be familiar with the various allied branches. He is expected to know how to conduct the affairs of a church in the most approved manner, to have at his command the leading facts in the great subject of missions, and to be acquainted with the many social questions of the day. Nor can he be without a knowledge of the Hebrew and the Greek languages, so that he may search the Scriptures in their original tongues. There are many and intricate points which arise which can readily be solved with a knowledge of the original text. Then, too, our Church, the grand Church of the Reformation, has produced a long list of eminent theologians whose works should be read in order to prepare for an active ministry. Sometimes, I think, we do not realize what treasures our Church possesses in these heritages of Luther, Melanchton, Chemnitz, and the other great theologians of the Sixteenth Century, which express so clearly the doctrines of the faith delivered unto the fathers and restored again by these heroes of the Reformation.

These treasures are some of the advantages the seminary course presents, but they are all objective. The greatest of

all is subjective. It is the feeling that a person is engaged in the grandest work permitted to man to follow here below, in preparing to go forth and labor among his fellow-man in the stupendous task of restoring the broken link of communion between God and man, and in elevating the moral and spiritual life of a community. Medicine deals with the defects of man's physical nature, law with the moral and social condition of man, but theology deals with the soul, the treasure within this earthly casket. If a person wished to choose his life work upon the one condition of "Where can I do the most good?" there would only be one reply, for all other fields are transient and fleeting, while the work of theology is abiding and everlasting. There never has been a time when there was a greater need for young men to devote themselves to the gospel ministry than now. This age is preëminently a material one. The "strenuous life" of business proves very alluring to the younger element of this generation, to the detriment of the number devoting their lives to stem the tide of materialism and commercialism, and direct the thoughts of men to a higher, spiritual life and the world to come. In your prayers neglect not the prayer of the Master: "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth laborers into his harvest."

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Editorials.

The recent decision rendered by the judges of the Intercollegiate contest, held in the College Chapel, at Franklin and Marshall College, comes to us with rather a tinge of injustice, especially so after our bright expectations have been doomed. Muhlenberg's representative was Lawrence H. Rupp. In the opinion of those who accompanied Mr. Rupp, as well as of many of those present on the occasion, we deserved an equal share of the honors. However, the chances of winning honors were endangered for six of the institutions by a violation of the By-Laws of the Union; an *alumnus* of any of the colleges of the Union being ineligible to a position on the Committee of Judges. Of this gentleman the Franklin and Marshall *Weekly* says: "In spite of the better judgment of his associate judges, this gentleman harangued the two other judges for forty minutes until they permitted a decision to be made in favor of Dr. Martin's *Alma Mater*. Neither Judge Stewart nor Prof. Brandt, although each was asked and urged to do so, had the

courage to face the audience in announcing such a decision; Dr. Martin had." It also says: "It may be that the gentleman's prejudice so dimmed his judgment that he conscientiously saw in Lafayette's representative the qualities to entitle him to first place. No one else did. The representatives of all the other institutions, and all disinterested parties in the audience who expressed an opinion on the matter, were one in declaring that the decision rendered was unwarrantable and unjust." It concludes with the following: "The delegates to the Convention of the Union last Fall are deserving of censure for allowing such an oversight to occur in selecting judges, and, after it did occur, why in the name of common sense did Dr. Martin not resign?"

* * *

It is with much regret that we announce to the friends of our Institution the resignation of Philip Dowell, Ph. D., from the Faculty. Dr. Dowell has already left us for Washington, D. C., where he fills an appointment in the Agricultural Department of the United States Government. Not only does the student body realize that it has lost a valuable instructor, but the entire community feels that it has lost a model citizen; one who in his comparatively short stay at Allentown has made many friends. Dr. Dowell's work was confined mainly to the instruction of the students of the Scientific Department. His work has been taken up for the present by Rev. John A. Bowman, Ph. D., and John Lear, A. M., M. D.

* * *

After an extraordinary effort the present staff has secured several poems for this number. We are not permitted to publish the names of those who have written them. Though our labors as a staff are nearly ended, we would think our work a great success could we blot out the old idea that, as students, we are not able to write poetry. Truly we are not gifted as even the minor poets, yet we should be able to produce poems that are equal to those that grace the pages of other college journals.

Personals and Locals.

Dr. Ettinger attended a meeting of the Pennsylvania German Society, held in New York, on March 13th and 14th.

On Friday, March 14th, Dr. Wackernagel delivered a lecture at Weatherly for the benefit of the Orphans' Home, at Topton, Pa.

Messrs. Rupp, Moyer, Miller, '02, Rohrig and Croman, '03, attended the Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest, held at Lancaster, on March 21st.

Dr. W. to Kline, '03: "You may steal a railroad, and be considered a great financier, but hiding a class-mate's cap is theft."

Weaver's, '03, favorite expression: "I beg of you, my dear Gaston, allow me to kiss the baby."

Shalter thinks Barndt, '03, is a very practical student of calculus because he talks in variables.

Quite a number of students took in "Florodora" on the evening of March 18th.

Tallman, '05, has taken a position as teacher for the Spring term at Kutztown State Normal School.

The Glee Club gave concerts at Reading, Emaus and Bath, recently.

Dr. W. (to Juniors): "I wish some of you were members of an endeavor society in respect to studying."

Mr. F. N. D. Buchmann, '99, gave a very interesting address at the open Missionary Meeting on the subject of "Missions from a Student's Standpoint."

Kebach, '04, has added a mandolin to his collection of musical instruments. We are told he is now composing music.

Dr. Cooper is busily engaged soliciting subscriptions and arousing laymen in the interests of the new college buildings.

Mr. Detweiler, of Quakertown, called on Geissinger and Shimer, '03, on Sunday.

Dennis, '04, has returned to college after an absence of eight weeks, due to a serious attack of typhoid pneumonia.

We are all glad to see Dr. Seip with us again, after his long-continued illness. He has resumed a part of his usual work, meeting the Seniors in "Christian Ethics", and the Juniors in "Natural Theology".

Dr. E.: "Mr. Youse, what is your home address?"

Youse, '03: "New Jerusalem." (Laughter by Class).

Dr. E.: "There is no cause for laughter. Many of us can be glad if we ever get there."

Fritch, '05, who has been unwell for some time, has gone to Albuquerque, New Mexico, for his health. He may stay for an indefinite time.

Dr. W.: "Jaxheimer is a man of steady habits. He is always late and has the same excuse—the cars were late."

The Junior Class elected the following officers for the present term: President, Leefeldt; Vice President, Miller; Secretary, Schlotter; Treasurer, Roth; Monitor, Croman.

The new officers of the Senior Class are: President, Weisley; Vice President, Kistler; Recording Secretary, Lindenmuth; Corresponding Secretary, Lindenstruth; Treasurer, Brunner; Monitor, Miller.

Dr. E.: "Mr. Kistler, what do we mean by relative wages?"

Kistler: "When you are hired and paid by a relative you receive relative wages."

Dr. E.: "Why do you think so?"

Kistler: "Well, Doctor, experience is a great teacher."

Bartholomew, '02: "What the —— do you know about St. Patrick? You never saw him."

Fegley, '02: "No, but I often saw the snakes."

Dr. B.: "What happens when a body meets a body?"

Geiger, '02: "Doctor, do you mean while coming through the rye?"

Dr. B.: "At present we are speaking about heavenly bodies."

Kistler, '02. (While translating Latin): "Eloquence is rare in a bare-thread coat."

Dr. B.: "You must bring your *bare* in by the thread."

Schoff, '02: "Barty, you act as though you were deep in love."

Bartholomew: "Now Jake, not in love. Only strangely affected."

Basket-Ball.

MUHLENBERG VS. LA SALLE. MARCH 1ST, 1902.

This game was one of the most interesting and exciting played this season. From the beginning of the game till almost the end the result was doubtful. Within the last four minutes Muhlenberg scored eight points and won out by a nice lead. The score at the end of the first half was 14 to 10 in favor of La Salle, but at the beginning of the second half Muhlenberg started in with a determination to win and her efforts proved successful. Muhlenberg showed good work in the second half. Weider played a strong game, scoring twenty of the twenty-eight points. Kriebel threw three nice goals, and Geiger threw a goal during the last fifteen seconds. Newhart and Youse did good work. Miller was compelled to stop playing on account of sickness. Muhlenberg can congratulate itself on having won from a team that lost but three out of eighteen games played and stands second in the Interscholastic League of Philadelphia. Line up as follows:

MUHLENBERG.		LA SALLE.
Kriebel	forward	Ruf.
Weider	forward	H. Bloom.
Neubert	center	Shields.
Geiger	guard	Brailler.
Miller, Youse	guard	R. Bloom.

GOALS FROM FIELD.

Kriebel, 3.	Ruf, 1.
Weider, 8.	A. Bloom, 4.
Geiger, 1.	Shields, 1.

GOALS FROM OFFENSE.

Weider, 4.	Ruf, 4.

Final Score: 28 to 16.
Timekeepers: Ink, for Muhlenberg; Prof. Edwards, for La Salle.
Time of Halves: Twenty Minutes.

MUHLENBERG VS. ALLENTOWN.

This was the first game of a series played between Muhlenberg and Allentown professionals. The score at the end of the first half was 8 to 8. During the last three minutes of the game Allentown scored five points, making the final score 12 to 19, in favor of Allentown. Line up as follows :

MUHLENBERG.		ALLENTOWN.
Kriebel	forward	Powell.
Wieder	forward	Rehrig.
Neubert	center	Moyer.
Geiger	guard	Lutz.
Youse	guard	Keyser.

GOALS FROM FIELD.

Kriebel, 3.	Rehrig, 4.
Wieder, 2.	Powell, 1.
	Keyser, 2.

GOALS FROM OFFENSE.

Weider, 2.	Rehrig, 5.

Referee : Rapp.
Timekeepers : Ink, '02, for Muhlenberg ; Vogt, for Allentown.
Time : Twenty Minutes.

MUHLENBERG VS. GETTYSBURG.

In its last collegiate game of the season Muhlenberg easily defeated Gettysburg, by a score of 29 to 7. Line up as follows :

MUHLENBERG.		GETTYSBURG.
Kriebel	forward	Koser.
Weider	forward	Richard.
Neubert	center	Amick, Sr.
Geiger	guard	White.
Youse, Miller	guard	Seiber.

GOALS FROM FIELD.

Kriebel, 6.	Koser, 1.
Weider, 2	Richard, 1.
Neubert, 4.	

GOALS FROM OFFENSE.

Wieder, 3.	Amick, Sr., 2.
Kriebel, 2.	Richard, 1.

Referee : McCollom.
Timekeepers : Ink, '02, for Muhlenberg : Amick, Jr., for Gettysburg.
Time of Halves : Twenty Minutes.

MUHLENBERG VS. ALLENTOWN.

This was the last game of the season and by far the best game played. It was the most closely contested game ever played on an Allentown floor. When the report was circulated that Sykes, the former coach of the Allentown team, would play, it was thought that Muhlenberg would be defeated by a large score, but Muhlenberg put up a game well worthy of professionals. Not until the whistle was sounded at the end of the second half was it possible to surmise which would win the game. This was a snappy game from beginning to end. The score at the end of the first half was 12 to 5, in favor of Allentown. Final score 19 to 18, in favor of Allentown. Line up as follows:

MUHLENBERG.		ALLENTOWN.
Kriebel	forward	Rehrig.
Dorney	forward	Powell.
Neubert	center	Sykes.
Geiger	guard	Lutz.
Wieder	guard	Moyer.

GOALS FROM FIELD.

Kriebel, 1.	Rehrig, 3.
Neubert, 4.	Powell, 2.
Geiger, 1.	Moyer, 2.
	Lutz, 2.

GOALS FROM OFFENSE.

Wieder, 5.	Rehrig, 1.
Kriebel, 1.	

Referee: McCollom.
Timekeepers: Ink, '02, for Muhlenberg; Vogt, for Allentown.
Time of Halves: Twenty Minutes.

This closes the basket-ball season, which has been a successful one, and we wish to extend to the players our hearty and well-deserved thanks for their faithful work and the reputation they have brought to us. Remembering that it was our second season, and considering the many disadvantages they doubly deserve to be praised for their work. The scrubs deserve commendation for the assistance they have given the team in practice.

Book Review.

"AUDREY." By Mary Johnston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This is the third novel written by Miss Johnston within a comparatively short time. Her other works, "Prisoner of Hope" and "To Have and to Hold", became very popular, the sale of the latter passing the 300,000 mark.

We think "Audrey" is in many respects far superior to her other works. In "To Have and To Hold", many spirited scenes occurred. The book was full of romance and adventure. In "Audrey" all this is changed. The plot is again laid in Virginia. Time, Eighteenth Century. Place, around Williamsburg and the Westover estate. The book contains a few thrilling incidents, but they are of little importance in the development of the plot. The nature of the story is mainly psychological.

THE PLOT.

The Governor of Virginia, with a number of followers, start on a trip to the Appalachian Mountains. They stop for lunch at a cabin in the wilderness. and here Audrey is introtroduced to the reader as a little child. Mr. Marmaduke Haward, a gentleman of quality, and one of the Governor's party did not care to penetrate further into the mountains, hence he gave a poor excuse and left the company on the evening of the same day on which they had stopped at the cabin. He, with his colored servant, reach the clearing late at night only to find the cabin in ruins and the occupants massacred. Audrey, however, had escaped. He takes her home and gives her over to a minister, who is also a heavy drinker and inveterate gambler.

Haward goes to England where he remains ten years. On his arrival in Virginia he finds his ward, whom he had almost forgotten, a beautiful maiden. She tells him that she was not kindly treated and living as the parson's servant. Through the efforts of an ex-convict school teacher, her lonely life was relieved of much of its sadness. Haward, now one of the leading men in Virginia, wishes to marry Miss Evelyn Bird, heiress of Westover. She does love him, but he admits that he does not love her and in consequence she does not accept him. Soon after the proposal he falls in love with Audrey, and the

two young ladies become rivals. The main beauty of the work lies in the portrayal of the psychological processes in the minds of these three persons.

For a long time Audrey does not believe in her lover's good faith and attempts to leave him. He pursues her and finds her at the home of Miss Bird. She again escapes, this time going with Jean Hugon, a half-breed, who wishes to marry her and who constantly pursues her on this account. She arrives at Williamsburg and suddenly becomes famous as an actress. Here her lover finds her, and certain of their mutual love, she promises to marry him. She appears on the stage once more and is killed by the half-breed Hugon. This is a tragic ending, yet the reader will agree that Audrey is not fitted by birth, education and experience to become the wife of such a man as Haward.

Other interesting episodes are the conversations between the Reverend Gideon Darden and his better half, Mistress Deborah, ex-waiting woman to Lady Squander; the conflict between Haward and the Scottish Highlander, Angus McLean; and the wooing of Miss Truelove Taberer, a gentle Quakeress, by McLean.

This work is truly literature, for the author describes mountains, valleys, forests, streams, and atmosphere in a way which reminds one of an idyl.

As the reader continues his perusal he cannot help but notice the spontaneity of the work. At first he may consider some parts rather dull, but this feeling gradually wears off, and he becomes more and more charmed. Although certain developments tax the credulity of the reader, yet the work is excellent from many points of view.

Exchanges.

The duties of the exchange table, in our opinion, form the pleasantest feature connected with the editing of a college journal. As our exchanges come in, one by one, they are heartily welcomed and their contents eagerly devoured. Whatever is worthy of particular attention is carefully noted and, as far as space permits, is alluded to in our next issue. We try to treat all our exchanges justly, and would ask in turn that they do the same for us.

In one of our recent issues we had occasion to compliment several of our exchanges. These notices were well-earned and not made simply to gratify any particular exchange. The next issue of these respective exchanges made mention of the fact of our notices; we would have each and every exchange editor believe that our recognition of any one of them is caused by a desire *on our* part, for thanks or reciprocal notices.

The Dickinson *Literary Monthly* attains its usual high standard and we have nothing but praise to give. We are glad to associate with one so worthy. Its editorials are pointed and have the proper nature, that of making known the wants of the institution and of speaking well of its advantages. The editor makes a plea for higher education. We quote the following: "If a man intends to enter any of the learned professions, such as medicine, ministry, law and teaching, he ought to take a course in a school where his profession is taught." He adheres to the fact that every person should start right, and if he be a man of thirty-five before he starts out on his life's career. "Better begin life at thirty-five than be a weakling in some profession and at the head of a struggling family whose existence is misery."

The *Touchstone*, published by the students of Lafayette College, is a welcome visitor to our table. Its matter is timely and the work excellent. The article on "Aims" is well written and brimful of truth.

The articles on "The Broken Rope" and "Beyond the Rio Grande", in the *Charleston Magazine*, are interesting stories, and deserve to be mentioned in our exchange column. We have not had any occasion to make mention of this magazine for some time past, more than to acknowledge the receipt of it, but we feel as though we ought to offer some comment upon these two articles.

It is perhaps needless to say that we entertain an abiding affection for the *College Folio* and the *Maryland Collegian.* The editorial departments of both are well sustained. The latter goes away ahead of most of our exchanges in the quantity and quality of its literary matter. Some of the essays are of a high order, while the verses which appear occasionally give promise of even better things to come.

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Vol. XIX

No. 9.

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MAY, 1902.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XIX. ALLENTOWN, PA., MAY, 1902. No. 9.

A Nation's Doom.

Oration delivered by Lawrence H. Rupp,'02, as Muhlenberg's representative in the Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest held at Lancaster, Pa.

Oppression is and always has been the lot of the weaker nations! The foundation stones of our government are the principles of liberty resting deep in the heart of true American citizenship. The Stars and Stripes floating under every sky typify the progress and civilization of our nation. In view of past events, the United States occupies a conspicuous and interesting position among the nations. The fortunes of war, its enlarged wealth and power, have called it to greater responsibilities, and, if it shall prove true to its past history, it must not lower its standard of universal justice, nor lose its interest in the betterment of the human race. In view of our own glorious freedom, it is with deep solicitude that we, as Americans, watch the smoldering fires of liberty burst into flames among the oppressed nations of the world.

Our sympathies are strongly enlisted, our indignation is especially aroused as we witness the wrongs and miseries inflicted on the people of a little nation on the shores of the Baltic. They have sounded the depths of tyranny and injustice, and unutterable woe fills their hearts. Every breeze wafts a new tale of their suffering to our ears. From the abyss of misery into which they have fallen, rises a bitter, despairing and melancholy cry. It sounds like a wailing for the dead. What is the meaning of this cry? It is the cry of the heart-broken patriot. It is the cry for freedom from oppression which has been echoed and re-echoed through the ages. It rose and fell over Thermopylae and Marathon; louder than the dim of battle was its chorus at Bunker Hill, and triumphant was its note at Manila Bay; it echoes weirdly from the mountain passes of South Africa, and solemnly and appealingly it rises from the lakes of Finland.

Once Finland was free! Free as the wild winds that shrieked and roared over her mountain tops. Free as the

birds that sang in her forests. Under the protection of Austria the Finns governed themselves, and for six centuries nothing disturbed the peaceful security and tranquil justice of their government. Fostered by the benign influence of liberty she took her place among the nations and all the world recognized the attributes of her nationality. Poets, painters, philosophers, statesmen, martyrs, men whom we love to call great, all owned their allegiance to Finland and cherished her prosperity. They loved her with all the ardor of disinterested patriotism. They looked forward into her future and their hopes were bright. Oh! How soon were their hopes to be blasted and their nation but a monument fallen in the dust. While peace and plenty were smiling over the contented children of Finland, the dark clouds of tyranny were slowly gathering over the horizon.

The envious eyes of her powerful Russian neighbor were fixed upon her. The lust for empire, ever a moving principle in Russian politics, asserted itself. Slowly and steadily she encroached on the territory of Finland and began to undermine the foundations of her government. Austria, whose protectorate had been established to guard her from foreign foes, and for the reciprocal advantages of commercial intercourse, was forced to cede all her rights to Russia. A little more than fourscore years ago the blow fell. A few strokes of the pen and the fate of Finland was sealed. And yet, for a little while longer, the real purpose of Russia was hidden from the world beneath the role of a benefactor. Her rulers swore to preserve inviolate her ancient rights and liberties. Did they keep their oaths? No! Cruel irony of fate! As all the world knows, the story of Finnish wrongs is a history of broken oaths, pledges violated, an example of "man's inhumanity to man".

One by one were the bulwarks of Finnish liberty swept away, until now, at the beginning of the twentieth century nothing remains but their memory deeply enshrined in the hearts of the suffering people. All the blessings and immunities of a government, almost as democratic as our own, have been immolated on the altar of monumental tyranny. Appeals, prayers and entreaties were offered in vain and resort to arms would have been worse than useless. The chains of slavery have been firmly forged, and their clanking is heard over all

the land. The sun of liberty has set to shine no more on Finland.

What will her fate be? A few more years, and, as a nation, she will have no place on the map of the world. She will be incorporated bodily into the Empire of Russia. To do this Russia has committed the greatest crime of the centuries. All history affords no parallel. To see the art, the science, the language, the religion, the liberty of a noble people blotted out by the ignorance, the prejudice, the hereditary predisposition of the centuries, is indeed sad enough to move the sympathies and stir the pulses of the world. Wherever hearts beat more quickly at the trumpet call of liberty, there this injustice will be recorded. Future ages will look upon it as the most despicable crime of the twentieth century, and Russia will become a synonym of supreme intolerance and oppression.

Sad are the words of one old patriot who said: "Numerically we do not count. We are a small nation. Russia is very large. We can neither fight nor oppose her long. And other nations can not or will not interfere in our behalf. They are doing precisely the same thing. England has her Boers; Germany her Poles; in Austria one nation fights the other, the Magyars oppress the Germans and Roumanians. And France? France is the ally of Russia. It is a pity, an all 'round pity,but it seems to me that the day of national existence has gone." And to express the sentiments of the entire nation he might have added: Over there in the land of the setting sun, in America, we may find some place in which to preserve the last remnants of our nationality. There we may hope again to breathe the blessed air of freedom.

Every outgoing vessel is crowded with emigrants! Our hearts bleed as we behold them bidding farewell to the old familiar scenes. What thoughts must rise in their minds as they cast their tearful eyes on those dear haunts and homes of childhood. The majestic mountains, the rushing rivers, the peaceful lakes and the waving forests seem to be veiled in sympathetic sadness. Even the winds are still and tenderly kiss the careworn brows of the faithful mothers, and softly caress the silvery locks of the aged fathers. Strong men are overcome with grief, and lisping infants turn with wondering eyes to the sweet faces of their sorrowing mothers.

The unconquerable love of liberty and justice drives them out in search of a land where liberty is law and justice is her handmaiden.

Whither do they go? To America, "God's best country," they instinctively turn. May the Stars and Stripes beam on high to guide them to the land where the hand of tyranny and oppression is unknown. And let us welcome these poor wanderers from a foreign shore. The pride of our American institutions demand it! May it always be the aim of America to alleviate the sufferings and ameliorate the condition of mankind, and may future ages record this as her greatest triumph. When the Finns have settled in our midst, may they, in their gratitude, learn to love the flag so dear to all Americans; and may their prayer to the God of nations be the sincere utterances of thankful hearts:

"Great God, we thank Thee for this home,
This bounteous birthland of the free,
Where wanderers from afar may come
And breathe the air of Liberty.
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet till time shall fold her wing,
Remain earth's loveliest Paradise."

How Nels Larsen Beat the Government.

REV. PROF. W. A. SADTLER, PH. D., '83.

It is the last act in the life drama of one of the human units that pass before the public gaze as little noted as the grains of dust that float in the air and are revealed only in the path of some stray sunbeam entering a dark interior.

The scene is a lowly cottage, on an alley near the gas works in the City of Denver. The hero (a truer one than ninety-nine out of the hundred who figure as such in the novels of the day) is a Scandinavian-American who came to this country as a lad in time to take a man's part in the awful struggle of the Civil War. Other *dramatis personae* are the warm-hearted and witty Irish wife, her faithful daughter, a physician with a big heart, the comrade, and the bard.

The capacity in which the bard comes upon the scene is that of one whom the Germans call 'der Seel-sorger'. And what was Nels' religious status when the time came that the

physician said was the time appointed for meeting the Last Enemy ? He was not a member of the Church ; and yet he was one of that large number who respect and even love the Church ; though a life of wandering, and with it the weakness of the flesh, have held them back from doing the thing they would. Our hero's standing as a patriot was, however, beyond all question. In the carnage that attended the siege and capture of Vicksburg he was twice wounded, the second time having so large a piece of his skull shot away that a hen's egg could be put in the wound. His career from the day he got that terrible hurt was, of necessity, for the most part a passive one. What can a half-paralyzed old soldier do to achieve fortune in the great hurly-burly of life ? A small tobacco business for a time, at Atlantic City, was Nels' only commercial venture and his greatest success. Before going to meet the King of Terrors, Nels was solemnly enlisted in another army, that of the Great Captain, and so a new campaign began. Sometimes the battle went hard against our hero, and, as the forces of Pain swept over him, he had but one wish—that God would soon take him. Then again, in easier hours, cheerfulness reigned in the cottage, and the talk turned to pleasant memories of the past or to hopes for the future. Much comfort was taken in the visits of the "parson", who was doubly welcome because, in former years, both he and the good wife had lived in a city that overlooks the Delaware where that lordly stream begins to take the savor of the briny deep. As she looked back through the genial Alp-glow of memory to the years of her youth beside the picturesque Brandywine, everything seemed lovely: the Winters milder, the Summers cooler and the people more neighborly than here and now. At times she would use her wit to institute comparisons. Eastern people, she maintained, have in them more of "nature", while most Westerners are carried away with what may be called the master-desire "to arrive". The accumulation of acres or the building up of a bank account, she declared, is the chief end of man and likewise of gentle woman living in that part of the world known as "the West". Strong reinforcements for the sick man were at hand whenever Comrade Raferty put in his appearance. His epic was neither an Iliad nor an Odyssey, yet it reverberated with the crash of battle and anon told in gentle

strains of that noblest touch of Nature that makes the whole world kin. He told of the hours, spent in nursing a fevered young Confederate prisoner back to health, that came again as bread upon the waters when that identical Confederate was on sentinel duty at Andersonville. Moving tales were told of life in the great prison, and also of the sensations an escaped prisoner enjoys when he finds himself up a tree and the hounds leaping beneath.

But there was another battle that had to be fought by our Roland, even while in the midst of his struggle with the Great Enemy. This battle was the same that the Red Man had fought from time to time on this same Western soil—the battle against Grim Want. The wife had done her part in earning the family living by toiling at the washtub, but at sixty-nine this particular form of muscular exercise must be stricken from the list. Then too the All-Wise One allows strange things to happen to try our faith. As it was growing dusk Christmas afternoon, Mrs. Larsen started out to get some milk for her invalid, and fell on the ice only a few steps from her own door and broke her arm near the wrist. Of course the people (not alley dwellers) who let their waste water gather and freeze into that treacherous sheet of ice did not mean to make a pitfall for any one, but that fact does not help an old woman's bones to knit or relieve the throbbing pain.

As for the daughter's aid in this last battle, her time was almost wholly taken up with the care of the helpless patient, even before Christmas and its happenings. A pension of $30.00 a month is a good thing, a big thing even to some people ; yet it does not represent the most luxurious living, especially after rent, delicacies for an invalid, medicines, etc., have been paid for. Why not go to the County for aid, some one suggests. Thank you! Our sort of people have a horror of anything of that kind, unless the whip of necessity is actually on our backs. If a block of coal sometimes jolts off a heavy team turning through the alley, that is something different: a windfall like the big hare that Providence sent to the relief of Nels' mother in the old home in Sweden. That affair of the hare was just this. It was a hard winter and Nels' father was away looking for work and his mother and the children hungry at home. About that time the mother

took to praying. When she looked up from her prayers what did she see but a big hare caught in the pale fence. With a blow of the fire tongs she turned Bre'r Rabbit into fresh meat and when the father came home after a fruitless search there was a fine stew smoking in the pot.

When some of the scum of the earth stole the pair of fine Plymouth Rock fowls that bore the names of an honored ex-President and his wife, and were the pride of Nels' daughter's heart, it seemed as if the cup of bitterness was flowing over. The incident served, however, to remind Mrs. Nels of an experience of the long ago when she first came West before she was Mrs. Larsen:

Life in the new country was strange and hard, and her people were poor and had sickness in the family besides. So the hour of need came when there was positively nothing to eat in the house, and then it was that the tempter suggested, not the fruit of the tree, but neighbor Muldoon's patch of big, ripe turnips. The voice of the tempter prevailed, and the poor, hungry woman started out, sack in hand, for the turnip field. One sack full of turnips, tops and all, were brought home, and she had reached the field for a second lot when a voice of most unearthly shrillness sounded out of the woods: *Don't you do it. Don't you do it.* Fear lent wings to the terrified woman's feet (though it did not keep her from floundering through a stream) as she fled from her ghostly monitor. Some of the family returning soon after, found her more dead than alive and a great pile of turnips beside her. On hearing of her encounter with the ghost, they explained to her that the sepulchral voice was that of a screech owl.

However, the end of the turnip-ghost affair was not yet. The turnips had ceased to exist, as turnips, yet the recollections of them were like Banquo's ghost, they would not down; but seemed to stick in the conscience-stricken woman's throat, while the road past Muldoon's place was a true way of sorrow. Finally recourse was had to the proper church authority and, after said authority had laughed himself almost into apoplexy, he counseled restitution on a cash basis. Mr. Muldoon magnanimously refusing the proffered half-dollar, the incident was closed, except for the fact that the tale of the ghost in feathers is rehearsed to this day with great gusto by the

farmers living about a certain neck of the woods less than a thousand miles from the Mississippi River.

But where does the Government come into this short and simple annal of the poor? In the matter of the reduction of the pension to $12.00, that takes effect as soon as the veteran dies. Thanks to a most uncommonly hard head and to powers of endurance to correspond, our friend Nels was able to outlive his time several months and save, not his bacon only, but likewise the price of the Winter's coal and of the roof over the heads of wife and daughter until Spring.

'*Arma virumque cano.*'

NOTE. This story is strictly true, except for the circumstances that the hero's name is not Larsen and that the city in question is not Denver.

False Theories of Our Life.

Abstract of lecture delivered in the College Chapel, by Rev. C. N. Conrad, Ph. D., S. T. D., '79, April 29, 1902, 3 o'clock P. M.

"Hon. W. J. Bryan, in an address before the *alumni* of Illinois College, laid great stress upon the religious element in education, and had many warm words for the church college. He says: 'The college ought to turn out something better than a scholar: it ought to turn out a man. The heart has more to do with human happiness than the head has. I believe the small college supplies the moral element, as the large one can not, because there is no influence so great as the influence of the upright life of the professor constantly before the student in the small college.'

"Muhlenberg College may be regarded in the eyes of its adversaries as a small college; but it has produced *alumni* well known to the church and the State, who have become renowned, and are influential, Christian men. May our *alma mater* ever prosper and may we never forget this loving mother, which has done so much for us. I am proud to be an *alumnus* of Muhlenberg College.

"'Heaven lieth around us in our infancy' is the beautiful language of the poet. But here we are always in our infancy and these are the elements which make a heaven around us, even amid the shadow of time, and which draw music, as from hidden harps, over the darkest and loveliest soli-

tudes of life. We can not accept the saying of the poet: 'The light which led astray was light from Heaven.' No light from Heaven ever led any man astray. 'The wisdom that is from above is, first, pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.' That is not light which leadeth astray; and whatever light does so proves itself, by the very fact, to belong to the wisdom which is not from above, but from beneath—even hell itself.

"The unity of our life, too, is sustained by these Scripture representations. It is no longer a confused and meaningless thing, giving rise to the question: 'Wherefore hast thou made all men in vain?' Vain, indeed, would be the eye and wings to the eagle if he were never to rise above the slimy things of the earth; and vain would be that eye of reason in man, and whose wings of intelligence, imagination and faith, by which he can 'look before and after', can reconnoitre the universe and sustain himself in the contemplation of the infinite, if sense is to be his world, and matter his god, and the sepulchre his goal. To use the language of a living writer: 'Every man's life is a plan of God,' which he is to take up and work out to its utmost possibilities. He may not be able to pre-arrange the circumstances, but by the help of God he may conquer them and subdue them to good.

"No two ships have precisely the same path, and are struck, at the same angle, by precisely the same winds; but the helmsman accommodates himself to this, and makes the most of the winds which the Supreme Ruler is pleased to send. One thing is certain, that the main business of every human soul is to find its right place in the world, and, in view of the great future, to work its right way through it. * * * Like one who is threading some mountain pass and striving to reach some mountain height, we are always encountering some perplexing obstruction, and always supposing that, when that is surmounted, the way will be clear and the pinnacle apparent. We must not complain of our ignorance of the future; for sufficient is revealed for all practical purposes. Its minor incidents may be wrapped in obscurity, but its final issues all of us may know—they are left with ourselves, and we are working them out at every moment, according to the

saying of Paul: 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap.'

"There is much wrong living in the world which does not proceed from any recognized theory. Not that there is not some theory at bottom; some basement principle of which the manner of life is the natural outgrowth. Apart from this, there are various modes of life which have assumed a definite theoretical shape, and which men have not only adopted in practice but are ready to plead for as philosophically true.

"There is the Epicurean or pleasure theory. This derives its name from a celebrated philosopher of Greece, and the fact that it still exists as a theory proves that it has struck its roots very deeply into some part of our nature. Contrary to what we might have expected, the philosopher referred to was, humanly speaking, a virtuous man; for, while his theory was this, that pleasure was the foundation of virtue, and its ultimate reason and test, he, at the same time, denied that there was any pleasure in vice, and he endeavored to show his sincerity in this by living a careful and moderate life. We know that this is not the meaning which is attached to Epicureanism now. We apply it to a life of sensual indulgence; that is to say, to the life of those who may hold, indeed, that pleasure is virtue, but who are very far from holding, with Epicurus, that virtue is pleasure. Hence, there are some who maintain that it is not just to Epicurus to apply his name to such a low and sensual theory of life; that it is a misrepresentation of his views, and that it gives an entirely false impression of the man. We are not very sure of this, however. It is very seldom that traditional phraseology is essentially wrong; and we do not think that it is so here. * * * We question the right to complain of this, since it is just the price, which he has had to pay for propounding a theory of life which was not only false but essentially low—yea, mean. For what did he do? He shifted the ground and reason of virtue from the nature and will of the Creator to the will or pleasure of the creature.

"In making pleasure the rule of life, he must allow every man to judge for himself as to what pleasure is. One may place it in virtue, another may place it in vice; one may find it in the sphere of the intellect, another may find it in the sphere of the senses.

"The disciples of Epicurus were by no means careful to follow their master further than suited their tastes; they accepted his theory, but they refused his application. This opened the flood-gates for every vice. The creed of the Epicurean of the present day is: * * * 'Whilst we live let us live. Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die.' Let us see how this Epicurean creed narrowed down our life to a very point. It takes all soul out of it; for the soul is its enemy, and a regard for its interests would be the very death of such a life. The soul goeth upward; God is its portion and Heaven its home. But this is a down-going life where God is forgotten and Heaven despised.

"But it takes all heart out of our life. The sensual man is of necessity selfish. He is often said to be 'his own worst enemy'. No doubt he is; but he is everybody's enemy as well as his own. Wife and children, friends and neighbors—all must yield to the master-passion, and the happiness of all is sacrificed over and over again to selfish pleasure.

"But it takes, also, the intellect out of our life. For its own sake, at least, there is no recognition of it. It may be employed as an instrument to devise new forms of pleasure, and new modes of carrying them into effect, but nothing more. It is the minister of sense, the convenient purveyor for its appetites, the demon in the herd of swine, impelling us down the steep,ignominious concession into the foul sea of sensuality and indulgence. Goethe, the German poet, is a striking example of a man devoting his life to seeking his own culture with all the energy of a commanding genius; but Goethe was an Hedonist, an Epicurean. Great as are the works of his genius, he missed that which is of the highest worth, and the light of his intellect reveals more clearly his moral deficiencies. * * * The track of his life was strewn with crushed and cast-off loves, like orange peels thrown away after he had sucked out all the sweetness. Great and lustrous like an iceberg, floating deep and towering high, moving majestic with the strength and swell of the ocean, effulgent in the sunshine, a mountain of light, but also a mountain of ice; and this estimate of himself he himself pronounced when, in his old age, he said: 'I can say that I have never had four weeks of genuine pleasure.'

"These are the words of an Hedonist, an Epicurean. Contrast them with St. Paul's review of his life of self-sacrificing love: 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight; I have finished the course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give me at that day.'

"The ascetic theory. The first thing that strikes us here is that, as the former theory robbed life of the future, this one robs it of the present. The one makes the body everything; the other makes it nothing. Both body and soul are the workmanship of God, and neither can be placed under the ban without violence and sin. And yet what are the facts? According to this theory, the whole glory of life consists in the wilful and purposeless depression of the body. Ingenuity has been racked for the invention of tortures, and nature has been outraged in frantic attempts to extinguish all its sensibilities, * * * and all in the way of propitiating that Being who says: 'Go and learn what this meaneth; I will have mercy and not sacrifice.' This is an entirely false view of our life. It is not prescribed. The God that made us does not require it. He does require self-denial and suffering even unto death, in the path of duty, however. But not out of that path; not for His own sake. He must prescribe it; not we ourselves, and it is enough that we comply when he prescribes it. Anything beyond that is presumptuous and sinful. It springs from self-righteousness and is deeply rooted in spiritual pride.

"For what is it, after all, but the purchase-money of heaven? It stands in the room of the Saviour, and that is enough to condemn it, since we are perfectly certain that the work of the Saviour needs no such buttress.

"It is true that our own Luther obtained the first glimpses of truth while immured in his convent at Erfurt. But what was even Luther until such time as, having emerged from his convent, he proceeded to carry his just principles into practical effect.

"There is nothing which gives a man such power for anything as just doing it. Our views may be correct, our principles sound, but if we allow them to lie dormant in our

bosoms, they will give little elevation and still less strength to the character. The grand thing to be considered is that man is to fulfill the great end of his being, not by the suppression of his faculties but by their cultivation; not by the extinction of any part of his nature—sensational, intellectual, or spiritual, as it were—but by the control of the whole in subserviency to the principles laid down in His blessed Word. Away with asceticism! This theory, to my mind is false—yea, it is injurious to our souls!

"The Pantheistic theory is not without eminent names for its support. Popularly speaking, this theory consists in the denial of a personal God, and maintaining that there is some subtle essence underlying and pervading the universe, and that this is God. It is not to be supposed that I should go into any discussion of this, a metaphysical theory, at this time. I glance at it simply to put young men and young women on their guard against its insidious influences. It destroys all individual responsibility in man. According to the theory of Pantheism, God is the universe and the universe is God. What we call individual life is not individual life, but only a particular manifestation of the parent essence projected for a time into the region of the actual, or, rather, the phenomenal, but still a part of that parent essence, and destined to be absorbed into it. Alas! Much of your secular poetry of the present day is very often of this nature. Here, then, is the axe at once laid at the root of all that is destructive in man. His individual will, his individual importance, and his individual responsibility are all gone at one stroke, and we suddenly find ourselves nothing in the world. I beseech you to cast aside all these false theories of our life and return to the simple and solemn teachings of the Bible."

Two Letters and a Portion of Journal.

M. H.

Pshaw! Shall I begin a new diary? Here I am at the sixtieth milestone of my weary pilgrimage, prematurely aged, tired—if I must confess it—of trying to do good, bereft of all my kin, and scantily provided with the wherewithal to humor my patrician tastes. In fact I wonder that I have so conscien-

tiously kept my diary these later years. Doubtless it was from force of habit. I am glad now that I formed the habit. It is a solid satisfaction to muse over those old chronicles. What a curious stack it is! Some small and leather bound, some large with morocco covers, others long or wide, red, brown or black, neat or soiled. Some held in indifference—some cherished.

Retrospection! What would age do without it! Why, I idle away whole afternoons down by the edge of the creek, under the buttonwood, with some favorite diary; and I read and smile and ponder until the ripple of the crystal flow beside me, the soft notes of the meadow-lark, and the mellow flush of departing day entice me into the land of dreams and peace. But a lengthy enjoyment of even this is denied me, for Cleon rudely disturbs my comfort by announcing supper. What is eating to dreaming! Yet Cleon is a devoted servant. If I told him this he would let me sleep all night in the dew, rather than antagonize my whim.

Well, what shall I do? My daily routine is practically the same from the beginning to the end of the year, and as to weather conditions, I really have no more interest in that subject. Still it would seem odd to give up a custom of nearly forty-five years' standing. (How we old chaps cherish customs!) It would strongly impress upon me the idea of having omitted something, and that, I feel, would annoy me. Moreover there comes that idea of losing a tangible record of one's days. I was morbidly sensitive about that even in my youth. When I neglected to write a single day in my diary I felt as if I had not lived that twenty-four hours. Indeed I worried more on account of forgotten days than those in which I was compelled to record some evil. You see, as I grew older I learned to forgive myself; and, in the passing years, the stains have faded, so that in hazy retrospection those wild episodes flit through my mind with irresistible attractiveness.

To-day is the thirty-first of December—the date of my sister's death. Dear Alma! What a tender and devoted sister she was, and how blind to my faults! She gave me this well-worn Bible at my elbow, and in it I have kept—as a fit place for them—her last two letters to me, and copies of my last two to her. In my younger days I was wont to copy all

letters of special significance from hastily-written drafts, which I preserved. I remember still how my chum at college criticized me for wasting so much time; but I could not have considered my journal complete without the drafts.

In my desk drawer lies a bundle of copies of the letters I wrote to Evalyn, my last wife. What an indescribable pang it sends to the core of my heart to write of her! Twelve years ago she left me, and three years later, sister—and why can't I go? At times I actually find myself more in anticipation of seeing them in the next life than of seeing the great Ruler of life Himself. And yet I remember what a contempt I always harbored for our Methodist brethren who were forever preaching the Heaven of departed dear ones who were beckoning to those on earth, and all that, instead of the Heaven of our Prince of Peace. Well, as to those two letters which I wrote to my sister—they unfold much relating to my wife, and excuse my present humor. Here they are. Read, and then forgive my pessimism—that is, if pessimism is believing that one's usefulness is over, and that earth contains no balm for dull existence. True, I am conscious of a certain pleasure in observing the changes of the seasons, here on my rural estate; I take some interest in my new varieties of flowers; and I enjoy associating each nook and corner, each tree and bank and arbor, with some bygone scenes enacted there; but I dare not live altogether in the past, for it is in the past my sorrow lies. So to the extent that I live in the present I am querulous, and my friends call me pessimistic. By the way, it will be an interesting study to notice how my acquaintances treat me now that I have become poor. Yes, I believe I will write at least one more diary, for—but pardon my digression. Those letters. These are they:

My Dear Alma:

I noticed in your last an undercurrent of reproach; although your epistle was in general a pleasure. I will admit that I may encourage adverse criticism by becoming engaged so soon after Eleanor's death. And, I confess that I care very little what popular opinion on that subject may be. Whether or not my indifference betrays a woful lack of proper ethical self-respect is a topic too complex to be discussed now. However, *entre nous*, let there be no misunderstanding. I narrowly escaped what thousands of unfortunate people suffer through ignorance of their heart. You know what a profound respect

I entertained for Eleanor. You realize how I admired her literary attainments, and certainly you believe me when I tell you that I was kind, affectionate and sympathetic every minute of our pleasant sojourn together. Do you ask why I do not say that I loved her? Well, Alma, I thought when I married her, during our married life, and when she died, that I did love her.

Remember that I belonged to the new school of thought, and had a contempt for sentiment, and considered myself eminently superior to those effeminate idiots who became the victims of their impassioned imaginations. When I think of how I have changed I blush. You asked where I met Evalyn, and I am anxious to explain. Two weeks before my wife's last illness I was fortunate enough to be of service to her on the Milford Pike. I was alone at the time, analyzing some new flower, when she approached in a humble enough—almost shabby carriage, and asked me to readjust some loosened part of the harness. I casually observed her, refined, though somewhat delicate appearance, and noted the culture in her speech. Eight weeks later I met her on the same road, and, drawing rein, she smilingly reminded me of our former meeting by saying that if I did not object to serving her again I might tell her whether there was such a place in the neighborhood as Hartman's Inn. When I told her I had been boarding there for five weeks she volunteered to take me there in her carriage, if I was on my way—which I was. It seems she knew Mrs. Hartman, and every time she came out—which she often did—I saw her, and began to anticipate her visits. * * *

I am thankful beyond expression that I did not know Evalyn before my wife's death, else—but let us not make supposition. * * *

I know you will be fond of her. She has many of your characteristics. She seems absolutely without fault—unless it be her extreme confidence in me. Considering her poor health her cheerfulness is remarkable. * * * Overlook what you can not understand, for I *know* I am doing right.

Kindest regards to Bob.

Affectionately,

YOUR BROTHER.

ALMA, DEAR SISTER:

Your sympathetic, sisterly, tear-stained note lies before me. You have given me a measure of courage—but what a vast amount it would require to raise me to a patient toleration of my miserable existence! O sister, I sometimes doubt that "it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." Lost! What an overpowering word that is! How I hate it, now that I have learned to appreciate it!

Yes, Alma, I will write you the detailed circumstances of Evalyn's death, for I want you to know all. A week before we were married I took Evalyn to Dr. L'Hatull, a noted specialist on cancers. The operation was, as I telegraphed you, apparently successful. However, when we returned a month later from our trip South, her rapid recuperation was halted suddenly by another development. She weakened rapidly and we sent for Dr. L'Hatull, who came immediately, only to inform us that an operation would be of no avail. In all his experience he had never seen a cancer so persistent and ravenous. I was unable to speak. Evalyn paled but thanked him in a firm voice, and asked how long she had to live. He is a tender-hearted man and with tears in his eyes he told her, hesitatingly, a week at the longest. He left. We went to supper, which was ready. Evalyn talked cheerfully, and took a portion of every dish on the table, but her attempts to eat were futile. I carried her to her bed shortly after, and sat by her side. In the gloaming she thanked me for her greatest happiness, reiterating our short, sweet partnership in calm, thoughtful expressions. She called our life there in the cottage, ideal, mentioning every detail, from the spirit of love which ruled all, down to the particulars of our daily schedule. She called me a knight and her lord. She begged me to persevere in my botanical research, and try not to miss her. * * * * Three days later she began to sink. I was holding her hand and reading to her when she interrupted, to tell me her end was near, and that I should read to her the prayer for the dying from her church-book when I noticed that she was passing away.

Just as the sad sun sank red in the West, a peaceful smile lighted her face. I kissed her and whispered, "I am going to read the prayer now, dearest" ——

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

The end of a scholastic year is again near at hand. The activity amongst the student-body is quite noticeable. The final examinations and the desire for employment during the coming vacation constitute the essence of the college talk. Especially is this noticeable amongst the Seniors who feel that their last days at Muhlenberg are about ended. Gladly do they welcome a rest from their incessant labors and, with the thought that student life must hereafter be to them a matter of the past or that they must acquaint themselves to new associates and surroundings at some other institution, they seem to breathe the very determination to make the best of their last days here. Though many have already decided upon their future vocation in life, the pleasant associations in the college halls and the pleasing work in the classrooms have all left their impressions and are ever to be remembered as the stepping-stones to many sincere bonds of friendship, as stimulations to the pursuit of knowledge in the future, and as the inciting elements to all memorable fame. The Seniors shall never forget their dear old Muhlenberg, and though she is

destined to become greater and to seek new grounds, nevertheless, to them, she shall ever remain the *Alma Mater* that has always so well guarded her children and sent them beyond her walls strong and able to cope with the enemies that would hamper and destroy Nature's divine work.

Leaving the institution with this spirit does not mar the progress of the future but becomes the means of instilling in graduates the desire for a return every now and then. Commencement week is fast approaching and, though many post-graduates and friends do welcome its coming, it is also recognized by the entire community as a fit opportunity for partaking of interesting and ennobling thought.

* * *

We are pleased to announce in this number the success that our base-ball team has met with in its opening game, having defeated Ursinus at Collegeville by a score of 13 to 9. As reported the game was interesting and well played throughout, few errors being made.

The advance in athletics is especially noticeable in the team that represents Muhlenberg in base-ball this Spring.

The following games are still to be played:

May 17. Bangor, at Bangor.
" 24. Pen Argyl, at Pen Argyl.
" 30. Albright College, at Myerstown.
" 31. Lebanon Valley College, at Annville.
June 7. Stroudsburg Normal School, at Allentown.
" 14. Albright College, at Allentown.

Personals and Locals.

With the advent of warm weather comes the street piano and Spring-fever.

Further evidences of Spring:

Seniors geologizing;
Juniors soliloquizing:
Sophomores botanizing;
Freshmen zoologizing.

Sage-like looks on the part of the Seniors are noticeable. Their final examinations will soon take place.

Gable, '02, and Brunner, '02, made a trip to the Friedensville zinc mines in search of mineralogical specimens.

When Dr. asked Weaver, '03, what the German word for "admire" was, Joe replied that he did all his admiring in English.

One of our Seniors has attended several weddings lately. He is beginning to feel that it might be contagious, and wishes he had his diploma, then—

Kistler, '02, when asked by Dr. B., in astronomy, in what part of the heavens Venus was to be found, pointed toward Aineyville.

Dr. Ochsenford was away for several days at his old home, Selinsgrove.

Kline, '03; "Say, Shimer, do you use a *hexograph?*"

It is reported that Keboch, '04, received a Shock going home from church the other Sunday night.

Shalter, '03, spent Sunday with Geiger, '02, at his home in Norristown.

The 1903 *Ciarla* will appear in the course of a few weeks.

The Seniors were out moon-gazing the other Thursday night under the direction of Dr. Bauman. Uhrich thinks it more interesting on a Sunday night under his own private direction.

Kline, Walborn, Trexler, and Shalter successively flunking in German, Dr. W. said, "You four can all subscribe 'ignoramus'."

The Senior vacation begins on May 21.

Dr. W.: "Is Orff sick?"
Kline, '03: "Yes, he has a bad case of Spring-fever."
Dr. W.: "It does not make him spring very much."
Neff, '03: "It makes him take to the (bed) springs."

Dr. W.: "Now, Mr. Heilig, to what age of German literature did Klopstock belong?"
Heilig, '02: "Cretaceous."

Geisinger, '03, addressed St. Luke's Luther League on the evening of Tuesday, April 15.

The Class of 1904 elected the following as members of her *Ciarla* board: Editor-in-Chief, Kunkle; Business Manager, Dennis; Assistant Business Manager, Erdman; Sub-Editors, Kleckner, Deily, Acker, Swank, Keller, Fisher, Miller, and N. Ritter. Artists, Griesemer, Wuchter, Haines, and Gardner.

Dr. W.: "Kistler don't lift the chair with your feet."
Kistler, '02.: "Well, doctor, I must exercise my feet."
Glase, '02.: "Your feet are strong enough so."

McFetridge, '02, (to Fegley, '02): "Why don't you speak? Are you dumb?"
Fegley, '02, (with a tremendous effort): "I only feel numb."

Bartholomew: "Doctor, it's quiet when I read."
Dr. W.: "It must be, for you make all the noise."

Geiger, '02, (in astronomy): "Prof., did a meteor ever hit anybody?"
Miller, '02, (interrupting): "Yes, Geiger, Frank Merriwell."

Dr. B.: "Mr. Beck, what is a comet?"
Beck, '02, (not knowing): "Doctor, I can't go'et."

As the Seniors have finished the study of Greek they have now turned their animals into pasture so as to fatten them for the Fall market.

Ink, '02: "What would happen if the head of a comet would strike the earth?"
Moyer, '02, (interrupting): "I think we'd get a head on."

Our Alumni.

'69.—The Chicago Theological Seminary, Rev. R. F. Weidner, D. D., President, which already has its graduates in the foreign field in Japan and China, now has among its students one who intends to enter our mission field in India. The Seminary closed a prosperous year with Baccalaureate Sermon in Wicker Park church, Sunday evening, April 27th, and Commencement Exercises in the Church of the Holy Trinity, LaSalle avenue, Wednesday evening, April 30th.

'73.—*The Lutheran* of April 24th and May 1st, contained an excellent article on "An Inspiring Career", from the pen of Rev. G. H. Gerberding, D. D., of the Chicago Theological Seminary. The article is a most loving tribute to the memory of the late Rev. William A. Passavant, Jr., of the Class of '75.

'73.—The Rev. D. Luther Roth, D. D., is delivering a very excellent lecture in some of the parishes about Pittsburg. Present dates are Bridgeville, Pa., Rev. Zeil, pastor, March 6, and Mt. Calvary, McKee's Rocks, Rev. Robert R. Durst, pastor, March 18, 1902. His subject is "Iceland and the Icelanders."—*The Lutheran.*

'74.—Marcus L. Kline, Esq., President of the Lehigh Valley Trust and Safe Deposit Company, Allentown, Pa., is the Lehigh candidate for the Democratic nomination for Congress from the Berks-Lehigh District.

'74.—William A. Lichtenwalner, Esq., is now located at Los Angeles, Cal.

'77.—Zion Lutheran church, Greensburg, Pa., Rev. Wm. J. Miller, pastor, has purchased a handsome parsonage at the corner of Fourth street and Pennsylvania avenue.

'77.—Prof. John Sander, of St. Peter, Minn., has resigned the English congregation of that place to devote his entire time to the chair of Latin and German in Gustavus Adolphus College.

'77.—At the annual congregational meeting of the First church, Leechburg, Pa., Rev. M. L. Zweizig, pastor, held last week, it was decided to take preliminary steps looking to the erection of a new church building during the coming year. The treasurer's report showed that $1,051.67 had been contributed during the past year to the various benevolent operations of the church.

'78.—Rev. C. L. Fry, Philadelphia, Pa., recently addressed the Presbyterian Social Union, of Philadelphia, on "The Importance of Catechization."

'78.—We wish to congratulate Rev. James D. Woodring, of Reading, Pa., upon his election as president of the newly consolidated college of the Evangelical Church of Pennsylvania.

'79.—We regret to learn that Rev. George S. Seaman is seriously sick at his home in Homestead, Pa.

'80.—St. John's church, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Rev. J. F. Beates, is at work in paying off a debt of long standing, and hopes to pay off a considerable amount by Easter.—*The Lutheran.*

'80.—In an account of the last meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, of Easton, Pa., composed of the pastors of various denominations, the Easton *Express* says:

By invitation, Prof. George T. Ettinger, of Muhlenberg College, Allentown, read an interesting thesis on the topic, "The Lutheran Phase of the Protestant Reformation." The speaker gave a bright and lucid summary of events in which Luther bore a part. He said in part:

"When we behold the mighty Mississippi bearing on its broad bosom the burden of a nation's riches we admire the grandeur of a stream that has gathered unto itself the waters of many tributaries. So is it with the stream of history, whether sacred or secular. Many causes, many events, combine and contribute to make those grand movements in history that have carried the human race upward and onward to its destined perfection.

"Such a movement was the religious revolution of the sixteenth century. Many and varied were the men and the nations that contributed their thought and activity, but the most prominent was Martin Luther, of whom the well-known English Positivist, Frederick Harrison, has well said, 'Without a Luther there might have been no Reformation.'

"During the Middle Ages, best known as the Dark Ages, humanity was steeped in ignorance and superstition. Church and State were corrupt. Leo the Tenth, through John Tetzel, sold indulgences to raise money to rebuild St. Peter's Church. Luther felt it his duty to preach against these 'indulgences', and the contest thus begun between the Church and the Wittenberg preacher, Luther established the three fundamental ideas of the Protestant Reformation—justification by faith, the supreme authority of the Scriptures and the right of private judgment.

"These principles are at the base of all the civil and religious liberty of later times. Whether as reformer, edu-

cator, author or translator, Luther has left posterity a goodly heritage, of which we Americans of the twentieth century are the thrice-blessed beneficiaries. Here in American soil the seed sown in the doubts and the struggles of the Protestant Reformation, was destined to grow into the sturdy oak of civil and religious liberty, now spreading its sheltering branches for the protection of the downtrodden and the oppressed. Great are our blessings, great shall be our responsibility."

The speaker took decided ground against such phases of the higher criticism as tend to weaken popular veneration for and confidence in the Scriptures as the uncorrupted Word of God.

On motion of Rev. F. S. Haines a vote of thanks was given Prof. Ettinger by a rising vote.

'80.—Rev. S. B. Stupp, of Greenville, Pa., has accepted a call to the pastorate of Zion's Lutheran church, Wheeling, W. Va. At the request of the President of Synod he made two visits to the congregation which resulted in his unanimous election. The church is well organized and has a membership of seven hundred. Its services have heretofore been almost exclusively German, but hereafter all the evening services are to be English. Mr. Stupp leaves a large parish in Mercer county, where, in addition to the ordinary duties of a pastor, he has been obliged to drive many hundred miles during the past five years of his pastorate.—*The Lutheran.*

'80.—Rev. Wilson Yeisley has moved from Derry Station, Pa., to Brick Church, Pa.

'81.—Rev. Clayton L. Holloway is sojourning at Long Beach, Cal.

'81.—Rev. L. M. McCreary, Nova Scotia, accepts the call to become pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, Monaca, Pa., formerly served by Rev. C. L. Holloway, who is in California seeking his health.—*The Lutheran.*

'82.—Much preparation was made for the fiftieth anniversary of St. Mark's church, Williamsport, Pa., Rev. E. L. Miller, pastor, and the large attendances on Sunday, March 9th, and at evenings during the week, made the celebration a happy and eventful one. Prof. Dr. Fry preached to a full

house on Sunday morning, and the pastor, the historical sermon in the evening. On Monday evening various pastors of the city presented their greetings; on Tuesday evening the former pastors, still living, Revs. Fahs, Dr. A. R. Horne, W. H. Rickert, and G. G. Kunkel made addresses; on Wednesday evening the Presidents of Synod and Conference, Revs. Dr. Schantz and O. P. Pflueger discussed the relation of the congregation to the Synod and the conference; on Thursday evening addresses were made by prominent laymen, Profs. Buehrle, of Lancaster, and Dr. Ettinger, of Muhlenberg College, and Mr. Bard, of Reading; Friday evening was devoted to a musical program. St. Mark's is now one of our large and most flourishing congregations.—*The Lutheran.*

'83.—Rev. Prof. William A. Sadtler, Ph. D., of Dubuque, Ia., wrote an "Upper Mississippi Miscellany" for *The Lutheran* of a recent date.

'84.—Rev A. J. L. Breinig, of Bowmanstown, Pa., was stricken with paralysis recently while conducting a funeral service. The entire right side was affected.

'84.—A very pleasant surprise was tendered Rev S. G. Weiskotten and his wife, Brooklyn, N. Y., last Tuesday afternoon and evening. It was the tenth anniversary of their marriage, and the ladies of the Church of the Redeemer, of which Rev. Weiskotten is pastor, thought it a very fitting occasion to show their appreciation of the work of the pastor and his wife. Gathering at the home of Mr. Weiskotten, to the number of about fifty, they brought with them articles of tinware, appropriate to a ten years' celebration. Among the other tokens of esteem were pieces of cut glassware, including a fine water pitcher and a celery dish, and a very handsome china closet. During the evening it was the intention of the pastor to give the young men of the church a surprise; but the tables were turned, and the young men surprised the pastor in the gift of a dozen cut glass goblets. Rev. W. came to Brooklyn in 1894, as the first pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, and under his wise leadership the congregation has rapidly developed and now possesses one of the handsomest church edifices along Bedford avenue. As an evidence of its prosperity, it may be stated that during the month of January

$10,000 were collected toward and paid on the debt remaining on the church.—*The Lutheran.*

'85.—Francis G. Lewis, Esq., has been elected City Solicitor by the Republican Councils of Allentown, Pa.

'87.—The debt on Christ church, Lancaster, Pa., Rev. J. W. Richards, pastor, was reduced almost $1000 this year. The congregation hopes in a year to raise the balance by subscriptions.

'88.—Rev. E. F. Ritter, who has been pastor of Trinity church, West Hazleton, for the last nine years, but resigned to accept a call to Trinity Lutheran church of Scranton, Pa., will preach his farewell sermon next Sunday, April 6th. Brother Ritter is known as a faithful and energetic worker, and what will be the loss of one Trinity will be the gain of another Trinity. During his pastorate in this mission, the entire church debt was cancelled, and a commodious parsonage secured. Besides many other marked improvements were made in the church property. The congregation has largely increased in membership and liberality. It is owing to his untiring work that the congregation was enabled to declare itself self-sustaining before he left. Rev. M. B. Schmoyer, of East Mauch Chunk, who has been elected his successor, will assume his duties on the Sunday following.—*The Lutheran.*

'88.—Zion's church, Tamaqua, Pa., Rev. George Gebert, pastor, having undergone improvements to the extent of $8000, was reconsecrated February 23d.

'88.—Trinity church, Stoutsville, Ohio, Rev. J. M. Wenrich, pastor, has organized a Luther League with forty-three members.

'90.—Rev. J. H. Longacre, who for the past nine years was pastor of the Weissport charge, in Carbon County, Pa., preached his farewell sermon on Sunday, February 23d, having become successor to the late Rev. J. B. Fox, as pastor of the Schnecksville charge, in Lehigh County.

'91.—Rev. M. J. Bieber, of Binghamton, N. Y., has adopted a most commendable method of providing liberally for his *Alma Mater* by taking out a life insurance policy of $1000 in behalf of the College. This plan has frequently been

suggested to the laymen of the Church, and now that one of the younger ministers has led off in the matter, the hope is expressed that others of the *alumni* will adopt the same method, and that the laymen will act upon the suggestion. While this plan is not intended to provide means for the present undertaking, it will eventually increase the endowment fund of the institution.—*The Lutheran.*

'91.—From the *Lutheran Worker* we learn of the serious illness of Pastor Sachs. He was stricken with heart trouble on Christmas night and there has been danger of total collapse. If it is His will, may God soon restore our brother to health and to the work in which he is so urgently needed.—*The Lutheran Witness.*

'91.—February 16th marked the seventh anniversary of Christ Lutheran church, Wilkes-Barre. The pastor, Rev. H. F. J. Seneker, and his people made it a joyous day by paying off $1250 on the church debt which has steadily been reduced until only $1250 is left. The pastor and congregation feel greatly encouraged and hope soon to be free of debt. This is one of the Synod's most prosperous missions and already has a communicant membership of two hundred and twelve.

'93.—We regret to learn that Rev. George A. Kercher, of Philadelphia, was called home to Kutztown by the death of his mother.

'93.—On Sunday, April 6th, Rev. M. B. Schmoyer preached his farewell sermon as pastor of St. John's church, East Mauch Chunk, which he served for the past six years.

'93.—At a special meeting on Ash Wednesday evening, Emmanuel Congregation, Lancaster, Pa., Rev. P. George Sieger, pastor, decided to erect a parsonage on a portion of their beautiful corner lot this coming Spring—the same to cost about $3000.

'94.—Sunday, February 9th, was a red-letter day for the Sunday-school of Grace Lutheran church, East Stroudsburg, Pa., when its sixth anniversary was celebrated. In the morning the pastor, Rev. J. W. H. Heintz, preached to a large congregation on "The Sunday-school as a Factor for Spiritual Development"; in the afternoon a number of neighboring pastors made short addresses; in the evening the seating

capacity was taxed to the utmost, while a special service of music and song was rendered, with an address by Prof. Kemp, of the Normal School.

'94.—Rev. F. C. Longaker, of Newport, Ky., has a very enjoyable little story in the December, 1901, number of the *Luther League Review.* We look for this brother to spread his wings some day for a more extensive flight.—*The Lutheran World.*

'95.—Rev. A. P. Lentz has resigned as pastor of the Cross Roads parish, near Sunbury, Pa., and accepted a call to Ellwood, Lawrence County, Pa.

'96.—One of the most beautiful Lutheran churches in the Schuylkill Valley now adorns the brow of the hill in the town of Royersford, Pa. That a congregation numbering about two hundred communicants—none of whom may be considered rich in this world's goods, and most of whom are in moderate or humble circumstances—should be able to erect a house of worship, costing with furnishings $35,000, speaks well for the zeal and devotion of Lutherans in that town. This handsome edifice was made possible chiefly by the self-sacrificing liberality of one man of quite moderate wealth, whose donations have already passed the $12,000 mark, and until a debt balance of $2500 is paid off, will reach the handsome sum of fourteen or fifteen thousand dollars. It is due to the retiring modesty of this man that no mention of his name has crept into the description, by the local paper, of the dedication of the church, which took place on March 2d, followed by jubilee services during the week. This makes his gift all the more valuable and precious in the sight of God, as there is every reason to believe that it was prompted solely by his love and devotion to the church. No account of the dedication would be complete without the mention of this praiseworthy deed.

The prevailing style of architecture is Gothic. It is churchly throughout and calculated to fill the worshiper with the spirit of reverence and devotion. The chancel is fifteen feet deep by twenty-two feet in width, and is appropriately and richly fitted with heavily-carved altar and reredos, brass pulpit and (eagle) lecturn, and stalls for the clergy. It is lighted through a beautiful leaded-glass sky-light, and hid-

den electric lamps. The handsome organ, which is the work of one of the leading builders in the country, Mr. A. B. Felgemaker, of Erie, with the choir, occupies a place to the right of the chancel.

The Sunday-school room is so arranged as to meet all the demands of a modern Sunday-school, and will seat four hundred scholars. It is semi-octagonal in form, with level floor and gallery in all but one side. The gallery and space under is divided into separate class-rooms, the fronts and dividing partitions of which are accordeon or sliding trolley hanging doors. The library is placed in a neat compartment near the main entrance, and the infant room, which is placed in the second, or gallery, story, is divided into two departments. This practical arrangement of class-rooms will permit the school to make full use of the "Graded System" with comfort and convenience. The windows are memorials presented by different individuals and costing in all about $1800.—*The Lutheran.*

'96.—Rev. John F. Snyder is now stationed at Reading.

'96.—From the Allentown *Chronicle and News* we clip the following:

Rev. Samuel J. Trexler, a son of Rev. D. D. Trexler, of Bernville, Berks county, and a graduate of Muhlenberg College and of the Lutheran Theological Seminary, is now the successful pastor of a Lutheran congregation in Brooklyn, N. Y.

About two years ago he organized a church in Brooklyn. Services were held in the basement of a building. Encouraged by the work accomplished, he started a Sunday-school, and it now has a membership of one hundred and twenty-five. It was soon found that the place of worship was too small, and a lot was purchased for the purpose of erecting a suitable church.

A few weeks ago the first ground was broken by the pastor with appropriate ceremonies, at which a number of clergymen were present. Rev. Trexler is an eloquent speaker and a great church worker. He is said to be a splendid organizer, and since he has been in Brooklyn has made many friends. The edifice will be located at the corner of Nassau avenue and Russell street, Greenpoint.

The Brooklyn *Eagle*, in speaking of the new church, says

that the society was organized about two years ago, and its growth has been so rapid that its membership now outnumbers that of any other creed in that part of Brooklyn. It is the ninth of its organization to be erected in Brooklyn within seven years.

Former Mayor Charles A. Schieren, of Brooklyn, was the most liberal contributor to the building fund, and delivered an address on the lot the other Sunday, in which he referred to the remarkable growth of the English Lutheran faith in that city. He predicted that the time would come when that church would have an edifice in every ward in the city. He contributed $10,000.

The new church will be opposite Winthrop Park, and will cost when completed about $50,000. The congregation has been worshiping in the basement of the Norwegian church near by.

'96.—Rev. Edgar P. Xander, of Lopez, was on Sunday chosen pastor of the Weissport charge of the Lutheran church. The election was conducted by Rev. J. H. Longacre in the Weissport, East Weissport and Big Creek churches, and in each congregation was unanimous. Long Run has not yet voted but will join the others. Rev. Xander is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Xander, Lehighton, and is a graduate of Muhlenberg College.—*Chronicle and News.*

'97.—Rev. Ira O. Nothstein, of North St. Paul, began his labors in the English Lutheran Church of St. Peter, Minn., on April 1st.

'98.—A special Easter service was held in Grace church, Spring Garden avenue, Philadelphia, Rev. G. I. Lenker, pastor, Monday evening. A special program was rendered, with an address by Rev. Dr. McDaniel, followed by an appropriate gift to each scholar by the superintendent, H. W. Bikle. The offering of the school amounted to $64.50. To this add the amount by the congregation on Easter, $61, making a total of $125.50. Fifteen families have been added to the church recently. Confirmation will be made at Pentecost.—*The Lutheran.*

'99.—Mr. W. J. Seiberling, of the Chicago Seminary, has

received and accepted a call from the Mulberry, Indiana, parish of the Chicago Synod. The charge has waited for him the larger part of a year, being supplied meanwhile.

1900.—Robert C. Horn is teaching in the North Carolina Military Academy, Red Springs, N. C.

1900.—Frank S. Kuntz is teaching in the Keystone Normal School, Kutztown, Pa.

1901.—We are glad to be able to report that Edwin J. Wackernagel, Allentown, Pa., is recovering from a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

Book Review.

"THE HELMET OF NAVARRE." By Bertha Runkle. The Century Co.

At the present time a number of books are written, it seems, merely to sell. The authors do not consider whether what they write is literature or not, but try to get a title for their work which will catch the fancy of the fickle multitude of readers, and have a plot which will gratify the whims of a fleeting fancy, or help to while away an afternoon hour.

Very few of our late works will live, and many which had a large sale several years ago are now seldom mentioned. "The Helmet of Navarre," although one of our biggest sellers, we believe, will go down to oblivion with the majority.

The story contains no moral, no elevating thoughts; not even a sentence which might hint at a future greatness of the author. Although the multiplicity of adventures, thrilling escapes, plots and counterplots, traps, duels, secret passage and other accessories of exciting reading may please many, yet we feel that less of this and just a little solid matter interspersed here and there would have made it a much better book.

It is readable, still there is a vagueness when one has finished it. He realizes that he has received nothing in return for the time spent in its perusal.

The opening chapter introduces the reader to Felix Bronx, on whose deeds the plot depends. He is a forester's son, going to Paris to enter the service of M. le Duc de St. Quentin, whom his ancestors had faithfully served.

On his arrival he goes to the inn of the Amour de Dieu. The next morning he is told that a house with closed shutters is haunted. He is undaunted, determines to enter the building, does so, and then his adventures begin.

He becomes the lackey of the Comte de Mar, and is told that the Comte is the suitor for the hand of Mlle. Lorance de Montluc, the ward of M. de Mayenne, who is constantly intrigueing against the Duke and the King.

Felix tries to get an audience with the Duc de St. Quentin, is rebuffed by the guards, but shortly gains admission to his presence in an unexpected manner.

Then schemes and counter schemes are brought to light in such rapid succession that the reader is obliged to reread certain pages in order to keep in mind all the details. One adventure quickly follows another and the reader is constantly kept on the alert as to the next move.

Mainly through the instrumentality of Felix, M. le Duc and the Comte de Mar, who were estranged, become reconciled. The sympathy of the reader is with Mlle. and the Comte, especially after he realizes that their affection is mutual.

Some things can hardly be understood. For instance: the Comte is wounded and unable to walk across the floor of his chamber, yet a very short time afterward he is ready for any fray. But such slight incongruities must be passed over in the hurry to ascertain what happens next.

After the Duke realizes that the love of the Comte for Mlle. is pure he, too, plans to bring the two together. A number of well-formed projects fail. The Comte is arrested, but soon after released. Mlle., of her own free will, leaves her home and goes to the home of the Duke. From that place she is taken to the camp of Henry, at St. Denis, where she meets her lover.

This is all that the reader desires, and he lays the book down, glad, no doubt, that the strain under which he was laboring is removed, and that the climax he expected finally resulted.

Exchanges.

A number of our exchanges have not yet arrived. We can not account for the habitually late appearance of some of them. We would with good reason, suppose that the late appearance of a journal was a mark of insignificance were not some of our best and favorite exchanges among this number.

Few college journals attain the high standard of *The Nassau Literary Magazine*. Its pages are full of choice selections possessing rare literary merit. "The Power of Culture" and "At a Shrine" are especially interesting. One can not read "Beethoven, the Man in His Music" without being benefited. The only complaint that we have with this journal is that they do not have an exchange column in their magazine.

We acknowledge the receipt of *The Tattler*. It is full of life and spirit. "The Origin of Genius," by an Alumuus, is well worth the time spent on its perusal.

Among the welcome visitors to our sanctum is *The Pharetra*, a monthly journal published by the young ladies of Wilson College. Of all the college papers published and edited by our fair sisters *The Pharetra* is of the highest standard. Its pages are adorned with excellent articles from the pens of the gentle sex. The whole tone of the paper shows such a degree of culture and refinement as is seldom found in papers published entirely by ladies.

The Georgetown College *Journal*, as usual, made its appearance in good time. In general arrangement, type and subject matter, it is one of our most pleasing visitors. The editorials are timely and pointed. We would kindly ask that you at least acknowledge the receipt of our journal in your exchange column.

There is a certain solidity about *The Free Lance* that is very attractive. You look at it and you feel like opening it; open it and you will read it; read it and you are pleased. The article on "Is Our Country Secure" furnishes highly interesting reading.

The different departments of *The Forum* are well sustained. The article on "What Shall We Read" is especially worthy of notice, as it is brimful of interesting and solid facts from beginning to end. The following are the writer's closing remarks: "Read history, biography, poetry and fiction, but first of all read what Walter Scott called the only book—the Bible."

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XIX. ALLENTOWN, PA., JUNE, 1902. No. 10.

The Seventeenth Baccalaureate Sermon.

Rev. Edward T. Horn, D. D., of Reading, preached the Seventeenth Baccalaureate Sermon, in St. John's Lutheran Church, June 15, 1902. The sermon, in substance, was as follows:

"I seek not yours, but you."—*2 Cor., 12: 14.*

"One man has money to spend and buys the rarest books and pictures. Another understands and enjoys them. You are to be congratulated on having received an education. You are able to discern the things which are excellent.

"There are two notions about education. Practical schools, as they are called, are multiplied. Young men hasten from lower schools to special professional courses. Languages, sciences, mathematics are estimated with reference to future employment and the amount of money to be made out of them. The ideal of a liberal education, on the other hand, is the cultivation of thinking power, of discrimination, of acquaintance with all that is best in the past, in its literature, art, government, with the history and relations of everything, in short, of a disciplined self.

"'The heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time.' This the college aims to give. It fits to do and to enjoy, to appreciate and to choose. It gives self-knowledge, and self-mastery. Instead of providing the material of existence, it fits a human soul to work on any material. You are to be congratulated on the beginning of a liberal education.

"Furthermore, while great universities have advantages of their own, the graduate of a smaller college has something to be especially grateful for. The university is for the impartation of special knowledge and for the discovery and increase of knowledge. You meet various men there, and are thrown into a vortex of intellectual life. It is beneficial, after preparatory training, to have a university course. But preparation is essential. Formulas are valuable. Sifted truth, the admitted verities, the history of theory give a man a fulcrum. This is the result of the closer relation of teacher and pupil in the smaller college; the church college, whose teaching is in harmony with what was wholesome in the past.

"The essential thing is the effect of your training on yourself. You may finally grow beyond every teacher of this

school, but if it has made you clear-minded, honest, reverent, and faithful, its office has been done. It looks to discipline, not acquisition. It seeks not yours, but you.

"Only souls are abiding and real. Is the purpose of earth's being only endless evolution of social and material organization? Each generation outlives its labors. Why did God make the earth? The answer must be found in the possibilities of the human soul.

"Take the text as the rubric of God's dealings with you. By this discover your calling, recognize Providence and estimate His grace. Whom is God pleased with at the end? There were three crises in the life of our Lord. When He consecrated Himself to His work, fulfilling all righteousness, God said: 'This is my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.' When, from the Mount of Transfiguration, He went down into the valley, He said: 'This is my Beloved Son.' When He said: 'Abba, Father,' and gave Himself to death for the salvation of the world, He was declared the Son of God with power by the resurrection from the dead. Failure is not the destiny of any soul.

"The text should be the rubric of our dealing with our fellow-men. We should not aim to make money; to get and to have at the price of a dishonored conscience or to waste in decaying ease. We do not deny the moral achievements of commercialism; but, after all, it proposes to develop the earth at the expense of mankind. Art for art's sake is the motto of worthy achievement. Moral worth is the highest. Why should we not aim at a God-like relation to our fellow-men—Godlikeness interpreted by the manifestation of God in Christ?

"What do you think of a mercenary minister? A minister of the Gospel is supposed to stand apart from ordinary motives; but he has the inclinations common to us all. He is tempted to use any arts to get men to come to church, to comply with the tendencies of society to palliate faults and foibles, for the sake of what men can give, instead of so ministering the Law and the Gospel as to present every man perfect before God.

"Weir Mitchell, in 'Circumstance,' draws the contrast between a right-minded physician and one who consents with deceit and self-deceit. The code of the medical profession is high. It requires self-denial in order to self-respect.

"The unfaithfulness of men in public office is a crying evil. The Civil Service Law is a proof of improvement. But there are repeated lapses. Men seek, and are put into office, not to serve, but for their own sake. A party distributes public buildings as a bribe. But few venal men rise high. The few who do would gladly purge themselves. The work

of Lord Cromer in Egypt fills a bright chapter of history. Leonard Wood will never be forgotten.

"Merchants, manufacturers, farmers, and laborers make society. Others are incidental to the organization. Some merchants adulterate their wares, cheat, and use for themselves men's foibles and distresses. A merchant ought to aim to be a benefactor, a servant, seeking other men's good. There are merchants who build up the places they live in, delight to help young men, bring in new industries. I know the agricultural history of a certain region. In colonial times unselfish people developed the culture of indigo; the market failed, and they substituted rice and sea-island cotton. Garden vegetables took their place in a later age, and at last a great-minded proprietor has dedicated wealth and learning to the introduction of the culture of tea. Our inland cities owe their prosperity to diversified industries; while, in some places, great monopolies discourage all such enterprises in order to control labor. Some men revel in hard times, because they can buy the homes of distressed neighbors and add field to field, and at length dwell alone in the land. The merchant, too, must take as his motto, Not yours, but you.

"So I put both before you: God's idea and your opportunity. The souls of men are the one thing of value. 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world but lose his own soul.' It is of worth to adopt an ideal. It is not easy to preserve it."

Oratio Latina.

QUINCY A. KUEHNER.
(Second Honor.)

Cives atque Amici Collegii Muhlenbergiensis: Alius annus scholasticus praeteritus est, et iterum e variis scholis illi, qui sua curricula disciplinae compleverunt, et qui diversa officia vitae suscepturi sunt, procedunt.

Maxime decet ut sodales classis aliquas exercitationes aptas habeant priusquam hanc academiam, qua aliquot annos pergratos et utiles egerint, linquant.

Hodie ultimum nos, ut classim, videtis. Hanc occasionem paucos annos exspectavimus.

Tres classes ad gradum admissi sunt quum in collegio fuimus, et, nunc quod nostrum tempus advenit, gaudemus.

Nos gaudemus, dico, non quod putemus dies studii praeteritos esse (nam semper studere oportet), sed quia disciplinam bonam acquisivimus, et quia nostra officia vitae melius exsequi possumus.

Tamen, dum ducimus hanc occasionem laetam esse, hoc die non obliviscamur. Deo gratias agere, qui tam benigne nostris vitis pepercerit, et qui nobis potestatem absolvendi nostrum curriculum dederit.

Sex et viginti juvenes etiam nunc in nostra classe sunt. Alii nobiscum fuerunt. Expectaveramus, quidem, alium in nostro numero ad gradum admitti, sed illi abhinc paucis mensibus a nobis fatis ereptus est.

Nos, qui nostrum cursum complevimus, et quibus licet hodie hic esse, vos liberaliter appellavimus, et speramus ut his exercitationibus fruamini.

Professores et magistratus collegii, parentes et amici—omnes in hoc loco congregati—vos salutamus.

The Aesthetic in Education.

(Philosophical Oration.)

J. RALPHUS FREED.
(Third Honor.)

Mankind feels, and has ever felt, the importance and necessity of education. Likewise men differ, and have ever differed, in their definitions of education and in their answers to the questions, How shall we educate? and In what shall this training consist?

Plato's dèfinition is one of the most ancient and one of the best: "The purpose of education is to give to the body and to the soul all the beauty and all the perfection of which they are capable."

To-day in our great Republic we educate by the public school system. Upon that system the virtue, the wisdom, and the liberty of each citizen depend.

But do our public schools, especially those in the country districts, fit the pupils for the highest degree of virtue, wisdom and liberty? Do they start the body and the soul on their way to the greatest possible beauty and perfection?

Americans are becoming prosy and utilitarian. The rich try to grow richer; the poor try to amass wealth. They are absorbed in the chase after the dollar. It is rush, hurry, run—morning, noon, and night.

Parents withdraw their children from school before they reach the grammar grade. They are put to work. Have they

learned anything beyond addition and subtraction? Have they a love for the beautiful, and a hatred for the mean and sordid implanted within them? Has the child had that germ of growth to which we can not set limits—the ideal—started on its way to full fruition? In this Twentieth Century we ought not to educate a man merely with a view to the adaptation of his powers to certain finite uses. "A man is not a mere intelligent tool; he is something more." Putting brains into a man's fingers is not education in the full sense of Plato's definition.

The men of the Renaissance discovered another side of life—its joy, its charm, its passion, its human worth. It is time to wed Twentieth Century Utilitarianism and the Renaissance, the plainness of utility and the grace of art, for both come from the one divine source and their separation is perilous to all social interests.

It has been proved that impressions made and grounded before the age of twelve are the ones that will count in after life. It has been incontrovertably shown that even before the third year the musical instinct and the instinct of visual beauty are developed and manifested.

A complete education can not leave these natural dispositions uncultivated. It should develop them for their own sake, because they form a part of our nature which would be mutilated if they be allowed to perish; it should cultivate them because they have a happy influence upon moral education. A place *must* be made for aesthetic education; and, since pupils leave school at so early an age, this education must begin in the lower grades of our public schools. It comprises an appreciation of all the beauties of nature and art, the enjoyment of music and the various talents which permit us not only to feel beauty in the works of others, but, above all, to realize it in our own work.

Scion of modern society! Believer in the excellence of present-day conditions! Travel back, if you can, over the heap of dead centuries and the fragments of broken theories and behold the Greek. To him art was a refining influence; he felt the supreme importance of a musical education; he taught the child to feed upon the noble, the "beautiful, and the good;" he believed that the soul ascends to morality through the beautiful. How deep the regret that this excel-

lent idea of the ancients no longer receives a just amount of credit! "We are immersed in beauty," says Emerson, "but our eyes have no clear vision."

Let us make this vision clearer. Let us render the opaque translucent; the translucent, transparent. *How?* Introduce *more of the aesthetic* into education and the question is answered. Teach the young pupils drawing, that elevating recreation and preparation for an appreciation of the beautiful, without which there can be no skillful workmen, no good superintendents of manufactories, no progress and excellence in the highest industries.

Teach them music, that "most divine striker of the senses"; that exquisite toucher of the heart; that mover of the noblest emotions of the soul. Let them then leave school, if must be. They leave with the germ of the ideal implanted within them, which will continue to grow and which not adversity nor human power can overthrow—which only death can destroy.

How much more pleasant the home of the laborer when tastefully adorned! How much more pleasant his labors when he delights in the gifts of God as they are moulded by his hand.

The huckster and auctioneer see the dollar mark on the frame of a picture and cry its worth in terms of currency. The man who has his aesthetic side developed gazes upon the Sistine Madonna or upon the sunset colors with a wonder and a worship that it would be cruel to disturb with low talk about prices and markets.

There are many excellent folk who can not see the use of art. There are some useful citizens who are content to see people just above the level of the jail. They do not realize what a reformatory influence an early implanted love for the beautiful can exercise. Speak of drawing in the school and some one will say: "We never had that when I went to school. I got to be an old man without it and I guess the children now aren't any better than we were."

It will require a long struggle with stupid apathy, with coarse and vulgar indifference before the rude pioneer constructions yield to the demands of art, and villages and rural neighborhoods become ministrant to a rich and splendid human life. "There is an intimate connection," says M.

Marion, "between arts and morals. The beautiful is essentially order and harmony. There are faults and moral tendencies the idea of which a mind accustomed to live in companionship with the beautiful can neither conceive nor abide." It may be said that in society art resembles a noble man. If it is what it ought to be, if it is grand and pure and delicate, it instructs and purifies by its very delicacy; it teaches by its very presence. Many good people want evil to be rebuked, sin to be compelled to hide its face, and morality to reign. They wish to bring this about by force and sudden onslaught. A Mt. Pelee may pour forth fire, burning lava, and pestilential gases; may in an hour overwhelm forty thousand souls; but the uplifting and ennobling of the poorer classes of a great country can not be done with cataclysmic suddenness. It will require years of patient endeavor, careful education, and heroic self-sacrifice. Of his assistants, the educator will find the aesthetic to be among the most powerful.

God has given us these natural dispositions toward the aesthetic. By their cultivation this earth seems like a glimpse of heaven. Let not the sons and daughters of our laborers be deprived of these highest pleasures! Let us implant the love of the beautiful! Let us by our voices, by our money, and by our influence proclaim what the closing lines of Lanier's "The Symphony" so well express:

> "Thou trade! thou king of modern days!
> Change thy ways,
> Change thy ways.
> Let the sweaty laborers file
> A little while,
> A little while,
> Where art and nature sing and smile."
>
> —*Sidney Lanier*, "*The Symphony.*"

Valedictory.

ANSON W. LINDENMUTH.
(First Honor.)

This is a day of memories, a day when many of us meet in the hallowed past and call out some of the grandest thoughts of our intellects by memory's touch. It is a day filled with the glorious aspirations that thrilled our souls in our college days; a day of fond remembrances of those whom we knew

and loved and to whom we were led as if drawn by a magnet. As Longfellow says,

> "Oft I remember those whom I have known
> In other days, to whom my heart was led
> As by a magnet, and who are not dead,
> But absent, and their memories overgrown
> With other thoughts and troubles of my own,
> As graves with grasses are, and at their head
> The stones with moss and lichen so o'erspread,
> Nothing is legible but the name alone."

Since we find in all the varied tongues of earth one word, that word which draws down the curtain upon the brightest scenes of our earthly life, it is evident that men, in all ages and climes, have experienced the sorrows attendant upon a farewell. According to sacred history the incidents relative to a scene of parting originated when Satan, on account of disobedience, was hurled by his Creator from his heavenly paradise, as lightning falls from heaven. Becoming conscious of their defeat, Satan and his host devise and plan "to regain their own right lost." Finally, they joyfully accept Satan's policy of seducing the puny inhabitants of earth to their party, as described by Milton in his immortal "Paradise Lost." Satan undertakes the expedition and succeeds in his work. Thus Adam and Eve for the first time felt the pains of parting as they bade farewell to their earthly paradise. From that time mortal man has been overshadowed by the clouds of sorrows and sufferings, but

> "Behind the clouds is the sun *still* shining."

In following out this thought still further, one may well wonder whether any practical good could result from such sorrows and sufferings. A student of human lives, however, has no difficulty in finding that in suffering the lives of many were taught their sweetest songs. A German baron stretched wires between the towers of his castle to make a German harp. Then he waited to hear the music from it. For a time the air was still, and no sound came. The gentle breezes blew and the harp sung softly. At length came the Winter winds, strong and full of storm. The wires gave out majestic music that was heard throughout the entire castle. There are human lives that never yield their sweetest songs in calm of quiet days, but when the winds of trial sweep over them

they give out murmurings of song, and when the winds of adversity sweep over them they answer in notes of victory.

We, as a Class, realize that we are to-day placed at the helm of the real ship of life. As we behold life's vast obstacles looming up before us, like mighty billows, we waver, but gather courage from remembrance of the fact that the omnipotent Creator is with His own, even unto the ends of time. But, alas, there arises an uncontrollable feeling of sadness in our hearts as we give a final farewell to our *Alma Mater*.

In severing our connection with our dear institution as students, our first words of parting are due to you, its Honored President. We appreciate at this hour, as we never did before, that you, Revered Doctor, have done for us the holiest service possible in this world. You have given us a new spirit of mind, a new mode of thought, a new standard of life, a new vision of light; and we propose to be worthy of them all. The years of your service for the Lord have been many, and so, as we take leave of you as a personal friend and guide, we would greet you with that common greeting "Good-bye, God be with you," until we all meet again in a land where parting is unknown.

Gentlemen of the Faculty: Words are utterly insufficient to express our sorrows as we realize that we, too, must part with you. Four long years we have sat at your feet and have imbibed the grand thoughts as they flowed from the minds of the truly great. Four long years you have shared our burdens with us, but now we must bear them alone. We can but thank you for the sacrifices you have made in our behalf, and assure you that our lives have become greater powers for good under your care. As we take leave of you we would greet you with that German greeting, *Aufwiedersehen*, as it is impossible for us to think that we shall never have the glorious and profitable opportunity of meeting you again.

Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees: A crisis has partly been reached in the history of Muhlenberg. To you belongs largely the honor and glory of having brought this noble project on such a firm basis. May God assist and direct you in this important undertaking in the interest of which many of you have grown gray. As we take leave of you, we thank you for your care and the interest you have taken in the

welfare of our *Alma Mater*, and as we bid you adieu, believe that we will ever cherish in our hearts the thought that, to a great extent, it is to you that we owe the privileges we have enjoyed—the privilege of fitting ourselves for the noble and honored profession which we are about to enter.

Fellow Students: To-day we leave you, and we leave our dear old college in your hands. You will still make these classic halls ring with the cheers of your voices in which ours so often have joined. May the honor of our *Alma Mater* be as sacred to you as it is to us. May you remember that school-life is real and school-life is earnest, for in a few short years you, too, will enter life's arena. As we take leave of you, we would with heavy hearts bid you Godspeed in the work yet before you.

Kind Citizens of Allentown: To you, people of this fair city, we extend the parting hand with emotions of especial regret; we came in your midst quietly, but we celebrate our departure; we came untried, we came unlearned, but we depart bearing the marks of discipline. It is to you that we came as strangers seeking knowledge, friends, and home. It is in your midst that we have tarried so long with pleasure and profit. It is from your midst that we depart to pursue the mission we have chosen in the great outer world. Farewell, fair city. Farewell, friends tried and true. Farewell, scenes and places grown familiar which time can never efface from our fond recollections.

And now, Dear Classmates:

Here summoned by traditions sweet,
Once more in village hall we meet,
A band of twenty-six, tried and true,
And one asleep beneath the dew.

Beneath the dew, but not forgot,
He slumbers in his lowly bed—
Let every sweet forget-me-not
Bloom o'er the still remembered dead.

Long, long the way our feet have come,
And thorny, too, and rough to some;
But now the goal salutes the gaze,
The last of many college days.

My Classmates, as I come to address the final words of farewell to you, I look in vain for the form of our beloved

classmate and co-worker, Mr. Heckenberger. His happy greetings, his smiling countenance, his pleasant voice, his polished manners—all these have vanished from our sight. The Lord has called him from his labors and has spared him from the almost unbearable pains of parting which you and I have yet to bear. May those solemn and frequent reminders of our mortality come home to us all with impressive weight and lead us so to walk in this life, so that when we depart hence we may have a happy reunion with him around the throne of God. To-day we meet for the last time as college students, and realizing that the time when we must part has arrived, I bid you one and all, as beloved classmates and friends, now and forevermore, a long and a sad farewell.

Is Life Worth Living?

(Prize Oration.)

AUGUST W. ROHRIG, '03.

When Frederick the Great, of Prussia, had suffered the severest defeat of his career, near Collin, at the hands of the allied Austrian and Saxon forces, it looked indeed as if the star of his glory had set forever on his greatness. And none saw this more clearly than Frederick. While the scattered remnants of his once victorious armies passed by him in gloomy silence, he sat in deep dejection on a log by the road-side and sketched Fancy's stray figures in the fleeting sands at his feet. Thus he lingered all the day, heeding not the scorching rays of the noonday sun, forgetful of the trusted and tried loyal few about him. Night came on and the faint light from the sad-twinkling stars overhead found him still there. In this dire affliction, while the great man struggled with grief too deep and intense for utterance, his oldest and most faithful general, unable to bear the touching sight any longer, approached his beloved king. Aroused from his reverie the king asked in painful and halting accents that betokened the bitter anguish of his heart: "Is life worth living?" All the contending emotions that had sought for the mastery throughout the long day far on into the cool starry night were presented to view in this one question. His inmost soul was bared and stood revealed. And the answer from the old soldier at his side, grown gray and bent in service, came

quickly and confidently: "Yes, life is worth living—God still lives." These were words of honest conviction that fell from the lips of one who had not been found wanting, though tried to the utmost in the harsh school of experience. Magic was their effect upon the king. They fell on Frederick's fevered spirit with touch of infinite calm, smoothing the stormy seas of his troubled soul, quieting pain and sorrow, like love overcoming strife. The answer saved the king from himself.

Frederick the Great has not been the only person to ask thus. Their name is legion, for they are many. The question presents itself to every one of us when careless unconcern has given way to grave seriousness. Thrown upon our own resources and powers to do battle with the forces about us, standing on the threshold of serious activity and looking out over life's wide expanse before we dash into the seething, struggling mass of humanity—the apparent maelstrom which threatens to swallow all who are caught up in it—we ask with one accord: Is life worth living? Upon the answer, as in the case of Prussia's king, depends our future. Will it come as quickly and confidently as it came to Frederick, and will the Yes save us from ourselves and lead us aright?

The present age looks at life from a material standpoint, holding that success or failure in the acquisition of wealth and honor makes life either worth living or not worth living. This view creates in man a sinful lust after wealth and honor, and he forgets that these are but vanity. He loses sight of the truth so beautifully expressed by Spenser: "The noblest mind the best contentment has." Hence, on all sides, one beholds wofully deluded mortals struggling madly onward toward the selfish goal of their empty ambition, wrecking all in their course as they tear down the structures of others' fortunes to build up their own, use their fellow-beings merely as stepping-stones to further personal ends, deprive widows and orphans of their daily bread, crush their neighbors, disregard all lawful and sacred rights, live for self alone. Their heart-strings send forth no responsive chord to the cries of the poor and the afflicted, the needy and the distressed. In their refusal to acknowledge the divine truth that "man liveth not unto himself," they thrust aside the glorious and lasting gifts which life holds out to them. In chasing after the shadows they lose sight of the real and the enduring.

But possession of the fleeting and the uncertain, with their worthless glitter, can not satisfy the soul's craving, which delights in a consciousness of having served others and in a happy realization that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." This moral law obliges man earnestly and steadily to seek the happiness of others as the chief natural good. To all those who disregard these inborn longings of their better natures life seems but to be lived in vain and to no purpose, for the torture of this great, unsatisfied thirst remains ever upon them in spite of their material success.

Thus we see, if we permit ourselves to be deceived, and become imbued with this false spirit of the present age—to look only at the material side of life and to regard life from the meanest standpoint—the answer to our question can not be Yes. Failure along these selfish lines brings grim despair, success but a restless dissatisfaction with ourselves. Whether engulfed by failure or exalted by success, the answer that will ever be heard above all the din and uproar of such heartless conflict is No.

But is that real life which thrives alone upon the wrecks of others' blasted hopes? Let us not be misled. There is far more to life than at first appears to the eye. At first sight we behold but the surface with its froth and foam. If from what we thus see, we form the opinion that all of life is like unto it, we shall err as flagrantly as those who imagine all the ocean's vast deep to be one restless mass of water because its foam-capped waves are endlessly engaged in envious strife. Going down deeper and deeper into the ocean's bottomless depths it becomes more and more restful; strife and struggle cease, and quiet and peace prevail, while hidden and unthought-of beauties spring into view. Can we judge competently of the beauties with which the Creator has cloaked his foot-stool while we are groping about blindly in some deep, dark vale where barely a faint ray of light from the life-giving sun meets the vision? No; our view there is too limited. We must go up on the mountain-tops. Then as we gaze about far into the dim hazy distance, where earth and sky appear to meet in a loving embrace of kinship, can we judge correctly of the manifold beauties which the bountiful hand of the Almighty has bestowed upon our earth. In a like manner, to judge of life correctly, we must not linger in the

dark vales of misconception and error, but must go up on the lofty heights of truth.

You ask, where are these heights? Where look for a correct answer to our question? I reply, are you blind, to inquire thus? You need but to glance at the Creator's handiwork and there receive it. All nature—far and wide—speaks in language not to be mistaken: Life is worth living, provided none liveth unto himself. It does this boldly and in loud trumpet tones that all who will may hear.

As you wander o'er the fields where breath of new-mown hay fills the air with its sweet fragrance, or as you seek the refreshing shade of some kindly grove with its cool, low-murmuring brook—wherever you go—the small, lowly flower hiding its blushing face in the protecting grass at your feet, as well as the tall, stately oak swaying to and fro in the balm-laden breezes overhead, tells of a life worth living as it delights your eye, smiles upon you, and serves you in its own way. If matter, mute and inanimate, though changed by the forces of nature into a multitude of forms, sings out: "Life is worth living," can the imperial spirit of man deny it? No!

Who will dare to say that the lives of such men as Columbus, Luther, Calvin, Gustavus Adolphus, Washington, Lincoln or Livingstone were lived in vain and not worth living? The accents of their noble deeds ring on. Their influence for good still lives.

Or look at humble everyday life and see the mother laboring for and among her little ones. Some one has said that "mother, home, and heaven are the sweetest words in our English tongue." The sweetest of these, however, is mother. Take it away and you rob the others of their sweetness. Could you think of home without first thinking of the mother who made that home a possibility? Have you a home when she is no more? With mother gone, home has lost its charms. All its hallowed sweetness has departed and your quick footsteps seek it no more with that eager expectancy of long ago. It has lost that hidden, indescribable something which separated it from all the world and made it the dearest spot on earth. It was this strange charm, this hallowed bond which gave it the right to the sacred term Home. Instead of turning toward home your footsteps now wend their way to

mother's grave, and in loving remembrance your tears fall on her last resting place. And where is the person who can think of heaven without recalling the loving face, the kindly eyes, the gentle hands, the tender cooing of her voice as she tried to coax the first smile to the lips of her dear ones and taught them to move in their first prayer? When the temptations of life beset you her counsel still rings in your ears and her early precepts turn you from the paths of wickedness. When struggling in the ocean of life, tossed about on its storm-beaten billows, the haven to which she directed your tottering and uncertain footsteps in your childhood still stands out bright and clear against the dark, cloud-laden sky. In your utter desolation and anguish of soul, when seeming friends have proved faithless, you remember her noble example and direct your prayers to Him who turns from no repentant sinner. In your childhood mother's work began, extending over a brief period of a few short years, but her influence goes with you throughout life unto the very mouth of "the Valley of the Shadow of Death." Need you ask, is a mother's life worth living? You know it is. It speaks for itself.

We see then, with selfishness buried—living not to wreck and destroy, but to build up; living to lend a helping hand and to tender willing aid whenever needed, not to tear away the supporting prop; living to make the world brighter and better—there can be but one answer to our question—the answer which everything in nature breathes forth—life is worth living.

THE MUHLENBERG.

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FOUNDED BY CLASS OF '83.

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Senior Reception.

The annual reception given to the graduating Class was one of the most enjoyable events of commencement week. The Class was received in the parlors of Dr. and Mrs. T. L. Seip at eight o'clock on Monday evening. Among those present and assisting in the reception were Misses Hattie and Annie Seip, Adelaide Richards, Elizabeth Repass, Mayme Boyer, Carrie, Linda, and Alice Cooper, and Edith Schnurman. Vocal and instrumental music by the guests aided in making the evening enjoyable. A luncheon was served. The event left an impression upon the graduates that will never be forgotten.

Class Day.

The Class of 1902, held its Class Day exercises on Tuesday afternoon, on the campus. The weather was delightful. The Allentown Band furnished the music, and marched the Class around the campus before it took its seat on the platform.

Lawrence H. Rupp officiated as master of ceremonies and delivered the salutatory.

Russell B. Lynn was the next speaker. He occupied the important position of Class Historian and related a whole lot of interesting incidents which happened during the past four years at college.

Samuel E. Moyer read a very humorous Class poem.

Walter C. Beck spoke on "1902," and impressed all with the wonderful revolution the Class has been responsible for. He narrated the various pleasing events during the career of the Class, such as botanizing, astronomical and surveying trips, etc.

Matthias R. Heilig, the Class artist, presented highly meritorious cartoons of his fellow-members of the Class.

George S. Fegely delivered the pessimistic or strenuous oration. He pictured the awful hard work they had been compelled to do, the miseries of a four years' course, and said that the college man was the least appreciated and most humiliated of human beings.

Clinton F. Zerweck delivered the Class prophecy, and took the opportunity to picture some of the weaknesses of the men in a very humorous vein.

The insignia were then presented by Frank M. Ulrich.

The Key of Knowledge was presented to E. G. Leefeldt, of the Junior Class, by Allen R. Appel. The salutatory by Q. A. Kuehner, followed by the Class yell, closed the exercises.

Trustees' Meeting.

The Board of Trustees held its annual meeting Tuesday afternoon. It was one of the largest and most important meetings held by the Board in a long time. Those present were Revs. James L. Becker, Lansdale; Jesse S. Erb, Slatington; Henry S. Fegley, New Tripoli; C. A. FonDersmith, Lancaster; Mr. A. W. Geiger, Norristown; Rev. Dr. Edward T. Horn, Reading; Rev. John H. Kuder, Lehighton; Hon. Frank E. Meily, Lebanon; Rev. Dr. F. J. F. Schantz, Myerstown; Rev. Dr. J. A. Seiss, Philadelphia; Rev. Prof. George F. Spieker, Philadelphia; A. Stanley Ulrich, Lebanon; Rev. Dr. Samuel Ziegenfuss, Philadelphia; Rev. Dr. Charles J. Cooper, Rev. Dr. S. A. Repass.

Treasurer Cooper made this report: Permanent fund—Receipts, $39,455.30; expenditures,$38,458.28; balance,$997.02.

Current fund—Receipts, $17,142.26; expenditures, $16,161.27; balance, $980.99. Endowment fund—$162,157.34; amount for liquidation of debt, $2715.59; cash and subscriptions received during the year for the building fund, $30,536.64; expenditures, $17,058.28; alumni building subscriptions, $7730.

A local architect submitted plans for the new college buildings. The plans were considered and referred to the Executive Committee to be worked out in detail at the next meeting for final action, which will be in January.

The position of head of the academic department, left vacant by the resignation of Prof. J. R. Merkle, was left to the Executive Committee to fill.

R. J. Butz was elected a member of the Central Executive Committee. All the old officers and committees of the Board were re-elected.

A committee was appointed to take suitable action on the death of Hon. E. S. Shimer.

Dr. John Lear, of this city, was elected Professor of Biology. He was instructor in the department to which he has been elected for three years, and on account of his proficiency has been selected for the permanent chair.

The most important action taken by the Board of Trustees was the election of a successor to Prof. Philip Dowell, Asa Packer Professor of the Natural and Applied Sciences. Prof. W. R. Whitehouse, of Tuft's University of Massachusetts, was chosen to fill the position.

"Messmates."

The crowning event of the Freshman year is the Freshman play. This event took place on Tuesday evening, June 17.

The title of the play was "Messmates." Alva Morgan, a speculator, thinks he had murdered Martin Secor about eighteen years ago. Horace Gaylord falls in love with Morgan's daughter, Grace.

Something in Gaylord reminds Morgan of Secor, and in order to blot Gaylord out of their lives he plans a voyage. They embark in the night, but Gaylord disguises himself and conceals himself in the locker of the boat.

Cy Goodwin and Teddy Morgan, *alias* Tom Tucker, made a wager that each would obtain the first introduction to Capt.

Taylor's pretty daughter, Polly. Tom is a Freshman in college, and ships as an able seaman when he hears the ship is to leave with Polly on board. He knows nothing about yachting and consequently makes many blunders.

Mrs. Caraway, Alva Morgan's sister, created a great deal of applause. She is a nervous, eccentric woman.

The rich Mr. Carter was a dude to perfection, and Crumbs and Phyllis, the colored servants, were a veritable well of wit and humor.

We would say this was a first-class play, and we must congratulate the Class in its production.

Many of the Sophomores occupied two boxes on the right. Their banner floated proudly before them. Several attempts were made to confuse the actors, and the Sophomore bill of fare: radishes, cabbage, and beans, were displayed on the stage. A noticeable feature of the evening was the sudden disappearance of the '04 banner after a remark made by Mrs. Caraway.

There was a very large attendance, and all went away feeling that they had been given a rare treat.

The following were on the cast:

Alva Morgan	W. P. DeLong.
Grace Morgan	C. W. Reinert.
Captain Taylor	H. S. Kidd.
Polly Taylor	M. Henninger.
Horace Gaylord	D. H. Bastian.
Mr. Carter	Ray Dorney.
Teddy Morgan	C. Shankweiler.
Mrs. Caraway	A. F. Ritter.
Crumbs	S. Raub.
Phyllis	R. K. Rosenberger.

Junior Oratorical Contest.

The annual oratorical contest of the Junior Class, for the Clemmie N. Ulrich prize of $25, was held on Wednesday morning in the Lyric Theatre. The spacious auditorium was filled with eager and enthusiastic listeners. The efforts of the speakers were well received and each one came in for a generous amount of applause. A number were given flowers as tokens of good will from friends.

The Class marched and countermarched from the stage entrances to the seats. President Seip sat in the middle of

the Class, with the faculty at the rear. With the latter sat a number of the *alumni* of the college, trustees and friends.

The music was a feature of the occasion.

The judges were Mayor F. E. Lewis and District Attorney E. J. Lichtenwalner, of this city, and Rev. J. H. Waidelich, of Sellersville.

The order of exercises was as follows:

Music.

Prayer . . . Rev. C. F. W. Hoppe, Bethlehem.

Music.

"Night Brings Out the Stars" . . Mervin J. Wertman.
"A Glimpse at Man's Imitativeness" . . H. E. Orff.

Music.

"Is Life Worth Living?" . . . Arthur W. Rohrig.
"Resistance to the Development of Scientific Thought" . . . . . Jacob D. Heilman.
"Why Seek Ye Abroad?" . . . John B. Geisinger.

Music.

"The Black Shadow" . . . . Harry W. Shimer.
"Henry Grady and National Unity" . . Franklin T. Esterly.
A Prophecy . . . . . C. Daniel Trexler.

Music.

Benediction . . . Rev. James L. Becker, Lansdale.

Society Reunions.

The usual spirit prevailed at the reunions of the literary societies.

In Euterpea the following program was rendered: Song, "Alma Mater;" devotional exercises, Rev. Dr. A. L. Ramer; address of welcome, J. Ralphus Freed; piano solo, Charles Trexler; descriptive story, Arthur Smith; recitation, Walter Beck. The following *alumni* spoke: James F. Beates, '80, Wilkes-Barre; Rev. Dr. E. S. Ochsenford; Rev. Thomas M. Yundt, Professor J. R. Merkle, Lewis J. Bickel, Rev. J. A. Weidlich, Frederick B. Gernerd, F. G. Lewis, A. B. Yerger. Ice cream and cake were served.

In Sophronia: Rev. Dr. William Wackernagel presided. Rev. Fred Cooper read Scriptures and offered prayer. A hymn was sung. The address of welcome was delivered by Samuel Moyer. Piano duet, Acker and Burger; recitations, Claude Shankweiler and Lee Erdman; vocal solos, Joseph Weaver; recitation, H. E. Orff and Lawrence Rupp; selection,

Sophronia Quartette; refreshments, ice cream and cake. Speeches by *alumni*, Rev. J. A. Scheffer, Rev. J. A. Schindel, Rev. Fred Cooper, Professor Howard Shimer, and David Kauffman.

Promenade Concert.

One of the many enjoyable events that crowd commencement week is the Promenade Concert. The Baccalaureate Sermon, the Class Day Exercises, the Freshman Play, the Junior Oratorical Contest, the Commencement Exercises, Class and Society Reunions, and various other events and occasions, are all possessed of particular interest and importance. But the Promenade Concert appeals to all alike, and is invested with more than ordinary significance. It is the occasion, when, under the inspiration which the clear moon and twinkling stars afford, coupled with various other necessaries, students and friends fill the spacious campus and engage in a last round of pleasure. The concert was given on Wednesday evening by the Pioneer Band, of this city, and was enjoyed by an unusual number of people. Appended is the program rendered:

March—"Onward, Christian Soldiers"	*Chambers.*
Overture—"Raymond"	*Thomas.*
Selection—"Half a King"	*Englander.*
Spanish Dance—"Le Rose de Castello"	*Reiter.*
Humoriska—"We Won't Go Home Till Morning"	*Dalby.*
March—"Golf Club"	*Taylor.*
Concert Waltz—"Wedding of the Winds"	*Hall.*
Descriptive—"A Hunting Scene"	*Bucalossi.*
Intermezzo—"Salome"	*Loraine.*
Concert—"Mazurka"	*Voelker.*
Grand American Fantasia	*Bendix.*
"Star, Spangled Banner."	

Commencement.

The thirty-fifth annual commencement was held on the morning of June 19, in the Lyric Theatre, in the presence of a large assemblage that followed with close attention the masterly orations delivered by nine of the graduates, who bade farewell to their *Alma Mater*.

The exercises opened at 10 o'clock with music by the Allentown Orchestra, followed with prayer by Rev. Dr. G. F.

Spieker, of Mt. Airy Seminary, Philadelphia. After another selection by the orchestra, the following program was rendered: Latin Salutatory, Quincy A. Kuehner, (98.16), second honor; music; "The Stronghold," Samuel E. Moyer (95.25); "Phases of Commercialism," Clinton Zerweck (95.62); music; Philosophical Oration, J. Ralphus Freed (98.12), third honor; "Equality that Equalizes," Russell B. Lynn (95.83); music; German Oration, George S. Fegley (96.46); music; "Modern Building," Frank M. Ulrich (97.68); "A Nation's Doom," Lawrence H. Rupp (96.17); music; Valedictory, Anson W. Lindenmuth (98.43), first honor; music.

Rev. Dr. Seip then announced that the following honorary degrees had been conferred by the Board of Trustees at its meeting: The degree of Doctor of Divinity on Rev. Jacob Steinhaeuser, pastor of St. Michael's Lutheran Church, and Rev. John F. Pollock, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, both of Allentown.

The degree of Doctor of Laws and Literature on James M. Beck, of Philadelphia. Mr. Beck is Assistant United States Attorney General and formerly United States District Attorney.

The degree of L. H. D., (Doctor of Literature and the Humanities) on Julius F. Sachse, the historian, of Philadelphia.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Rev. William P. Sacks, of St. Louis, Mo.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Preston H. Breinig, of Egypt, a member of the Class of 1896.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Alfred S. Hartzell, Esq., of the Class of 1897. The same degree was conferred upon the following members of the Class of 1899: Willis Beck, Stone Church; John Bender, Tamaqua; James Berg, Landingville; Frank N. D. Buchman, Allentown; D. Elmer Fetherolf, Stony Run; Edgar J. Heilman, Allentown; Jonas Oscar Henry, Stein's Corner; Jonathan A. Glick, Myerstown; John W. Koch, Bath; John Kopp, Brooklyn; Harry R. McCullough, Allentown; Edward Raker, Shamokin; Willoughby F. Rex, Andreas. The following members of the above Class got the degree of Master of Science: Fred A. Fetherolf, Allentown; R. Keelor Hartzell, Allentown. All the members of the Senior Class got the degree of Bachelor

of Arts except Russell B. Lynn, of Catasauqua; William M. D. Miller, of Columbia, and John M. Woodring, of this city, who received the degree of Bachelor of Science.

Next came the announcements and distribution of prizes:

FOR THE SENIOR CLASS.

The Amos Ettinger Honor Medal, to be assigned to that member of the Class having attained the highest average grade during the year in all his studies. Presented by Prof. George T. Ettinger, Ph. D., '80. Awarded to A. W. Lindenmuth.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASS.

The Clemmie L. Ulrich Oratorical Prize: Twenty-five dollars to that member of the Class making the best speech in English, as to manner and matter, at the Junior Contest. Presented by bequest of Clemmie L. Ulrich, Annville. Awarded to August W. Rohrig, with Honorable Mention to John B. Geisinger.

FOR THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.

The Biological Prize: Ten dollars for the best examination on the laboratory work and text in Vertebrate Anatomy. Presented by Professor John Lear, M. D. Awarded to F. J. Gabel, with Honorable Mention to S. A. Rentzheimer.

PHYSICAL CULTURE PRIZES.

A prize of ten dollars to the student excelling as to knowledge of subject and proficiency in drill in Physical Culture. Presented by Dr. H. H. Herbst, M. D., '78. Awarded to J. Ralphus Freed, with Honorable Mention to D. J. Sultzbach.

Also a prize of five dollars to that member of the Freshman Class excelling in the same. Presented likewise by Professor Herbst. Awarded to G. Luther Weibel, with Honorable Mention to Dallas H. Bastian.

GERMAN ORATORICAL PRIZES.

To the Sophomore Class, presented by the Senior Class: First prize, Horace Ritter; second, Martin C. Hoffman; third, Mark L. Burger.

To the Freshman Class, presented by the Junior Class: First prize, John J. Marks; second, Harvey S. Kidd; third, Arthur F. Ritter.

The prizes were German books.

MUHLENBERG STAFF PRIZES.

For the best original poem, $5, Samuel E. Moyer; for the best fiction and original story, $10, Matthias R. Heilig.

The committees on the various contests were:

Junior Oratorical Contest—Hon. F. E. Lewis, E. J. Lichtenwalner, Esq., Rev. J. H. Waidelich.

Biological Prize—Rev. Drs. C. J. Cooper and S. E. Ochsenford.

Physical Culture Prize, General—Dr. P. L. Reichard, Dr. E. H. Dickenshied, Lewis A. Ink. Freshman Class—Dr. E. H. Dickenshied, Dr. H. H. Herbst. The general chairman was Theodore L. Lindenstruth.

MUHLENBERG Staff Prize—Rev. Drs. T. L. Seip and S. E. Ochsenford, and Dr. G. T. Ettinger.

The benediction was pronounced, and the singing of the doxology, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow," closed the exercises.

Alumni Meeting.

The Alumni Association met in the college chapel at 2.30 P. M., June 19, 1902. Rev. J. C. Raush, '90, presided. After prayer by Rev. R. D. Roeder and reading of minutes, the Class of 1902 was received into membership. Rev. Pollock, D. D., and Dr. Julius Sachse were elected honorary members. Dr. S. E. Ochsenford, '76, read a report of the Committee on Alumni Building Fund. The sum pledged at the last annual meeting amounted to $4600. Through the efforts of the committee the sum of $4550 was added to the amounts pledged last year. The total subscription to date is $9150 and each *alumnus* has received a circular and a personal letter. The committee was continued and it was suggested that they attempt gradually to collect the money subscribed. Mr. C. A. FonDersmith, of Lancaster, Rev. Roeder, Dr. H. Seip, and others discussed the erection of an Alumni Building. Subscriptions were then taken to the amount of $2525 making the total amount to date $11,675. The committee was then authorized to appoint its own treasurer from one of its own number. A discussion then arose as to what purpose the money should be used. It was finally decided that the money should be used for a specific purpose such as the erection of

some special building, the kind of building to be designated later on. A committee consisting of Dr. H. Seip, R. J. Butz, Esq., and Dr. S. E. Ochsenford was appointed to audit the treasurer's accounts from last Alumni meeting to the end of this one. The treasurer was instructed to make his reports so as to close with the Alumni Association meeting of the preceding year.

Reception by Dr. Ettinger.

On Monday afternoon and evening of commencement week the Senior Class enjoyed the hospitality of our beloved professor, Dr. Geo. T. Ettinger. After a reception, at which the members of the Class were introduced to Mrs. Ettinger and their protege, Amos Aschbach Ettinger, the party proceeded to Trexlertown where they partook of an elaborate supper in honor of the junior Ettinger. The good things provided by the host disappeared in a manner truly miraculous. After the hungry crowd had eaten their fill, Mr. B. Henninger made an address. To say that it was witty and humorous is to describe it inadequately. In fact the speech taxes our powers of description. One must hear the worthy gentleman before a description of his speech could be appreciated. Dr. Ettinger responded to a toast, and then called upon Mr. Freed for remarks. Mr. Rupp made the closing address of the evening, and voiced the sentiments of the Class in thanking Dr. Ettinger for his kindness. After a few songs the party boarded the car for Allentown and finally dispersed wishing a long and happy life to little Amos, and added honors to his father, the much-esteemed doctor.

Alpha Tau Omega.

The streamers of sky blue and old gold were much in evidence during commencement week.

On Thursday afternoon the Tau's gave their annual reception at their Fraternity House to their *alumni* and lady friends.

In the evening, from 8 to 12, in the Lehigh Valley Hall, Pennsylvania Alpha Iota tendered their friends in and about the city with an informal dance.

A delightful evening, a good orchestra, a good floor and the comfort of shirt-waist privileges, all conspired to make the evening one rife with pleasure and enjoyment, and an event long to be remembered by all present. About seventy-five couples were in attendance.

Phi Gamma Delta.

The Epsilon Deuteron Chapter of the Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity ended the year with their annual banquet at the Hotel Allen on Thursday evening of Commencement Week. Many of the older members of the fraternity were back to enjoy the festivities with the active chapter. Mr. Francis G. Lewis performed his duties as toastmaster in splendid style. His witty remarks in introducing the speakers added zest to the enjoyment of the occasion. The toast list was as follows: "Our Fraternity," Charles D. Trexler; "The Youngest Brother," Ray E. Dorney; "Phi Gamma Deltas in Law," Clarence Beck; "The Figi Girl," Lawrence C. Griesemer; "Our Fraternity Houses," T. Alfred Vernon; "Our Banquet," Lawrence H. Rupp. Besides these there were a number of impromptu remarks by Adolph Varrelman, of Wooster Teck; Dr. John Lear, of the college faculty; Walter C. Stier, of the Sigma Deuteron Chapter, of Easton; J. Herbert Kohler, and G. Kellar Rubrecht, of Columbia University, and many other members of the fraternity. An elaborate banquet, which it is needless to say was fully appreciated, was served by Landlord Harris. The menu follows:

Little Neck Clam Cocktail.

Radishes. Tomatoes. Olives.

Lettuce and Celery.

Consomme, Demi Tasse.

Filet of Sole Tartar. Niersteiner.

Potatoes Julienne.

Soft Shell Crabs on Toast.

Saratoga Chips. Phi Gamma Delta Punch.

Salad Pot Pourri.

Boiled Spring Chicken.

New Potatoes. Asparagus.

Mayonnaise of Celery.

Neapolitan Ice Cream. Strawberries.

Roquefort. Crackers.

Cigars. Coffee. Cigarettes.

The following were present: George W. Schell, Samuel H. Raub, Ray E. Dorney, Winfield P. DeLong, E. George Kunkle, Charles T. Kriebel, Lawrence C. Griesemer, Frank J. Gable, Lee M. Erdman, Warren F. Acker, Charles D. Trexler, Lawrence H. Rupp, M. McFetridge, Charles L. H. Glace, George K. Rubrecht, of Columbia University; Ralph D. Kline, R. W. Lentz, Frank S. Kuntz, Rev. Willis Beck, Joseph P. Shimer, Francis G. Lewis, Allen Appel, J. Herbert Kohler, T. Alfred Vernon, of Brooklyn; Adolph Varrelman, of Brooklyn; Dr. Willard D. Kline, of Philadelphia; Rev. Samuel Trexler, of Brooklyn; Rev. Elmer E. Snyder, of Easton; Attorney Clarence Beck, of Easton; Walter Stier, Easton; Dr. John Lear, Allentown.

The committee that arranged for the banquet was Raymond W. Lentz, Allen R. Appel, Joseph M. Weaver, Lawrence C. Griesemer, Ray E. Dorney.

Base-Ball.

MUHLENBERG, 13; URSINUS, 9.
May 3, 1902.

Muhlenberg.—Batting order, Geiger, 1b.; Beck, ss.; Youse, 3b.; Kahler, p.; Freed, c.; Specht, 2b.; Barndt, rf.; Shalter, lf.; Weider, cf.

Ursinus.—Batting order, Price, c.; Townsend, ss.; Roth, lf.; Hoffsommer, 2b.; Faringer, 3b.; Kelley, cf.; Chamberlain, 1b.; Place, rf.; Mabry, p.

STROUDSBURG, 15; MUHLENBERG, 9.
May 10, 1902.

Stroudsburg.—Batting order, Herring, 2b.; Shigo, p.; Purvis, 1b.; Cohen, cf.; McGinley, c.; Reimel, 3b.; Canon, lf.; Brennan, rf.; Callery, ss.

Muhlenberg.—Batting order, Beck, ss.; Geiger, 1b.; Youse, 3b.; Kahler, p.; Freed, c.; Specht, 2b.; Barndt, rf.; DeLong, lf.; Shalter, cf.

BANGOR, 8; MUHLENBERG, 6.
May 17, 1902.

Bangor.—Batting order, Jones, G., ss.; Lewis, 1b.; Jackson, 2b.; Jones, E., c.; Shanahan, lf.; Lobb, 3b.; Delp, rf.; Albert, cf.; Griffith, p.

Muhlenberg.—Batting order, Beck, ss.; Freed, c.; Shaef-

fer, 1b.; Youse, p.; Specht, 3b.; Kahler, 2b.; Shalter, lf.; Kistler, cf.; Haines, rf.

PEN ARGYL VS. MUHLENBERG.

May 24, 1902.

Pen Argyl.—Batting order, Lane, lf.; Ricketts, 2b.; John Fuge, p.; Keeley, 3b.; James Fuge, c.; Lugg, cf.; Cunningham, 1b.; Allen, ss.; Bonney, rf.

Muhlenberg.—Batting order, Beck, ss.; Freed, c.; Specht, 3b.; Youse, p.; Barndt, 1b.; Kahler, 2b.; Shalter, cf.; Kistler, rf.; Haines; Weider, lf.

ALBRIGHT, 7; MUHLENBERG, 3.

May 30, 1902.

Albright.—Batting order, Wilson, c.; Black, ss.; Haverstick, rf.; Klechner, 2b.; Houck 1b.; Smoyer, 3b.; Musser, cf.; Schaeffer, lf.; Harper, p.

Muhlenberg.—Batting order, Beck, ss.; Freed, c.; Specht, 2b.; Youse, lf.; Kahler, p.; Haines, rf.; Weider, 3b.; Shalter, cf.; Barndt, 1b.

LEBANON VALLEY, 17; MUHLENBERG, 1.

May 31, 1902.

Lebanon Valley.—Batting order, Albright, 1b.; T. Gray, rf.; Barnhardt. 2b.; F. Gray, p.; Miller, c.; Shenk, 3b.; Potteiger, ss.; Dougherty, lf.; Hendricks, cf.

Muhlenberg.—Batting order, Beck, ss.; Freed, c.; Specht, 2b.; Youse, lf., p.; Kahler, lf., p.; Barndt, 1b.; Weider, 3b.; Shalter, cf.; Haines, rf.

KEYSTONE A. A., 16; MUHLENBERG, 8.

This game was played on Thursday, June 5, 1902, by electric light on the Rittersville diamond.

Keystone A. A.—Batting order, Mowry, 2b.; Seagreaves, p.; Christman, c.; Leonard, ss.; German, 1b.; Evans, 3b.; Fromm, rf., p.; Brennan, lf.; Rice, cf.; Shaeffer, lf.

Muhlenberg.—Batting order, Beck, ss.; Freed, c.; Youse, p.; Barndt, 1b.; Kahler, 2b.; Shalter, cf.; Haines, rf.; Weider, lf.; Rinker, 3b.

MUHLENBERG, 1; STROUDSBURG, 0.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather, June 7, 1902, only three innings were played.

Muhlenberg.—Batting order, Beck, ss.; Freed, c.; Youse,

p.; Specht, 3b.; Barndt, 1b.; Kahler, 2b.; Shalter, lf.; Haines, rf.; Griesmer, cf.

Stroudsburg.—Batting order, Herring, 2b.; Shigo, p.; Purvis, 1b.; Cohen, cf.; McGinley, c.; Reimel, 3b.; Canon, lf.; Brennan, rf.; Callery, ss.

MINISTERS, 15; PAGANS, 9.

June 2, 1902, the two sections of the German Society, Ministers and Pagans played an intensely interesting game on the Seigersville diamond.

Ministers.—Barndt, c.; Specht, p., ss.; Youse, p., ss.; Jaxheimer, 1b.; Rohrig, 2b.; Esterly, 3b.; Croman, lf.; Bittner, cf.; Trexler, rf.

Pagans.—Webb, 1b.; Weaver, p.; Miller, 2b.; Wertman, 3b.; Geisinger, ss.; Shimer, lf.; Kline, cf.; Heilman, rf.; Shalter, c.

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